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✻ J. RODENHURST. ✻











Lady Jane Grey.

IN TWO VOLUMES

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MDCCC LVIII.



Lady Jane Grey

THE
QUEENS OF ENGLAND
AND THEIR TIMES.

FROM
MATILDA, QUEEN OF WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR,
TO
ADELAIDE, QUEEN OF WILLIAM THE FOURTH.

BY
FRANCIS LANCELOTT, ESQ.
AUTHOR OF "AUSTRALIA AS IT IS," "THE PILGRIM FATHERS," &c. &c.

IN TWO VOLUMES.
VOL. I.

NEW YORK:
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PREFACE.

THESE volumes contain the memorials of the Queens of England from the Norman Conquest to the death of Queen Adelaide, in 1849.

The Memoirs are presented in chronologic order; and pains have been taken to render them truthful and life-like portraitures. The sayings, doings, manners of the royal ladies under notice, so far as reliable authorities have preserved them, have been impartially and faithfully chronicled; and those of their letters that were available, have been introduced. Also interwoven with these particulars are many details, anecdotes, and circumstances connected with the British court and the people, which, besides imparting sketchy outlines of the characters of numerous illustrious individuals, are calculated to afford glimpses of the state of society and manners such as are not generally to be found in the ordinary Histories of England. Great attention has been bestowed upon the verification of dates. When recourse has been had to modern biographers and historians, their errors and prejudices have not been adopted; and whenever authentic information has been wanting, the lines between conjecture, traditional record, and undisputed fact have been carefully drawn.

As these volumes comprise the Lives of thirty-eight Queens—lives which extend over a period of eight centuries, from the age of feudalism, chivalry, and romance, to that of steam-boats, railways, and electric telegraphs; it can scarcely be hoped that they are exempt from occasional error. Despite the utmost vigilance, a false date, a wrong name, may slip from the pen and escape observation; even an important authority may occasionally be overlooked, or the author may be misled by the prejudice or false statement of the writer whom it is necessary for him to consult. However, it is hoped that, on examination, these errors, or omissions, will be found to be neither many nor important. Whatever they may be, they certainly are accidental, and not intentional. To render the work complete and accurate, no efforts have been spared; and as the author has been unbiassed by party partiality, and, he believes, uninfluenced by religious, political, or other prejudices, he ventures to offer his labours, sensible as he is of their imperfections, to the indulgence of the press and the public.

These Memoirs were undertaken upwards of twenty years ago, at the

request of an eminent and learned friend; but, for reasons of a private nature, before any portion of the manuscript went to press, the work was suspended, and so continued till after the author had returned from the far south, in 1852. During this period, Hannah Lawrence, Mary Howitt, the pre-eminently successful Agnes Strickland, and other less significant writers, published Memoirs of some of the Queens, whose lives are in regular chronologic succession comprised in the present work. Certainly, the best written, the most accurate, and the most copious of these biographies is that by Miss Strickland; and it is but justice to the gifted authoress of that valuable documentary work, "The Lives of the Queens of England," to acknowledge that to her labours in the path of regal biography—labours which can only be duly appreciated by those historic writers who "take nothing upon trust or second-handed"—the author of these volumes is indebted for many valuable suggestions, and for references to important authorities, which otherwise might have been entirely overlooked. Thanks also are due to the late learned Dr. Lingard, who, years back, favoured the author with much important information; likewise to several other obliging friends, for valuable assistance in translations from ancient records, and for obtaining copies of several valuable manuscripts.

Before concluding, it may be observed, that to avoid crowding the pages with a multitude of notes, the authorities from which the facts in these Memoirs have been obtained, have only been quoted occasionally; and as space is precious, and a list of such authorities would probably prove of no interest to the general reader, the author need only state, that in the course of his labours he has consulted the chronicles and annals of the leading British and Continental Historians, the Rolls and Journals of Parliament, the collections of State Papers, the despatches of Ambassadors, the letters and confidential correspondence of Princes—of Ministers—of Ecclesiastics—and of persons in high and official stations, both at home and abroad; and the published and, whenever practicable, unpublished diaries and memoirs of courtiers, nobles, monks, nuns, and others, who had the means of obtaining authentic information of our Queens and their courts. These and other less important authorities (either the originals, or authentic copies or translations) have all been attentively perused and compared; the value and accuracy of each have been carefully ascertained, and the text is the result.

F. L.

3, Clarence Place Clapham Road,

CONTENTS.

VOLUME I.

	PAGE
MATILDA OF FLANDERS, QUEEN OF WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR ...	1
MATILDA ATHELING, FIRST QUEEN OF HENRY THE FIRST ...	24
ADELICIA OF LOUVAINNE, SECOND QUEEN OF HENRY THE FIRST ...	36
MATILDA OF BOULOGNE, QUEEN OF STEPHEN	44
ELEONORA OF AQUITAINE, QUEEN OF HENRY THE SECOND ...	59
BERENGARIA OF NAVARRÉ, QUEEN OF RICHARD THE FIRST ...	77
ISABELLA OF ANGOULEME, QUEEN OF JOHN	90
ELEONORA OF PROVENÇE, QUEEN OF HENRY THE THIRD ...	98
ELEONORA OF CASTILE, FIRST CONSORT OF EDWARD THE FIRST ...	128
MARGARET OF FRANCE, SECOND QUEEN OF EDWARD THE FIRST	153
ISABELLA OF FRANCE, QUEEN OF EDWARD THE SECOND	169
PHILIPPA OF HAINAULT, QUEEN OF EDWARD THE THIRD ...	203
ANNE OF BOHEMIA, FIRST QUEEN OF RICHARD THE SECOND ...	221
ISABELLA OF VALOIS, SECOND QUEEN OF RICHARD THE SECOND	229
JOANNA OF NAVARRÉ, QUEEN OF HENRY THE FOURTH	245
KATHERINE OF FRANCE, QUEEN OF HENRY THE FIFTH ...	260
MARGARET OF ANJOU, QUEEN OF HENRY THE SIXTH	271
ELIZABETH WOODVILLE, QUEEN OF EDWARD THE FOURTH ...	294
ANNE OF NEVILLE, QUEEN OF RICHARD THE THIRD	309
ELIZABETH OF YORK, QUEEN OF HENRY THE SEVENTH ...	314

	PAGE
KATHERINE OF ARRAGON, FIRST QUEEN OF HENRY THE EIGHTH ...	328
ANNE BOLEYN, SECOND QUEEN OF HENRY THE EIGHTH ...	357
JANE SEYMOUR, THIRD QUEEN OF HENRY THE EIGHTH ...	400
ANNE OF CLEVES, FOURTH QUEEN OF HENRY THE EIGHTH ...	405
KATHERINE HOWARD, FIFTH QUEEN OF HENRY THE EIGHTH ...	423
KATHERINE PARR, SIXTH QUEEN OF HENRY THE EIGHTH ...	438
MARY, FIRST QUEEN REGNANT	464

VOLUME II.

ELIZABETH, SECOND QUEEN REGNANT	521
ANNE OF DENMARK, QUEEN OF JAMES THE FIRST	653
HENRIETTA MARIA, QUEEN OF CHARLES THE FIRST	677
KATHERINE OF BRAGANZA, QUEEN OF CHARLES THE SECOND ...	710
MARIA BEATRIX, QUEEN OF JAMES THE SECOND	743
MARY THE SECOND, THIRD QUEEN REGNANT	794
ANNE, FOURTH QUEEN REGNANT	847
CAROLINE OF BRANDENBERG ANSPACH, QUEEN OF GEORGE THE	
SECOND	916
CHARLOTTE OF MECKLENBERG-STRELITZ, QUEEN OF GEORGE THE	
THIRD	955
CAROLINE OF BRUNSWICK, QUEEN OF GEORGE THE FOURTH ...	1004
ADELAIDE OF SAXE-MEININGEN, QUEEN OF WILLIAM THE FOURTH	1040

PORTRAITS.

VOLUME I.

	PAGE
LADY JANE GREY	Face title page.
MATHILDA OF FLANDERS	1
ELEANORA OF AQUITAINE	59
BERENGARIA	77
PHILIPPA	203
MARGARET OF ANJOU	271
ELIZABETH WOODVILLE	293
ELIZABETH OF YORK	314
KATHERINE OF ARRAGON	328
ANNE BOLEYN	357
JANE SEYMOUR	400
KATHERINE HOWARD	423
MARY, FIRST QUEEN REGNANT	464

VOLUME II.

QUEEN ELIZABETH	Face title page.
ANNE OF DENMARK	652
HENRIETTA MARIA	677
CATHERINE OF BRAGANZA	710
QUEEN ANNE	847
QUEEN CHARLOTTE	955





Matilda of Flanders.

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Mary of England

THE

QUEENS OF ENGLAND

AND THEIR TIMES.

MATILDA OF FLANDERS,

Queen of William the First, usually styled William the
Conqueror.

CHAPTER I.

Birth of Matilda—Her parentage—Education—Beauty—Accomplishments—Sought in marriage by William, Duke of Normandy—Obstacles to the match—His perseverance—Brutality to Matilda—Their marriage—William's early life—The royal pair excommunicated—Dispensation—Conviction of Mauger—Prosperity of Normandy—Domestic happiness of Matilda—Her children—William visits England—Harold's voyage to Normandy—His oath—Betrothment to Matilda's daughter Adeliza—Accession—William prepares to invade England—Matilda and her son Robert Regents of Normandy.



MATILDA OF FLANDERS, of whom few princesses can boast a more noble descent, was born about the thirtieth or thirty-first year of the tenth century. History has not chronicled the day when she first saw the light, but, judging from the writings of her contemporaries, we cannot be far wrong in referring the early days of her infancy to the above period.

Her father, the gentle Baldwin the Fifth, reigned over Flanders. He possessed no other title than that of earl, but his virtues and talents were so great and many, that under his wise rule commerce and arts flourished exceedingly, and the industrious Flemings became a great and wealthy people. Her mother, the no less beautiful than accomplished Adelaïs, was a daughter of the royal house of France, and allied by marriage to the greatest sovereigns of Europe. Matilda was gifted with highly cap-

tivating charms of person. Her air was dignified without being haughty, her speech eloquent, soft, and musical, and, as her quick versatile mind was educated with the greatest care, she grew up, in the language of an old chronicler, "the pearl of beauty, the perfection of goodness, and the mirror of womanly accomplishments; nobly patronizing the learned, and, with a queenly hand, encouraging the arts and refinements of the times." Her childhood was passed in quiet retirement: but the bloom of youthful maidenhood had scarcely tinged her features with womanly charms, when her beauty and accomplishments, her noble descent, and the power and wealth of her father, the Earl of Flanders, induced many of the neighbouring princes to seek her hand in marriage.

Of these, the most ardent and persevering was her cousin, William, the young Duke of Normandy, surnamed the Bastard, who desired this union, less as an act of political policy, than to satisfy the burning longings of love. But the cautious Earl of Flanders considered that William held his ducal crown by an uncertain tenure; and a yet stronger objection had Matilda to the match—her affections having been bestowed on Brithric, the Earl of Gloucester, a wealthy Saxon noble, who had visited the court of her father as an ambassador from Edward the Confessor.

William, however, having determined on this marriage, was not to be discouraged by difficulties. The intrigues of jealous rivals, the opposition of inveterate foes, the many objections raised by the parents and kindred of Matilda, and even her own cool replies, but increased the glow of his burning ardour, and prompted him to redouble his exertions. Driven to desperation by the failure of negotiations and entreaties during a lapse of more than six years, he, in 1047, suddenly presented himself before his fair cousin, when she was returning from early mass, in the ancient city of Bruges, and with wildly glaring eyes, and lips quivering with passion, accused her of loving Brithric.

"Know ye, cousin," he continued, in bitter, reproachful tones, "Edward, Eng-

land's king, has named me his heir, and, by the holy cross, the Saxon churl who dares aspire to thy hand, shall, ere long, be crushed by the vengeance of our royal resentment!"

"Mighty words—easily spoken, and, verily, proof not of greatness, nor valour," observed the princess, to whom the tale appeared a boastful improbability. Then bursting into a fit of malicious laughter, she exclaimed, "The doubtful Duke of Normandy, monarch of England; an excellent joke, truly! But had not my politic cousin better say Emperor of all Christendom?"

These sarcastic remarks, uttered with derisive scorn, so excited the fury of William, that, in a frenzy of anger, he seized Matilda, dragged her along the ground, rolled her in a muddy pool, beat her severely, and leaving her more dead than alive, mounted his charger, and galloped from the town, before the patrols heard of his brutal doings.

History saith not what emboldened him, after such outrageous conduct, to again enter Matilda's presence. Although, as that princess's passion for Brithric—the greatest obstruction to the progress of his protracted courtship—was about this time changed to hate, by the coolness of the Saxon earl himself, who positively refused to marry her, it is not improbable that, either from a dread or admiration of his prowess, or, perhaps, both, she overlooked his enormities, and gave him her heart. Be this as it may, it is a historical fact, that in 1052, the royal cousins were married, with great pomp and rejoicings, the ceremony being performed at Augi, a castle in Normandy, belonging to William, and whither Matilda was conveyed by her illustrious relatives, and a numerous train of nobles and knights.

William was the illegitimate son of Duke Robert of Normandy, surnamed the Devil, of whom so many strange legends are still current in the north of France. His mother was the beautiful Arlotta, the daughter of a tanner in the town of Falaise. Duke Robert had no other issue, and he was so pleased with the vigour, handsomeness, and early promise, of the infant William, that, with

the affection of a fond parent, he caused him to be nurtured and educated with royal distinctions in his own palace, and declared that "the world had never seen the like of so fair and forward a boy." When about proceeding on that mysterious pilgrimage to the Holy Land, whence he returned not, nor was heard of more, the duke left his son, then an infant but seven years old, in the guardianship of his suzerain, Henry the First, the reigning King of France, after having first received from his nobles their solemn acknowledgment of the infant as his successor.

The French monarch appears to have faithfully discharged his duty, as guardian to the young Duke of Normandy, for several years. But scarcely had he resigned him to the ambassadors from the Norman nobles, who now demanded the presence of their sovereign, when he invaded the dominions of his ward with powerful forces, and fomented internal strife, by inciting all who could boast of a descent from Rollo—the founder of the Norman ducal line—to become rival claimants for the crown. The Normans, however, bravely beat back his armies, and his political projects were all defeated by the youthful William, who, during the contest, displayed great talents, and overpowering energies.

Henry of France was, however, too jealous of the rising fame of the Norman Duke, to cease giving him trouble. But, fortunately for William, immediately after his marriage, the French King, who, with all the chivalry of France, was preparing to attack his dominions, suddenly died; leaving his infant son and successor, Philip the First, under the guardianship of Matilda's father, the Duke of Flanders, who immediately established peace between the suzerain and his vassal.

Having now nothing to fear from France, William lost no time in crushing all remains of rebellion amongst his subjects. Guy of Burgundy, the Earls of Anjou, of Eu, and of Montagne, and others, who had vainly endeavoured to snatch the ducal crown from his head, were speedily overpowered, and either reduced to subjection or banished, and peace and happiness restored to the land.

Meanwhile, the thundering maledictions of Mauger, archbishop of Rouen, an illegitimate brother of the late Duke Robert, threatened William and his bride with alarming dangers. This prelate, who by tact and ambition had risen to the primacy, and who had always been to William a bitter foe, under the plea that the marriage stood within the forbidden degrees of consanguinity, and that, therefore, the union, without the pope's consent, was illegal, solemnly excommunicated the cousins, and absolved the Normans from their oath of allegiance to their royal duke. On receiving intelligence of this wicked outrage offered to himself and his fair cousin, William was so provoked, that he swore "by the splendour of God"—his usual oath—"he would be revenged." Without delay, he dispatched Lanfranc, then an obscure monk, with submissive letters to the pope; and the Holy See, conciliated by his modest representations, immediately issued a bull, nullifying the archbishop's anathemas, and confirming the marriage of the royal pair, on condition that they should each build and endow an abbey as the price of this dispensation.

In compliance with this bull, the stately abbeys of St. Stephens, and Holy Trinity, were founded at Caen. The former was endowed by William, for monks; and the latter by Matilda, for nuns.

The hour had now come for William, in compliance with his solemn oath, to take vengeance on the haughty Mauger. Calling a convocation of all the bishops of Normandy, at Lisieu, he caused the archbishop to be accused before them of selling the church plate and consecrated chalices to supply his own personal luxury. Of these crimes Mauger was solemnly convicted, and deposed, and Maurillus elected in his room; but his judges were probably no less guilty than himself, as, at that period, although forbidden by the canons, it was the usual practice of the great dignitaries of the church to deal with the property of their sees as if it were their own.

Having thus reduced or quieted all his foes, William, by the enlightened

counsel of his beloved Matilda—who perfectly comprehended the advantages of the arts and commerce to a nation—afforded every encouragement to learning and refinement, and, by constructing roads, bridges, and harbours, and organizing fleets of merchantmen, enlarged the trade and increased the happiness of his subjects. During this period of repose, the royal pair enjoyed great domestic happiness, and occupied much of their time in the education of their children. Their eldest son, who was named after his grandfather—Robert, was born about ten months after their marriage. The choice of name singularly coincided with his enterprising spirit and ill-starred fate, as, like his ancestor, Duke Robert, he journeyed to the Holy Land, and, after a series of misfortunes, died miserably. The birth of Robert was followed by that of Richard, William Rufus, and six daughters, all of whom were of remarkable beauty and promise.

Shortly after his marriage, William entrusted his duchess with the reins of his government, and, taking advantage of the banishment of Earl Goodwin and his sons from Britain, made a visit to his kinsman and friend, Edward the Confessor, of England, who had no children, and who, in memory of the hospitality he had received, during his exile, at the court of Normandy, had already given William some hope of being his heir. By all accounts, the Norman duke was most honourably received by his cousin, the English king, who loaded him with presents, and promised him to make a will in his favour; and this will, although it never appeared, was the pretence made by William, fourteen years afterwards, for invading England.

Even at this period, William's designs upon England were, doubtless, well known to his father-in-law, the Earl of Flanders, and more than suspected by Harold, his Saxon rival. Tostig, the second son of Earl Goodwin, during his exile from England, married Judith, the sister of Matilda, and the daughter of Baldwin, and from that period became a deadly foe to his brother Harold, whose downfall might not have happened but for his unnatural conduct.

From this period, no remarkable incident occurs in the chronicles of Matilda's court, till 1062. In that year, Harold undertook a voyage to Normandy, in an open fishing-boat, to demand the release of a brother and a nephew, whom Earl Goodwin had given to the king as hostages. But hardly was he at sea, when a tempest arose, and drove him into the mouth of the Maye, a port belonging to the Earl of Ponthieu, who made him prisoner, in the hope of obtaining a large sum for his ransom. In this dilemma, he sent to the Duke of Normandy for aid; and William, delighted at the advantage to be obtained from the unexpected incident, promptly procured his release.

On reaching the Norman court, at Rouen, Harold was received with every outward demonstration of goodwill. William agreed to resign the hostages, and, as if ignorant of the secret intentions of his guest, informed him of his own adoption by Edward the Confessor as heir to the crown of England, and Harold, being virtually his prisoner, he made him solemnly swear to acknowledge him (William) as the successor to Edward's crown, upon relics of the most venerated martyrs, which, in those days of dark superstition, rendered an oath doubly binding. When the reluctant Harold had sworn just what his wily host had chosen to dictate, William professed the profoundest friendship towards him. But satisfied though the Norman Duke pretended to be, he nevertheless feared, that, when free in England, Harold would consider an oath that had been extorted from him not binding upon his conscience, and, on the death of Edward, grasp at the English sceptre. To render the breach in such a case doubly flagrant, William affianced to Harold his daughter Adeliza, a child but seven years old, after which he loaded him with presents, and dismissed him with his nephew, promising to bring his brother when he himself came to England.

On arriving in England, Harold, who considered himself in nowise bound by the oath and promises which endurance had forced from him, strengthened his cause by espousing Alghitha, sister to the

powerful Earl of Morcar; and shortly afterwards, on the death of Edward the Confessor, he ascended the throne—a step which so exasperated William, that, bursting into a fit of vehement anger, he drove the bearer of the unpleasant news from his presence, hurriedly paced the hall, and unconsciously tying and untying the tasselled band of his cloak, hurled curses of defiance against the faithless Harold. “Not enough is it,” he passionately muttered, “that the dastardly usurper spurns his affianced bride, my lovely Adeliza! but he must even clutch the crown ere it can descend on my head! By the splendour of God! the harvest of his aspiring ambition shall be snatched from his covetous grasp, and William of Normandy yet reign England’s king!”

Although aware of the many difficulties to be encountered in invading so powerful a country as England, William resolved, rather than the valuable sceptre should escape his grasp, to undertake the hazardous project. He, therefore, without delay, stated his intentions to his assembled nobles, who, conceiving the enterprise far too hazardous, strongly objected to it.

“Already,” said they, “we are sufficiently impoverished by the duke’s foreign wars, and, furthermore, we like not crossing the sea. Let us wait on our sovereign and inform him, and let our good Fitz-Osborn, who is fairer-tongued than we, speak our message.”

To this arrangement Fitz-Osborn, who was one of their body, readily agreed; but either from craft, or excess of loyalty, he quite forgot the purport of his commission, and instead of telling the duke that they disapproved of the expedition, actually informed him that, being exceedingly pleased with the measure, they had cheerfully resolved to go with him over sea, and, to render victory more sure, they would each double the number of men which, as vassals, they were bound to bring into the field.

These words astonished the assembled knights and barons, and so excited their ire against Fitz-Osborn, that they sorely abused him.

“Man of fair tongue, thou liest!” they exclaimed, with fiery execrations; and a

clamorous uproar ensued, so noisy and wild, that not a speaker could make himself heard: “Thou liest, Fitz-Osborn! thou liest!” being the only cry audible amidst the babble and confusion.

The duke retired from the exciting scene into his presence-chamber, sent for the refractory nobles one by one, and by remonstrances and magnificent promises, so overcame their scruples, that to what Fitz-Osborn proffered they agreed; each man undertaking to assist in the invasion of the Anglo-Saxon land, and, for the occasion, to double his services.

William next requested aid from Philip of France, offering, in return, in the event of success, to own him as his lord paramount of England, as well as of Normandy. But the French king had no faith in the project, and declared, that in its support he would not advance a pound of silver. Besides, he archly remarked to the Norman ambassador:

“May not your royal master, by running after a crown’s shadow, gain nothing, and lose what he still possesses? Speed ye to your liege lord, and say, Philip would ask who is to take charge of Normandy in the absence of its royal duke?”

Although rebuffed by the French king, William speedily gathered the flower of Europe’s chivalry under his renowned banner. The Counts of Brittany and Anjou encouraged their subjects to join his ranks, as also did the Emperor of Germany, Henry IV., who likewise undertook to preserve his dukedom from invasion during his absence; and the Pope sent him a consecrated banner, and promulgated a bull, declaring the justice of his cause, and animating all Christians to flock to his standard. Besides other signal services, his father-in-law, Baldwin of Flanders, fitted out sixty ships, filled with sturdy warriors, and entrusted them to Tostig, to make a descent on England. The traitor Saxon carried fire and sword into several villages on the British coast, but being come upon unawares by the intrepid Earl Morcar, he was driven to his ships, and sailed for Scotland, where, meeting with no encouragement, he directed his course to Norway, whose warlike king, Harfager, he persuaded to join him in attacking

England on the north, simultaneous with the Duke of Normandy's descent on the south.

After strenuous efforts, William found himself at the head of a magnificent fleet of three thousand sail, and an army of sixty thousand stalwart warriors, commanded by the boldest and most illustrious knights of that renowned age of rude chivalry.

The port of St. Valleri was the place appointed for the embarking of the assembled warriors, and thither William proceeded, after having first invested Matilda, and his son Robert, a youth who had seen but thirteen summers, with the regency of his dukedom, and named the able Roger de Beaumont, and other wise prelates and nobles, as their councillors during his absence.

CHAPTER II.

The Norman fleet wind-bound at St. Valleri—Superstition of the soldiery—Happy arrival of Matilda in the Mora—Favourable wind—William and his armament cross the Channel—Land in England—Tostig and the king of Norway defeated—Battle of Hastings—Bayeux tapestry.



WHEN William reached St. Valleri, the fleet was wind-bound, and his fighting men were detained in suspense and idleness. Day followed day, but the wished-for breeze came not, and the superstitious soldiers began to murmur and desert.

"Surely there is evil in this," said they, "for God, who rules the wind, locks us in our own harbour, whence we cannot depart. How know we but what the duke, like unto his father, communes with evil spirits, who have shut the ears of his understanding, so that he hearkens not to the predictions of the terrible omen? By the holy mass! if he persists in opposing the will of the Most High, all the armament will be swallowed up in the ocean, and no one left to tell its loss to our weeping kindred!"

Time passed wearily; adverse winds still detained the fleet, and in the camp, despite the exertions of military authorities, so rife had become disaffection and desertion, that only a favourable wind, or the disabusing the superstitious soldiery of their groundless fears, could save the army from a mutual disbandment. To effect the latter object, William caused the shrine containing the venerated relics of St. Valleri, the patron saint of the harbour, to be conveyed, with due solemnity,

to the heart of the encampment, when, calling the army together, he told them that their own impiety had raised the ire of the saint, who would only grant a favourable wind on receiving their earnest prayers and charitable contributions. Then, setting the example, he himself knelt before the revered shrine, and, with affected gravity, strewed the antependium with golden pieces. The stratagem completely succeeded. All murmurings and discontent ceased, and every man—knight, archer, and swordsman—eagerly crowded to the hallowed shrine, and, with hearts bursting with penitence and devotion, literally buried it with gifts of gold and silver, "much," says an old chronicler, "to the glory of the church, who reaped therefrom a golden harvest, so plenteous, that the monks of St. Valleri did nothing but cry for joy for a week after."

Whilst these devotions were proceeding, Matilda agreeably surprised her husband by unexpectedly arriving at the port, in a noble vessel, named the Mora, which, by her orders, had been secretly built, to present to him as a royal pledge of love and constancy during his absence. The Mora was a truly fine ship, and for size, strength, and sailing qualities, the queen of William's fleet; her fittings were highly superb, and beautifully carved, painted, and gilded. At the prow was a golden figure of Matilda's youngest

son, William, with a bow and arrow in one hand, whilst with the other he held a trumpet to his lips, as if giving the signal of victory; and at the stern was a cross, surrounded by richly carved emblematical devices, inlaid with ivory and precious metals.

Matilda had scarcely presented this magnificent gift to her affectionate lord, when the long-desired wind sprang up; and the invading host, viewing the arrival of the Mora as an auspicious omen, leaped into the vessels, exclaiming, "God is with us! Now for England, and victory!" With many fond farewells to his beloved duchess, William embarked on board the Mora. The gallant vessel led the way across the sea, and, to keep the squadron from parting, carried a blood-red flag by day, and lanterns burning by night. But her speed was so great that, during the voyage, she more than once outailed her companions, and completely lost sight of them. However, as rough weather occurred during the passage, and the seamen were rude, unskilled navigators, it is remarkable that, with the loss of only two vessels, and a slight damage to four others, the whole fleet, after a month's perilous voyage, safely entered the harbour of Pevensey, on the coast of Sussex.

On the twenty-ninth of September, 1066, the day they entered the English port, the anxious Normans hastened to disembark. First landed the knights and soldiery; then came the carpenters, masons, and other workmen, carrying their tools by their side; and, lastly, the duke himself, who, springing on shore too hastily, measured his length on the sand.

As he fell, the superstitious Normans uttered a shrill cry of terror; and an instant afterwards, they all murmured, "Here is indeed an evil omen!"

But William, who on rising had grasped his hands full of sand, exclaimed, "By the splendour of God! he is no true interpreter who proclaims evil here. See, my brave lieges," he continued, extending out his hands, and shewing the soil they contained, "behold, warriors, I have already taken possession of the country, which, by God's help and yours, I will evermore hold."

William brought with him from Normandy a portable wooden fortress, which had been carefully framed, so as to be readily put together. This, on landing, was erected with all speed at a spot near to the beach, and close to where the mouldering remains of the castle still stand. The disjointed timbers were brought on shore by the soldiers and the sailors; and the carpenters and the masons put them together with such diligence and dexterity, that on the first day the building was completed, and at nightfall the duke and his councillors took up their quarters therein. Here, according to the chronicler, Malmesbury, he lay still for fifteen days, and kept his soldiers from plundering the neighbourhood.

As before observed, Tostig had arranged with the King of Norway, that they and the Normans should attack England simultaneously. But as the Norman ships had been unexpectedly wind-bound at St. Valleri, the Norwegian squadron, of three hundred sail, reached the Tyne about eighteen days before the arrival of their Norman allies. Harold, at the head of a large army, met the invaders at Stamford, in Lincolnshire, and after a hot, murderous contest, in which Tostig, the King of Norway, and a host of Norwegian knights and nobles were slain—crushed their forces, and captured their fleet, and all their valuables.

The news of William's landing, which spread through the country with eagle's wings, reached the ears of Harold just after he had obtained this signal victory over his base-hearted brother. At first, he put no faith in the tidings, as, deceived by the Duke of Flanders, he had supposed that the Norman duke had delayed the threatened invasion till the following spring. But he was soon convinced of the truth of the alarming rumour, by the arrival of a trusty knight, who, having watched the landing of the hostile host, sped to him in hot haste, and in breathless anxiety, exclaimed,—

"Arm, sire! arm! the Normans have landed, and built a fort at Hastings. Their fighting men are countless as the stars, and their nobles so numerous, that the dazzled eyes cannot look on their polished panoplies. You are lost, sire, if you lose

an hour, for they are resolved to seize on the land, and hurl thee from the throne!"

This terrible intelligence induced Harold to instantly dispatch a message to William, offering to purchase his amicable departure with gold, silver, and costly apparel.

"Indeed!" replied the duke, when he heard the purport of the messenger; "tell your good master, I did not visit England to change my crowns for his shillings, but to claim this realm, which is mine by the gift of Edward the Confessor, and the solemn oath of Harold himself."

"Pardon me, your grace," replied the envoy, "but my lord has not yet found the crown of England so troublesome that he desires to part with it. However, as his late victory over Tostig and the King of Norway was so signal and profitable, he will, as a peace-offering, willingly share the spoil with you as the price of your departure."

"And what if I refuse this cowardly bribe?" demanded William.

"Harold will then deem you an invading foe, and, with God's permission, scourge you from the land, on Saturday next, should you be in the field on that day," answered the envoy.

"Be it so," exclaimed William scornfully. "Tell the Saxon usurper that I accept his challenge, and defy his power, for God and the saints are with me, and will permit no such devil's son as he to do me wrong."

The envoy departed, much dispirited at having failed to bring about a friendly arrangement between his royal master and the invader; and he had scarcely left the camp, when William, who was nothing daunted by the disagreeable intelligence of the death of his allies, turned to his nobles and said,—

"See, my brave lieges, what a pathway of honour lies before us. Our northern friends, from whom we expected such great help, have already been routed and put to the sword; therefore, we must fight the brave Saxons, who defy us to battle, without their aid. And oh, should we succeed, how great will be our glory—how lasting the fame of that battle day! Doubtless the struggle will be fierce

and terrible, but heaven is with us; and I vow to God, should the victory be mine, that in whatever spot it shall happen, there will I erect a church to the Blessed Trinity, and to St. Martin, where masses shall be daily said for the sins of Edward the Confessor, those of myself and Matilda, and all who fight or fall in the glorious engagement."

This vow greatly re-encouraged his followers, who, in that dark age, believed that by such an arrangement they provided a passport and a comfortable passage for their souls to heaven.

The warriors now busily prepared for the important battle, which at one blow was to decide the fate of the rival claimants to King Edward's crown, and lay the foundation of England's future greatness. On the night preceding the engagement, the opposing camps presented a singular and striking contrast. The Normans were brave, enduring, strong in will, and patient in adversity. With hearts deeply imbued with religious chivalry, they made war their trade, and victory their joy. Ignorant and superstitious they were, but their martyr-like spirit gave them courage cheerfully to die for their religion and rights. Backed by a holy bull, and over their heads floating a consecrated banner, a gift from the pope himself, with swords girded on for the morrow's struggle, they passed the night in prayers and confessions, and with one accord vowed, if God granted them the victory, to evermore fast on that day of the week; a vow so religiously kept, that from that time till within the last few years, the Catholics of England always observed Saturday—the day on which the battle was fought—as a fast day.

The Anglo-Saxons, according to the evidence of their own Chroniclers, had, at this period, miserably degenerated in character. They tattooed their bodies, dressed in short garments, and bedecked themselves with gaudy rings and bracelets. They ate and drank to excess, neglected commerce and the arts, and, to the exclusion of every ennobling sentiment, indulged in all kinds of vices and luxuries. Fully did the conduct of Harold's men accord with this doleful picture of the English at that period.

Unlike their Norman foes, they on that anxious night uttered no prayers to heaven for their safety in the morrow's bloody contest. No priests were busy in their camps, speaking comfort and peace to the contrite and afflicted. Only in boosing and licentiousness did they pass the hours, *Drink heal* and *Wassail* echoing from mouth to mouth, till the welkin rung with their mad revels.

At the peep of day, on October the fourteenth, 1066, both armies met in full array, at a place called Heathfield, about seven miles from Hastings; and it being Harold's birthday, his army, flushed with the recent victory over Tostig and the king of Norway, made sure of beating the Normans from the field. Not so, however, with Harold himself, who, well knowing the powerful foe he was about to encounter, and too late perceiving the rashness of risking all in a single battle, would gladly have retreated, had the measure been possible.

The Anglo-Saxons were arrayed on well-chosen ground, with their flanks secured against cavalry by deep trenches. Harold, and his brothers, Gurth and Leofwin, commanded the infantry, in whose front ranks stood the Kentish men of invincible renown. And the cavalry was headed by the Earls Morcar and Edwin.

The Normans were drawn up in three bodies. The first was commanded by Montgomery and Fitz-Osborn; the second by Geoffrey Martel; and the third, the flower of the troops, was headed by William himself, and kept back as a reserve to act at the decisive moment.

The action continued till nightfall, and was well sustained on both sides. The Saxons fought with their accustomed bravery. More than once they were on the point of driving their better-disciplined foemen from the field, and although again and again repulsed, as often did they vigorously return to the charge. The God of battle, however, was against them. Eventide was fast approaching—the strife yet raged hot and furious. The Norman Duke, although not himself wounded, had already had three horses slain under him, and his intrepid bowmen had repeatedly showered clouds of arrows thick as hail on the heads of the Saxon in-

fantry without breaking their ranks. But perceiving that the Saxons had possession of a hill which would cover their retreat, by favour of the night, William made a desperate effort to drive them hence. The onslaught was furious, and Harold, whilst courageously leading on his men to an attack in the thickest of the fray, was slain by a stray arrow, which entered his eye and pierced his brain. Dispirited and panic-stricken at the loss of their leader, his troops fell into disorder, took to flight, and, until darkness set in, were pursued with merciless slaughter by the victorious Normans.

On retiring to their camp, the Normans, in fervent prayer, thanked God for so signal a victory, and for that night retired to rest upon the battle field, which ever since has been called *Sanguinac*, or the lagoon of blood, in commemoration of this long and fiercely contested battle. William's victory was most complete and decisive. He lost but six thousand men, whilst the power of the Saxons was completely crushed, sixty thousand of their best and bravest veterans having fallen on that fatal day.

The Normans devoted the following day to the burial of their dead, and they permitted the Saxons to perform the like sad office to their own slaughtered friends. On hearing of the overthrow and death of Harold, Girtha, his mother, overcome with sorrow at the direful calamity, hastened to the Conqueror, and offered him rich presents for permission to bury the body of her beloved son. William, with a worthy generosity, freely accorded the boon, but peremptorily refused the proffered ransom. After thanking the Conqueror with tears of gratitude, Girtha hastened to the field of the slain; but so mangled and hacked had been the dead by the vengeful victors, that their features could not be identified, and all search for the remains of Harold was at first in vain. There, however, was one who had loved too well not to identify, even amongst thousands of stripped and frightfully gashed bodies, the adored object of her affections. Edith, or the "swan necked," a beautiful Saxon lady of high rank, who had been his jilted mistress, scoured the battle field, and discovered







Matilda of Flanders.

THE
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BY
J. H. B. H. H. H.

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progress. But what he could not gain by force, he obtained by stratagem. By a bribe he induced the Danish commander to withdraw with his army to his ships; and Waltheof, after a long defence, surrendered the castle of York, and accepted from the Conqueror, as the price of peace, the hand of his fair niece, Judith, in marriage. This ill-fated union was solemnized amidst the ruins of the city of York, where, with the indifference of a stoic, William tarried, and surrounded by the devastation he had himself effected, passed the following Christmas festival.

In 1070, the clergy, by continuing to uphold the cause of the Saxons, had so exasperated William, that he determined, at one stroke, to chastise their insolence and increase his own exchequer. Pretending that many of the rebels had secreted their gold and plate in the monasteries, he ruthlessly pillaged the sacred edifices of everything that was valuable, even to the shrines of the saints, and the consecrated vessels. He then compelled the clergy, as well as the laity, to provide him with troops of war; and after arbitrarily deposing the leading Saxon prelates, and giving their benefices to his own foreign favourites, he prohibited the use of the Saxon version of the Scriptures, and even endeavoured to supersede the Saxon language by that of the Norman.

In the schools, in the law courts, and in the royal presence, only the Norman tongue was permitted to be spoken; yet it was found to be impossible to for ever silence the language of the people. Both the Saxons and the Normans could only commune together by borrowing from each other certain words and idioms, and in this manner the two dialects became amalgamated into the elements of the copious and expressive language in which Shakspeare wrote and Campbell sung.

It is reported that, about this period,

William, tainted with the licentiousness of the times, dishonoured the fair fame of the niece of Mercleswen, a Kentish noble, and that Matilda, when she heard of the intrigue, was so enraged, that she caused the unfortunate Saxon girl to be hamstrung, slit in the jaws, and murdered with all the horrors of refined cruelty. Fortunately for the fair fame of Matilda, this tale of horror is somewhat doubtful, it being mentioned by but two of the early chroniclers, who both seem to regard it as a probable fiction.

The horrors of civil war had not ceased in England, when, envying the Conqueror his greatness, the King of France, in alliance with the Duke of Brittany, attacked his continental possessions with powerful forces, and encouraged the province of Maine to revolt. Matilda, perceiving the dangers of her position, sent to her royal lord for assistance. When the news reached William's ears, he was at war with the King of Scotland, who supported the Saxon rebels. He, therefore, dispatched the son of Fitz-Osborn to the queen's immediate aid, and after concluding a hasty peace with the Scottish King, himself passed over to Normandy with a large army, composed chiefly of Saxons from the districts most likely to revolt. With these troops he speedily reduced Maine to subjection, drove the King of France to sue for peace, and restored tranquillity throughout his continental possessions.

William next laid siege to the city of Dol, where the Norman traitor, Ralph de Guader, had taken refuge: but as Alan Fergeant and other nobles came with a large army to the besieged earl's rescue, William was driven from the field with considerable loss, and only extricated himself from the dilemma by a treaty of peace, followed by the marriage of his daughter, Constance, with the brave Alan Fergeant, the fair bride being dowered with all the lands of Chester.

CHAPTER IV.

Princess Cecil veiled a nun—Robert quarrels with his father—Quits the court of Normandy in disgust—Matilda secretly supplies his wants—Her agent taken—The Conqueror's reproof—Matilda's reply—Escape of her agent—Robert takes up arms—William Rufus knighted—Supports his father—Battle of Archembraye—Robert unconsciously wounds his father—Implores forgiveness—Matilda brings about a reconciliation—The Conqueror returns with Robert to England—The Scots chastised—Doomsday book—Royal Revenue—Court of Exchequer established—Itinerating justices—Conqueror's rule productive of lasting benefits.



HE Easter of 1075 was kept by Matilda and her royal lord at Fescamp, where, attended by themselves and their court, the Princess Cecil, their eldest daughter, was consecrated a nun. This princess had been educated from her earliest years in the convent founded by her mother at Caen. According to a writer of her times—"She was learned, meek, and holy, excelling all her sisters in gentleness of heart, and of righteous mind. In the paths only of godliness she walked, and throughout her life she was a peerless pattern of Christian meekness and virgin purity."

The indifference of William, and the over-fondness of Matilda for their eldest son, Robert, now gave rise to domestic troubles, so serious and protracted, as to materially influence the future life of the royal pair.

Although proud and hasty, Robert was brave, kind-hearted, and generous to a fault. The Normans, over whom he had exercised sovereign sway during the lengthened absence of their liege lord, loved him for his bravery and generosity, and knowing that his father had promised some day to resign the duchy in his favour, they had regarded him as their monarch; he therefore felt highly humiliated when William on his return assumed the reins of royalty, and compelled him to play the part of a subject.

He had another more serious cause of complaint against his parent. The heiress of the last Earl of Maine, whom, when a child, he had espoused, died in her girlhood, and on her death, his father, the Duke of Normandy, had annexed her

territory to his own patrimonial dominions. Being now of age, and seconded by the voice of the nobles of Maine, he demanded to be put in possession of the dower of his wife; but William, either from ambition or personal dislike, put him off with vague promises, and kept possession of the territory.

William Rufus, the third son of William and Matilda, was politic and crafty, and as much idolized by his father as Robert was despised. From his earliest youth, he sedulously endeavoured to win his father's highest esteem, his whole ambition being to supplant his brother Robert in the sovereignty of the Conqueror's possessions. These artful efforts in time produced their fruits—when the Conqueror died, he left Rufus his richest treasure, the crown of England.

In 1076, whilst William and Matilda held their court at the castle of Eagle, so named from its height and difficulty of access, Robert's younger brothers, William and Henry, maliciously threw some dirty water over him from a balcony above, which so exasperated him, that, in the heat of the moment, he drew his sword, and was about rushing up stairs to revenge the insult, when the king, alarmed at the noise, entered sword in hand, just in time to prevent serious consequences.

A fiery wrangle ensued between the parent and his hot-headed heir, in which words ran so high, that Robert, stung to the soul with the covetousness and the sarcastic implications of his father, retired that very evening from court; and being beloved by the Norman nobles, many of them espoused his cause, and urged him to arm for his rights.

By the mediation of Matilda, it was

arranged that the father and son should meet, and endeavour to settle matters amicably. The interview was a stormy one: Robert, as the price of his reconciliation, demanded the investiture of the duchies of Normandy and Maine; this was met by a stern refusal from the father, who reminded his irascible heir of the fate of Absalom and Rehoboam, and bade him obey his parent, and not hearken to evil counsellors.

"I am here to demand my rights, and not to listen to sermons," answered Robert, with more insolence than prudence. "Say, on the honour of a father," he added, haughtily, "is not the earldom of Maine lawfully mine by possession? and did not you yourself, long ago, promise me the investiture of Normandy?"

"Tush!" replied the Conqueror, tartly; "you know, son, I do not intend to divest myself of my clothing till I go to bed. Normandy is mine by patrimony, England I won by my good sword, and I swear, that whilst I live, no power on earth shall force me to divide my authority with another, even should that other be my first-born; for it is written in the holy evangelists, that a kingdom divided against itself shall become desolate."

"True, sire," retorted Robert, "and it is also written in the holy book, put not your trust in kings. But," he continued, with a scornful smile, "the Duke of Normandy has a bad memory for unpleasant truths; he has doubtless forgotten that the good people of Mans submitted to his sword on condition that the earldom of Maine should be mine; nor is it convenient for him to remember, that Philip of France consented not to snatch Normandy from his grasp during his expedition into England, only on consideration that on his return he would place the crown of that duchy on my head. However, as my royal father has found it convenient to break faith with his lieges, his suzerain, and his heir, I will instantly leave Normandy, and seek that justice from strangers which I cannot obtain here."

Then bidding his royal sire adieu, he departed, and, accompanied by several of his partisans, sought refuge at the

court of his uncle, Robert of Flanders, where he commenced plotting against his father. The King of France and the Duke of Flanders seconded his efforts, advised him to take up arms, and otherwise counselled him to evil courses. But for a period, poverty and profligacy prevented him from carrying his designs into effect—indeed, at this time, so straitened were his circumstances, that, under the pressure of pecuniary embarrassments, he made repeated applications to his over-fond parent, Matilda, who secretly supplied him with vast sums from her own private coffers; and when these were exhausted, she, with the weakness of a doting mother, stripped herself of her jewels and costly trinkets for the same purpose.

Roger de Beaumont, the faithful premier of Normandy, no sooner discovered that Robert was arming against his father with his mother's wealth, than he dispatched a message to his royal master, who, with his son, William Rufus, was then in England, informing him of the fact, and requesting his speedy return to his native realms. This intelligence so startled William, that he scarcely believed it, till, on landing in Normandy, he intercepted Matilda's private agent, Sampson, in the very act of conveying a quantity of the royal plate to her rebel son, Robert.

The meeting between Matilda and her royal lord on this occasion was one of mingled indignation, sorrow, and impassioned tenderness.

"Oh, woe, woe, woe!" exclaimed the Conqueror, fixing his stern, but grief-dimmed eyes on the Queen. "The brightest jewel of my bosom hath pierced my heart with the deadly dart of treachery. She hath deceived her husband, and destroyed her own house. Behold, my wife—the treasure of my soul—to whom I have confided my wealth, my crown, my greatness, my all. She hath supported my rebel son in perfidy, and aided him to raise his sword against his own father."

"My lord," replied Matilda, "far be it from me to do you wrong. But when you spurn our first-born, and retain from him his rights, you drive him to

wretchedness and distraction. And, oh, William! he is my child, and were I hell-doomed for the act, still would I succour him in his distress, and with a mother's blessing lighten his woes. Nay, so much do I love him, that for his dear sake, I would dare any danger, do any deed. Ask me not, then, to enjoy the pomp of royalty, whilst he is pining in want and misery; as a loving husband, you have no authority to impose such insensibility on a mother; and as an affectionate parent and honourable ruler, you are bound to accord that justice to our son Robert, which, were you in his station and he in yours, you would expect from his hands as a father."

To William's further reproaches Matilda only replied with tears; and the Conqueror, enraged by the conduct of her whom he could not cease to love, vented his wrath on her probably guiltless agent, Samson, by ordering his eyes to be put out. But Matilda, who never deserted a friend in distress, enabled her terrified agent to escape the vengeance of her lord, by seeking refuge in Duche, a monastery of which she herself was patroness, and where, being shaven, and professed a monk immediately he entered, the soldiers who had tracked him thither were disappointed of their prey, as they durst not molest an ecclesiastic.

Nothing daunted by the arrival of the Conqueror, Robert, supported by the King of France, and the disaffected Norman nobles, boldly attacked Rouen, where he displayed great courage and military tact, and would have possessed himself of the castle, but for its more than ordinary strength, its powerful garrison, and the skill and undying bravery of its governor—Roger de Ivry.

On taking the field against his filial foe, William speedily discovered that the son whom he had held in contempt, and insultingly nicknamed Court hose, from his low stature, was possessed of military talents second only to his own, and that, if not vigorously overwhelmed with powerful forces, he would doubtless soon become master of Normandy.

William Rufus desired above all things, the downfall of his rebel brother;

and that he might support his father with all due honour in the field against him, he, before quitting England, had been knighted by Lanfranc, whom the King had elevated to the archbishopric of Canterbury.

Aided by his beloved son, William Rufus, the Conqueror raised a powerful army, and hastened to crush the power and chastise the insolent disobedience of his son Robert and the rebels who supported his standard. The hostile forces met on the plains of Archembraye, near the castle of Gerberoy. The fight was fierce and bravely maintained on both sides. Towards evening, a portion of the king's troops shewed symptoms of giving way. Robert seized the propitious moment, and with a reserve of chosen veterans rushed upon them from the heights above with such overwhelming impetuosity, as at once to decide the fate of the day. The Conqueror galloped to and fro amongst his disheartened troops, and exerted his utmost to rally them, but in vain. Overcome with panic, they broke their ranks, and those that could not flee before the victors were mercilessly slaughtered.

In the mêlée, Robert, unconscious against whom he tilted, wounded his father in the arm with his lance and unhorsed him, which so irritated the Conqueror, that, with a voice of thunder, he shouted, "Rescue, lieges! rescue! By the splendour of God! would you desert your duke?"

As the well-known voice rang through the ears of Robert, a shudder of horror thrilled his frame, he dropped his lance, dismounted, rushed to the duke, and raising him from the ground, exclaimed, "My father! my poor father! Oh, that I should live to see this. Thank God," he continued, after glancing at the wound, "it is not mortal." Then, without daring to look up, he seated his parent on his own horse, led him to a retired spot, and on his knees implored forgiveness for the crime he had unintentionally committed.

But William, who in all his previous engagements had never lost a drop of blood, was too much exasperated at being overcome by the arm of the son whom

his injustice and scorn had driven from court, to immediately listen to the voice of the penitent victor. He replied only with an oath of derision, and galloped off in a fever of passion.

Although victorious, Robert was so shocked at having but narrowly escaped the crime of parricide, that, instead of pursuing the advantage he had gained, he thought only of imploring forgiveness from his offended parent. But his entreaties were vain, until backed by the supplicating tears of his fond mother. The inroads grief was making on the health of the queen, moved the stubborn heart of the Conqueror. He relented, invited the victorious penitent to Rouen, received him with kindness, forgave him his crimes and follies, and promised to grant him all that was consistent with his own honour as a king. Matilda enjoyed the society of her favourite son for only a brief period. Shortly after the reconciliation, the Conqueror returned to England, and took Robert with him, under the pretext that he required him to fight against the King of Scotland, but with the real motive of separating him from his Norman partisans and his over-fond mother.

During his stay in England, Robert achieved nothing of importance, except the founding of the city of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, where Monkchester formerly stood.

After chastising the Scotch, and reducing his English malcontents to submission, the Conqueror caused to be compiled a great survey of all the lands and properties of his British subjects, the particulars thereof being entered in two books, called the great and little Domesday Books, which are still preserved in the Exchequer.

According to Brady, this survey was begun in 1080, and finished in 1086. It was made by verdict or presentment of juries. They noted how much arable land, pasture, meadow, and wood, every man had, from the King himself down to

the poorest proprietor, and what was the extent and value of the lands at the time of Edward the Confessor, and at the time of making the survey. The survey was made by counties, hundreds, and towns, in manors, hides, half-hides, and acres of land, meadow, pasture, and wood. The surveyors also specified the value of every person's estate; the names of the monasteries and religious houses; the number of mills and fisheries; the amount of live stock, and how many freemen, villains, and servants there were in every town and manor. This general register, sometimes called the "Great Terrar, or Land Book of England," was made by the Conqueror with a view to increase his income. He had reduced the Anglo-Saxons to poverty, and now that their estates were possessed by the Normans and others, he resolved to fill his royal coffers by the imposition of heavy taxes and fines on the wealthy foreigners. The scheme succeeded to perfection; the royal revenue was raised to the sum of four hundred thousand pounds—equal to five millions at the present day—and, in addition to this fixed income, he obtained many thousands annually in the form of fines, mulcts, licenses, forfeitures, and parliamentary grants.

In 1079, the Conqueror established the Court of Exchequer; he also appointed justices to itinerate through the realm, and determine certain pleas and causes; and by encouraging his officers of state, both civil and criminal, to above everything respect the law, and do equal justice to all men, he furthered the establishing of order and good-will amongst all his English subjects. Indeed, his measures generally, although apparently severe, were productive of lasting benefits to England; and, but for the rigour of the game laws that he introduced, and his reckless spoliation of village, hamlet, and monastery, to form his great hunting park in Hampshire, the latter years of his reign would have added to the splendour of his memory.

CHAPTER V.

Matilda still governs Normandy—Death of her second son, Richard, and second daughter, Constance—Her visit to St. Eurol—Her liberality—Profuse table—Income—Fresh dissensions between the Conqueror and Robert—Matilda's sorrow—Application to a German hermit—His pretended dream depresses Matilda's spirits—She sinks into a slow nervous fever—Her malady increases—She becomes charitable and penitent—The Conqueror hastens to her presence—Her death—Funeral—Tomb—Sepulchre plundered—Curious will—The Conqueror's deep grief for her loss—His excesses—Illness—Rage at the French King's jeu d'esprit—His vengeance—He meets with a fatal accident—His death—His body plundered and neglected—His obsequies thrice interrupted—His tomb—His grave ransacked—Finally destroyed by the French revolutionists—Matilda's children.



ATILDA did not again return to England. The remainder of her days she occupied in governing Normandy, and deploring her domestic misfortunes. Her

second son, Richard, a prince of promising endowments, and a pupil of the learned Lanfranc, had scarcely been consigned by fever to the cold grasp of death, when her daughter, Constance, whilst yet in the prime of womanhood, breathed her last. This princess had been married seven years to Alan Fergeant, Duke of Brittany, without giving birth to an heir, which so preyed upon her mind, as to occasion the lingering sickness of which she died. Her remains were conveyed to England, and interred with due solemnity in the abbey of St. Edmund's Bury.

For the recovery of this beloved daughter, Matilda paid a ceremonious but vain visit to the monastery of Ouche, and at the venerated shrine of St. Eurol, offered prayers and costly presents, and vowed to bestow other and yet more valuable gifts, should her prayers be favourably answered. She afterwards retired to the refectory, and dined with the monks, where she behaved with great humility and condescension, and delighted the holy brethren with her liberality in providing so goodly a feast, for she maintained all the pomp and state of an English queen. The table at which she herself usually dined being furnished at a

daily expense of forty shillings—a most extravagant sum for those times, whilst, at a lower table, one hundred attendants were provided for at the high charge of twelve-pence each per day. It was principally out of her income from England, that the fair regent of Normandy supported the splendour of her dignity. The citizens of London paid for the oil for her lamps, and the wood for her fires; she received the tolls imposed on merchandise at Queenhithe, and a tenth part of the voluntary fines paid to the crown, besides other incomes and immunities.

As years rolled on, Matilda found the clouds of trouble thicken around her. Whilst yet mourning for the bereavement of her daughter Constance, she received the sorrowful tidings that her beloved son Robert had again rankled his father's wrath, by refusing to marry the beautiful daughter of Walthof, the Saxon earl, to whom the Conqueror had espoused his niece, Judith, at York, but who, having joined in a plot against the Normans, was betrayed by his treacherous wife into the hands of her uncle, and by his order beheaded at Winchester.*

Sorely grieved at the renewed breach between her royal lord and darling son, Matilda sent to a German hermit, who was renowned for sanctity, learning, and prophetic gifts, and requested his advice in the matter. The sage, after a lapse of three days, pretended to have had a wondrous dream, to the effect that if Matilda did not succeed in restoring amity between her royal lord and her son;

* Walthof was the only English nobleman executed in this reign.

Robert, after the death of his father, would rule the land with weakness, rebellions would spring up in all directions, and, ultimately, enemies from without would tear the crown from his head.

This pretended prophecy weighed heavily on Matilda's heart. Her best endeavours to restore her son Robert to his father's affections were vain, and at length her spirits became depressed, and she sunk into a slow nervous fever, from which she never recovered. As her malady increased, she increased her charities to the poor, repeatedly confessed her sins, released several state prisoners, made costly presents to the monasteries, and by complying with all the superstitious rituals of her country and times, endeavoured to make peace with God and man.

When no hope was entertained of her recovery, a hasty message was despatched to the Conqueror in England, who, without delay, embarked for Normandy, and arrived at Caen only a few hours before she expired.

Matilda, who will ever be remembered for her long, wise and liberal rule, as Regent of Normandy, closed her earthly pilgrimage on the second of November, 1083, in the fifty-second year of her age. She had been Duchess of Normandy thirty-one years, and Queen of England seventeen years. Her dying prayer was for the prosperity of her favourite son, Robert, who, to her great regret, was in England when she ceased to breathe.

Her remains were interred with imposing funeral solemnity in the convent of the Holy Trinity, at Caen, which Matilda herself had founded, and where her sorrowing lord erected a magnificent tomb to her memory. But this splendid monument of the Conqueror's love for his departed queen, was despoiled during the religious wars that desolated France in the sixteenth century. A party of Calvinists entered the monastery, and, despite the earnest entreaties of the abbess and the nuns, broke into pieces the statue of Matilda that surmounted the tomb, tore open the sepulchre, and took from the fingers of the queen's body a valuable gold ring, which, however, was afterwards given to the abbess. These rapacious fanatics had previously en-

tered the Abbey of St. Stephen's, in the same city, where, after levelling the Conqueror's monument to the dust, they, with the hope of discovering valuable treasures, opened his grave, and strewed his bones about the chapel.

Large as her revenues were, Matilda died poor. The lands in Gloucestershire, which she had obtained by the death of the ill-fated Brithric, were settled on her son Henry, and her private funds had either been lavished on her favourite son, Robert, or expended in charities to the poor, gifts to the church, or patronage to literature and the arts. According to her will, a curious document, still preserved in the Royal Library at Paris, she bequeathed to the abbey of the Holy Trinity all her personal possessions, which, for a Queen of England, were indeed few enough, consisting of only a handsomely worked tunic, a mantle embossed with gold, a candelabra, two golden girdles, two houses in England, a crown, sceptre, horse trappings, and several valuable cups and other vessels.

The Conqueror was sorely grieved at the loss of his queen. Deprived of her kindly counsel, and irritated by his first-born again breaking out against him into open revolt, his temper became soured, and his health began to break. Even his favourite amusement of hunting he now could but ill enjoy, and he indulged in the pleasures of the table to such excess, that he became bloated and corpulent, and at length was attacked with the dropsy. Whilst lying bedridden of this disease, his old enemy, the French King, jocosely demanded, "When the King of England would rise from his lying in?" which so exasperated the debilitated monarch, that he swore to visit Paris at his churching with ten thousand lances by way of wax-lights.

As soon as he had sufficiently recovered to take the field, he, in pursuance of his vow, collected a mighty army, and hastened to the French border, where he mercilessly ravaged Le Vexin, and reduced the city of Mantes to ashes. Whilst committing this terrible vengeance on the innocent citizens of Mantes, his horse stumbled over some burning timber, and occasioned him a

severe bruise in the abdomen, from the pommel of his saddle, which was followed by a fatal fever.

Being unable to remount his horse, after the accident, William was conveyed on a litter to Rouen, where, perceiving he approached his end, he felt remorse at having been guilty of so many crimes, and endeavoured to quiet the compunction of his accusing conscience by acts of charity and piety. To this end, he gave alms to the poor, ordering the release of the numerous Saxon captives which he held as hostages, and the rebuilding of the churches he had so ruthlessly destroyed at Mantes. He also expressed bitter regrets at the desolation and war he had caused in England, and declared he would leave the disposal of his regal dignity in that fair land to God, as he durst not name a successor to the crown he had won and maintained by rapine and murder. But in this declaration he appears to have been insincere, as shortly afterwards he addressed a letter to Lanfranc, informing the prelate of his approaching end, and requesting him to secure the crown of England to his dutiful son, William Rufus. When he had sealed this letter with his royal signet, he gave it to his favourite, Rufus, and bidding him a hasty farewell, told the prince to make all speed to England, where a crown awaited him.

Having settled his temporal affairs, the King, although suffering intensely from burning fever and exhaustion, caused himself to be removed to Hermentrude, a delightful village near Rouen, where, a few days after his removal, he expired, surrounded only by his domestics, not one of his children being present on the solemn occasion.

On the ninth of September, 1087, he heard the great bell of St. Gervais, near Rouen, begin tolling, and asked what it meant.

"It is ringing prime to our blessed Virgin," replied one of the attendants.

"Then to our blessed Lady, Mary, the mother of God, I commend myself," said the dying king, in a faint, faltering voice. "May she, by her holy intercessions, reconcile me to our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. God be merciful to

—to—." The Conqueror could say no more, death had stopp'd his heart, and with a rattling gurgle in his throat, he breathed his last, in the sixty-fourth year of his age, and after a reign of fifty years in Normandy, and twenty-one in England.

Scarcely had William ceased to exist, when his unworthy domestics pillaged the house in which he died of every article of value, after which, they stole the covering from the royal dead, and left the body stripped and naked on the bare floor. These shameful proceedings could not have occurred but for the absence of the Conqueror's family and officers of state. Robert, his first-born, was in Germany, Rufus was journeying to England to obtain his crown, and Henry, on whom the charge of his obsequies devolved, had, on his death, immediately departed for Rouen, on self-interest business, whilst all the members of the court had gone to offer their homage either to Robert or to Rufus.

As time rolled on, no one attempted to perform the last sad office to the deserted and neglected remains of the monarch whose chivalric renown had astonished the world, and who, by energy, prudence, and bravery, had exalted himself from the station of a petty prince to that of the richest king of Europe. At length, however, a poor knight, disgusted at the dishonour shown to the body of his late royal master, removed it to Rouen at his own expense, where it was met by a train of monks, and carried for interment to the abbey of St. Stephen's. But here disaster followed disaster. Scarcely had the procession entered the church, when a terrible fire burst forth in the neighbourhood, which so alarmed the monks, that, regardless of all decorum, they deserted the coffin, and rushed out to preserve their monastery. When the conflagration was put out, the monks returned, and performed the funeral rites with becoming decency; after which, the coffin was about to be lowered into the grave, when a Norman gentleman, named Fitz-Arthur, stepped forward, and, to the astonishment of all present, loudly exclaimed—"This interment I forbid. The ground is mine by inheritance; the duke, whose body rests in yon cold coffin,

took it by violence from my father to found this abbey upon—yea, this very grave was the site of my father's house; and I charge ye all, as ye would avert the wrath of God and his holy saints, on the great judgment-day, not to lay the bones of the heartless plunderer on the hearth of my oppressed parent."

This impressive appeal struck the superstitious assembly with horror. A pause in the ceremony ensued. The claims of Fitz-Arthur were examined, and acknowledged by Prince Henry, who paid him sixty shillings for the grave, and agreed, in the presence of the monks and mourners, to pay a further sum of one hundred pounds of silver for the purchase of the ground on which the Conqueror had, as a dispensation for marrying his cousin Matilda, founded the abbey of St. Stephen's. The agreement being arranged, the obsequies were again proceeded with. But ere the coffin reached its final resting-place, it was accidentally overturned, and the lid displaced, when, according to the chronicler Speed, such a nauseating odour arose therefrom, that monks and mourners again fled in dismay from the royal remains; and it was only after the church had been purified with clouds of incense, that the interment was effected.

Such was the funeral of William the Conqueror, and never was the corpse of a mighty monarch, dying in all the plenitude of power, so neglected by his kindred, his ministers, and his people; his very obsequies being accompanied by scenes that render truth stranger than fiction—history more interesting than romance.

William Rufus caused a stately monument, adorned with gold, silver and precious stones, to be erected to the memory of his father, before the high altar in the abbey of St. Stephen's. In 1642, the Bishop of Bayeux opened the tomb, and found the body in such an excellent state of preservation, that he caused a portrait to be painted of the royal remains, after which the tomb was again carefully closed.

As previously stated, the monument of the Conqueror was destroyed, and his sepulchre ransacked, in 1662, by the

Calvinist soldiery under Chastillon; but his bones, which had been strewed about the church by the religious zealots, were afterwards carefully collected and again deposited in his coffin by the monks of St. Stephen's, who, in 1642, caused a plain altar tomb to be erected over his grave. This tomb, as well as the monument of Matilda, which the nuns of the Holy Trinity had caused to be restored, remained entire until the close of the last century, when the fiery French revolutionists swept them both so completely away, that not a vestige remains to mark their sites.

William and his queen, Matilda, had four sons and five daughters.

Robert, surnamed the Unready, from the fact of his never being prepared to seize the golden offerings of fortune, succeeded to the duchy of Normandy after his father's death. On his accession, he mortgaged his dukedom to his brother, William Rufus, for the sum of six thousand six hundred and sixty-six pounds of silver, and joined the crusade under Godfrey of Boulogne.

Whilst returning from Palestine, he espoused the fair Sybille, a daughter of Count Conversana, by whom he had one son, named William.

His gallant deeds at the taking of Jerusalem, won for him the distinguished honour of King of the Holy City. But the death of William Rufus, which occurred about this time, induced him to reject the holy circlet and return to England, where he expected to obtain the insignia of royalty. When he reached England, his brother Henry had already supplanted him, and secured the late king's treasure. Being determined not to yield to his younger brother's usurpation without a struggle, he raised a powerful army; but his efforts were unsuccessful, and he was at length defeated and made prisoner at the battle of Tinchebray, by the victorious Henry, who stripped him of the dukedom of Normandy, and confined him in Cardiff Castle, where he expired, after a painful captivity of twenty-eight years.

Richard, the second son, died, whilst yet in the flower of his youth, of a fever, caught in hunting in the depo-

pulated districts of Hampshire, during the lifetime of his parents. According to some authors, the fever was occasioned by a gore from a stag. He was buried in Winchester Cathedral, where, to this day, a stone slab marks the site of his grave.

William Rufus mounted the English throne on the death of his father, and was slain whilst hunting in the New Forest, in Hampshire, by the erring arrow of Sir Walter Tyrell, his royal bow-bearer. He died on the second of August, 1100, and was succeeded on the throne of England by his younger brother, Henry, surnamed Beaulerc, or the Scholar, on account of his great literary acquirements.

Cecilia, the eldest princess of William and Matilda, was veiled a nun in the abbey of Fescamp, and afterwards became abbess of the convent of the Holy Trinity, founded by her mother, at Caen, where she exercised her high office for many years, and, in all probability, died at an advanced age, as a contemporary chronicler states that she was living in the reign of Henry I.

Constance, the second daughter, married Alan, Duke of Bretagne, and died during the lifetime of her mother.

Agatha, the third daughter, was, when young, affianced to Harold, and maintained so great an affection for his memory, that afterwards, when her father,

for political reasons, agreed to marry her to Alphonso, King of Galicia, she, with tears in her eyes, told him—"Her heart was so devoted to her Saxon betrothed, that she would rather die than become the wife of another;" and, singular enough, she obtained her desire. On her journey to Spain, she passed to eternal life, without having seen the face of her intended husband. Her body was conveyed to Normandy, and interred at Bayeux, in the church of St. Mary.

The fourth daughter, Adela, was married to Stephen, Earl of Blois. She had four sons. The third, named Stephen, succeeded to the English throne shortly after the death of his uncle, Henry I.; and the second was Henry, Bishop of Winchester. On the death of her husband, she was veiled a nun, at Mareigney, where she died in 1137, and in the seventy-fifth year of her age. Her remains were conveyed to Caen, and deposited with those of her sister Cecilia, in the abbey of the Holy Trinity.

Gundard, the fifth and youngest daughter, was wedded to William de Warren, a powerful Norman noble, who was created Earl of Surrey, in England, by William Rufus. She had two sons, William, from whom many noble families sprung, and Rainold, who died childless. She died in childbed, at Castle-Acre, in Norfolk, in 1095, and was interred in St. Pancras church, at Lewes, in Sussex.

MATILDA ATHELING,

Surnamed the Good, First Queen of Henry the First.

CHAPTER I.

Imbecility of Edgar Atheling—Together with his mother and sisters, he resolves to seek refuge in Germany—Driven into Scotland—Malcolm obtains the hand of Margaret Atheling in marriage—Birth of Matilda Atheling—Robert of Normandy stands godfather to her—Her excellent virtues—Her aunt Christina anxious that she should take the veil—Places the conventual adornments upon her—Malcolm in a rage tears them off, and refuses to permit her to become a nun—Matilda yields to her father's wishes—Her youth when her parents die—The manner of Malcolm's death—Legend respecting—Death of Margaret—Donald Bane usurps the Scottish throne—Matilda and her sister Mary placed in the convent at Romsey—Her disquietude while there—The Duke of Brittany offers her his hand in marriage, which she refuses—The Earl of Surrey also refused—The poverty of Prince Henry—King William's dying address to him—Literally fulfilled—At the period of his adversity, Matilda accepts Henry as her lover.



HEN the royal house of Normandy seized upon the throne of England, the last descendants of the great King Alfred, the family of the Athelings, were too weak to clutch the golden circlet from the iron grasp of the victorious Conqueror. In fact, Edgar Atheling, the heir of the Saxon kings, possessed neither the prestige, talents, wealth, nor energy to assert his rights by force of arms against the powerful Norman Duke William.

In 1068, but two years after the overthrow of Harold at Hastings, Edgar Atheling, together with his mother Agatha, and his sisters Margaret and Christina, resolved to seek refuge from the perils that threatened them in England, at the court of Agatha's father, Henry the Second, of Germany; and had not

the vessel in which they embarked been providentially driven, by stress of weather, into the Frith of Forth, in Scotland, it is probable that the throne of Britain would never again have been filled by the lineage of the Anglo-Saxon dynasty.

The royal fugitives had scarcely reached the Scottish court, when Malcolm the Third of Scotland, who, a short time previously, had wrested his kingdom from the usurping grasp of the murderer of his father, the black-hearted Macbeth, whose deeds of hell the Bard of Avon has portrayed with a more than mortal power, gave them a right royal welcome; and soon afterwards, became so enamoured with the gentle-hearted graceful Margaret Atheling, that he requested and obtained her hand in marriage.

The first-born of the royal Malcolm and the Saxon princess was the subject of the present memoir, Matilda Atheling, fondly termed by her contempora-

ries "Maud the Good," and by some historians styled Matilda of Scotland. We cannot much err in naming 1077 as the year of her birth; as in that year it was, that Robert of Normandy, whom William the Conqueror had dispatched to the North, to drive the invading Scotch over the border, on finding his forces unequal to his task, wisely made peace with the Scottish King, paid a friendly visit to the court of Scotland, and stood godfather to the infant Matilda.

The early years of Matilda the Good were passed with her parents in Scotland, and her preceptor was her mother's confessor, the pious and learned Turgot. It was from the excellent precepts and worthy examples of her illustrious mother, Margaret, and of the good Turgot, that she received those early lessons of piety and virtue, which so imbued her heart with christian charity, that in womanhood she became a sister of kindness to the rich, and a mother of mercy and affection to the poor, giving alms to the needy, affording consolation to the afflicted, and shielding the weak and the oppressed from the tyranny of the powerful and the overbearing.

Whilst Matilda was yet but a child, her aunt, Christina Atheling, abbess of Rumsey, in Hampshire, became extremely anxious that she should be consecrated to the church. But the pious Queen of Scotland told Christina that Malcolm would never sanction Matilda's taking the veil.

"I am not so sure of that," said the Abbess, drily; "for rude and unlearned though he be, his will is ruled by his heart-deep love for you. Margaret, he is your slave, and durst not refuse what you firmly demand. Behold, already you have converted him and his attendants from Paganism to Christianity, and by discountenancing the excesses and low carousings in which he and his lords were wont to indulge, you have driven barbarism from the court, introduced civilization into the land, and established order and decorum in the royal castle.

"True," answered Margaret, "what you say may be correct, and it delights me to hear the country's advancement in religion, morals, and learning attributed

to the ennobling example of our court, for then, sister, I think my efforts have not been vain; although, on the point you are urging, I fear Malcolm will never be ruled."

"Dear Queen," interrupted the Abbess, who was annoyed at Margaret's misgivings, "in you Malcolm reposes unbounded confidence. You are the domestic ruler of his realms. You have introduced the arts and learning into his very household. Nay, at your bidding, virtue has been exalted and vice crushed, and yet, now you bow to the whims of your uncouth lord, and scruple to dedicate your fair daughter to the service of the Most High. Oh Margaret! Margaret! whither has your courage fled? Come hither, dear niece," she murmured, in tones of affection, addressed to the Princess, "by my hands the holy deed shall be done." When, having placed the scapulary on Matilda, she triumphantly shouted, "There, darling, wear it to the day of your death, and may the curses of the holy cross rest on him who dares to remove it from thy virgin shoulders."

At this instant Malcolm entered the hall, accompanied by the Duke of Brittany, who was there on a visit to the Scottish monarch. On beholding Matilda attired as a nun, he, in a fit of fury, snatched the conventual adornments from her person, tore them into shreds, and turning to the Duke of Brittany, said, "Ah, my lord, that child is far too beautiful for a nun; she shall one day become the queen of a mighty realm."

Margaret and her pious sister used their every exertions to gain their end, but, at least in this case, Malcolm was not to be overcome. Entreaties and threats were alike vain, and in the height of his rage, he swore that whoever dared to broach the subject again in his presence, should feel the weight of his resentment. He then took the sobbing Princess in his arms, tenderly kissed her, and told her she must not think of leaving her father, to be a nun. The little Matilda, fearing punishment if her mother or aunt heard her reply, pressed her lips to Malcolm's ear, and whispered that nothing on earth should make her

take the veil, a pledge which she ever afterwards religiously kept.

Matilda was only about sixteen years of age, when both her parents were conveyed to their last home. The kingdoms of England and Scotland had enjoyed the blessings of peace for several years; when, in 1093, Malcolm, taking advantage of the unpopularity, and the dangerous illness of William Rufus, proceeded, for the fifth time, to ravage Northumberland with fire and sword. After several encounters, he laid siege to Alnwick Castle, where the besieged, being reduced to extremities, offered to surrender, on condition that the Scottish King should receive the keys in person. This request being acceded to, a knight, in complete armour, stood within the walls, and on bended knees presented the keys on the top of a lance. But when Malcolm put out his arm to reach them, the knight thrust the point of the lance through the bars of his helmet into his eye, and inflicted a wound in his brain, of which he instantly died. On beholding this treachery, the Scotch rushed forward to avenge their king, but they were beaten back with great slaughter, and in the mêlée, Malcolm's eldest son, Henry, was slain.

There is a legend extant, that the knight, who so treacherously murdered Malcolm, was afterwards named Pierce-eye, and that he is the progenitor of the Northumberland family of Pierce-eye, since corrupted into that of Percy.

Margaret lay on the couch of death, when her youthful son Edgar arrived in breathless haste with the sad news of the defeat and death of his royal sire and brother. The widowed queen bore the shock with Christian fortitude and resignation. As she nobly braved the agonies of body, she pressed to her lips the celebrated black cross, the most precious relic of her royal Saxon ancestors, and committed her daughters to the spiritual care of her religious confessor, Turgot, with a request that he would place them in the convent of which her sister Christina was abbess. When, after thanking God for afflicting her with mental as well as bodily suffering in the hour of death, as thereby she trusted to

enter the next world more fully purified from the corruption of this, she addressed a short eloquent prayer to the Saviour of the world, and expired. Behind her, she left a character so illustrious for piety and benevolence, that the church of Rome canonized her; and although her greatly revered shrine was destroyed at the Reformation, so dear was her memory to the nation, that, to this day, the name of Margaret is hallowed with fondness by the people of Scotland.

Shortly after the death of Malcolm, his illegitimate brother, Donald Bane, usurped the throne, and ordered all the English exiles, including Malcolm's children, to quit Scotland on pain of death. Edgar Atheling conveyed the royal orphans to England, and in compliance with the dying wish of his sister Margaret, he placed his nieces Matilda and Mary in the convent at Rumsey, under the charge of their aunt Christina, who shortly afterwards removed to the abbey at Wilton, whither the sister princesses were at the same time conveyed.

The abbeys both of Wilton and Rumsey were royal foundations, belonging to the order of Black Benedictines. Wilton Abbey was founded by Alfred the Great, and in it most of the Saxon princesses were afterwards educated. The abbey of Rumsey was built by Edward the Martyr in 972, and dedicated to the Virgin and St. Elfrida. Like that of Wilton, it was generally governed by an abbess of the royal Saxon line.

The plan of instruction pursued in the conventual establishments in the eleventh century, appears to have been most excellent. Nor was the teaching confined to the inmates of the cloister, as nearly every high-born damsel received the lessons of her youth in the school of a convent. Besides reading in the vernacular, the Latin, and other tongues, the fair pupils were taught to excel in writing, drawing, vocal and instrumental music, both sacred and secular, fine needle work, and, above all, that important branch of conventual education, the theory and practice of medicine and surgery.

During Matilda's residence in the English convents, she received an education befitting the consort of an Eu-

ropean monarch. But in this life of seclusion she appears to have enjoyed but little happiness. Her aunt Christina's unceasing efforts to induce her to take the veil, a measure which she had determined not to adopt, greatly disquieted her mind, and she was personally endangered by the malice of a Norman knight, who told William Rufus that Edgar had brought his sister's children to England, only with a view to dispossess the Normans of the crown. But the Red King, who, despite the viciousness of his character, had always treated both Edgar Atheling and his adopted orphans with kindness, disregarded the malicious report, and the officious mischief-maker was for his foul scandal challenged and slain in single combat by Edgar's friend, Arthur Ethelbert.

Whilst Matilda was an inmate of Wilton Abbey, the Duke of Brittany, then a widower, arrived in England, and after first obtaining the consent of his brother-in-law, William Rufus, proffered her his hand in marriage. But she rejected the offer of the "grandfather wooer," as she humorously styled the mature suitor, with scorn, and declared she would rather take the veil, abhorrent as it was to her, than consent to so unsuitable a match. Shortly afterwards, the Earl of Surrey, William Warren, a powerful baron, and a nephew to the Red King, became enamoured of her, and, singular to relate, young, handsome, and wealthy as he was, she no more favoured his suit than that of his grave predecessor, the Duke of Brittany; her excuse being, that she intended shortly to take the veil. It, however, appears probable that her real motive for rejecting the Earl's addresses, was the secret passion she entertained for the young Prince Henry of Normandy, a passion which doubtless was encouraged to the full by her priest and guardian, Turgot, who, being a deep-thinking, clear-sighted Saxon, at once perceived the advantages that would accrue to his suffering countrymen, by the union upon the throne of the royal Saxon and Norman lines.

At this period Henry was exceedingly poor; income he had none, and his sole dependence was on his capricious brother,

the Red King. Like his kindred, he was passionately fond of hunting, and, for lack of a horse, pursued the game on foot. From this circumstance, Warren, and other wealthy nobles, sarcastically nicknamed him *Deer's-foot*, an insult which he never forgave. Henry's poverty, however, was not the effect of his own extravagance, as his father, William the Conqueror, when he died, left him but five thousand pounds of silver, which, says the chronicler Speed, so annoyed the young Beaulerc, that he remonstrated with his sire for bequeathing him such a paltry pittance. "What," said he, "can I do with the silver, without castle or domain to support my dignity?"

"Trust in God, and patiently wait the events of time," answered the dying monarch; "for behold, thou most favoured of my sons, thou inheritor of all my greatness, although to Robert and William I give the crowns of Normandy and England, thy brothers go before thee but for a brief period; soon will their reigns be over, and all my possessions and wealth become thine."

Unsatisfactory as this short but solemn prediction appeared, at the time, to the landless Prince, it was actually fulfilled to the very letter. The rays of but twenty summer suns had kissed the Conqueror's tomb, when the triumphant Henry wore the crowns of the united dominions of England and Normandy.

It is recorded that at the period of his adversity, Henry was Matilda's accepted lover. But when, or under what circumstances, the fair princess won his heart, history saith not. Probably he accompanied Edgar Atheling or the Duke of Brittany on their visits to her at Wilton Abbey, and thus was enabled to converse with her, and behold her without the veil, which she cast aside on every possible occasion. Be this as it may, we are told by a contemporary chronicler, that long before circumstances admitted of their union—

"The royal pair loved specialle,
But durst not wed for povertie;
Domains and lands none had Henri,
And Maude of Scotland, fairest she,
Had nothing but her pedigree.
Then, Saxons-Normans, moan with me,
For Princess Maude and young Henri."

CHAPTER II.

Death of William Rufus—Henry hastens to Winchester—Breteuil, the royal treasurer, refuses to give up to him the keys of the treasury—Henry with his associates force them from him—Arrival of Robert's partisans—The populace declare for Henry, who is forthwith crowned—He announces his intention of marrying Matilda Atheling—The Abbess Christina opposes his marriage—Henry applies to Archbishop Anselm, who convokes a council, before which Matilda is examined—The council declares that she is free to marry the king—On leaving Wilton nunnery Matilda hears of Henry's amours, and hesitates joining her hand with him—Through the entreaties of the Saxon nobles, she lays aside her scruples—She is married, and immediately afterwards crowned—Her noble conduct obtains for her the surname of the "Good"—Her great popularity.



HENRY was in the thirty-second or thirty-third year of his age, when the erring shaft of Sir Walter Tyrrel rid the world of his brother, William Rufus, a monarch whose reign was one unbroken succession of tyrannies; and who was so little loved or respected even by his own attendants, that they unceremoniously threw his slaughtered body into the cart of a poor charcoal burner that chanced to be passing by; and in this manner, without regard even to common decency, was the royal corpse conveyed by the man of soot to the city of Winchester, where, on the following day, it was hastily buried, without any of the gorgeous ceremony which usually marks the obsequies of a powerful king. Henry was hunting on foot at a distant part of the forest, when the fatal accident befell his brother. But the boisterous breeze then blowing wafted the loud and clamorous shouts of the royal attendants to his quick ears, and overwhelmed him with surprise. "What," he musingly muttered, "is it so, or do I dream? Hark! again they cry, '*Rufus is dead! long live King Robert! long live King Henry!*' By the crucifixion! it is reality."

At this instant a courtier swiftly galloped up to Henry, and hastily dismounting, exclaimed, "Rufus is no more; quick, prince, and the crown is yours!"

Up, on to my saddle, and with lightning swiftness away to Winchester, and you may yet out-Cæsar Breteuil, the royal treasurer, who has declared for Robert, and is already on his road thither, to secure the crown and the royal wealth."

Henry did the bidding of the generous noble on the instant, and without even turning aside to obtain a hasty glance at the remains of his brother Rufus, sped to the royal treasury with such swiftness, that when Breteuil arrived there, he had already planted himself at the door.

"Many thanks," exclaimed Henry, glancing blandly at Breteuil, "we feel honoured by your kindly anticipating our desire; you have the keys of the royal treasury, I presume."

"I have, prince," replied Breteuil boldly, "and mean to keep them till the arrival of our king, Robert of Normandy, from the Holy Land, for to no other than the rightful heir of the throne will I resign the crown and treasury of the late king."

During this parley, noble after noble was arriving, and Henry, finding that his staunch friend Bellomonte and many other of his powerful partisans were around him, drew his sword, and loudly exclaimed, "William Breteuil, I, Henry of Normandy, demand of you, in my own right, the keys of the royal treasury."

Breteuil answered not, for as yet but few of Robert's friends had arrived, and he hoped by silence to gain time, and strengthen the number of his party.

But the shrewd Henry suspected his motive, and stepping forward, shouted, in tones of vehement anger, "My lord, you are silent! Did you not hear my demand? Quick, the keys!"

Breteuil folded his arms, and with a scornful scowl, muttered, "Nothing short of force, prince, will obtain from me compliance with your damnable request."

"By the crucifixion! dare you defy my power, contemptible churl? On, friends, on! spare him not!" roared the exasperated Henry, who, assisted by Bellemonte and others, instantly attacked Breteuil, and forced the keys of the treasury from him.

Immediately Henry had possessed himself of the royal treasure, a number of Robert's partizans arrived, upon which, as the dispute threatened to be a stormy one, they, by universal assent, retired to the council chamber. But scarcely had they commenced the important debate, when the populace of Winchester, whom Henry had completely gained by profuse gifts and extravagant promises, so clamorously shouted, "Long live Henry! long live the English-born king!" that the opposing peers, to secure their personal safety, decided for Henry, who was immediately proclaimed king, amidst the maddening huzzas of the excited multitude. Henry waited not to receive the adulations of the populace at Winchester: immediately after the hasty, unceremonious funeral of the ill-starred Rufus, he proceeded to London, where, on the fifth of August, 1100, only three days after the death of his brother, he was consecrated king, with but little pomp, in Westminster Abbey, by Maurice, Bishop of London. Title to the throne he evidently had none; and it was only by promptitude, judicious bribery, and liberal promises, that he obtained its possession. In order, therefore, to more securely grasp the sceptre which he had so flagrantly usurped from his brother Robert, who had gone to chastise the infidels in the Holy Land, he at his coronation, besides taking the usual oath, swore to abrogate the tyrannical enactments of his Norman predecessors, and declared his intention to re-establish the laws and privileges instituted by the

great Alfred, and confirmed by Edward the Confessor.

Immediately after his coronation, Henry further strengthened his popularity with his Saxon subjects, by announcing his intention to wed the Princess Matilda Atheling. To this union Matilda's brother, Edgar, now King of Scotland, offered no objection; but the royal maiden, much as she loved Henry, would only consent to become his consort on condition that he granted a charter annulling the Norman tyrannies, confirming the liberty of the subject, and confining the royal authority within due bounds. This important document was speedily prepared and signed; but Henry had yet another formidable obstacle to remove before the royal nuptials could be solemnised. The powerfully prejudiced Abbess Christina hated the Normans, and endeavoured to prevent the connexion of the royal Anglo-Saxon and Norman lines, by spreading a report that her royal niece had taken the veil, which, if well founded, would have proved an insurmountable obstacle to the alliance, as it was deemed in the highest degree sacrilegious to marry a consecrated nun. To remove this difficulty without outraging popular prejudice, Henry wrote to that idol of the clergy and the people, the learned Anselm, whom the unyielding Red King had driven from the archbishopric of Canterbury to seek refuge at Lyons, pressing him to return without delay. Anselm obeyed the royal mandate, but found the case such an important and difficult one, that he convoked a solemn council of prelates and nobles to determine the mighty question.

Before this council was the unwilling Matilda examined. She confessed that her aunt Christina had many times forced her to wear the veil; that during her residence in the nunneries of Rumsey and Wilton, she, in common with other English ladies, assumed it to preserve her honour from the ruthless attacks of the Normans, and that, under a pretence of having devoted herself to the church, she had excused herself from accepting more than one eligible offer of marriage.

"But," demanded the Archbishop

Anselm, "have you ever voluntarily sworn to devote yourself to God and his Holy Son, and to lead a life of chastity, poverty, and obedience?"

"I never have, and never will bind myself by such an oath," replied Matilda with an air of pride and firmness; "and in truth," she continued, "I have adopted conventual life only as a necessity. I abhor it; and whenever left to my own free will, I have torn off the veil, and trampled it under my feet, as a thing to be despised."

"One more question, and I have done," said the learned archbishop. "Did your parents ever vow to dedicate your life to God?"

"Never," answered the princess.

The council was satisfied with these explanations, and declared that "Matilda Atheling, having neither pledged nor connected herself with any religious sisterhood, she was free to marry the king."

But, notwithstanding this favourable decision of the council at Lambeth, the celebration of the royal union did not immediately take place. On quitting Wilton nunnery, Matilda heard, to her disgust and astonishment, of Henry's amours with Nestor, the captivating daughter of Rus ap Tudor, Prince of Wales, and numerous other mistresses, by whom he had about twenty natural children; she now, therefore, hesitated before entering into holy matrimony with one so inconstant. The delay, however, so troubled the Saxon nobles, that they afforded her no peace until she consented to forego her scruples.

"Oh, most beautiful and beneficent of princesses!" said they, "thou on whom depends the uprising of our nation's honour, we beseech thee to wed our good King Henry, and so change the enmity between the Saxon and the Norman races into love, and restore peace and plenty to the land."

This and other similar earnest entreaties so moved the warm heart of the good Matilda, that on Sunday, the eleventh of November, 1100, her marriage and coronation were solemnized by Archbishop Anselm, in Westminster Abbey.

The inauguration of Matilda was ac-

companied with more pomp and gorgeous ceremony than was the previous coronation of her royal lord, Henry. All London and Westminster were out of doors on that auspicious day; and although the heavens lowered and gently wept on the passing pageant, the huzzas and the bright smiles of the multitude dispelled the gloom and lightened the hearts of all present. The church at Westminster was crowded with the nobles of the land and their superbly-dighted ladies. The pompous proceedings were opened by Archbishop Anselm, who uttered from the pulpit a history of the proceedings of the synod that had pronounced Matilda free to marry, and concluded by exclaiming, in a loud, clear voice, "Does any one object to this decision? if so, let him now speak out, or ever after hold his peace." A protracted pause followed this harangue, after which the universal assent of the assembly burst forth in a long, loud shout of approbation. The learned prelate then descended from the pulpit, and by his hands Matilda was united in holy wedlock to the king, and immediately afterwards crowned queen-consort before the brilliant assembly.

On Matilda's exaltation to the throne, she found herself surrounded by foreigners, as scarcely an Anglo-Saxon had been permitted to enter the court circles of the Norman monarchs; and although she was the people's idol, many of the Norman courtiers and nobles despised her, because she influenced her royal husband in favour of the Saxons; whilst the moral restraint she had imposed on the court so annoyed them, that they, in derision, named her "the Saxon woman." Little, however, did Matilda heed their scoffings: with a worthy purity of purpose and honesty of heart, she spurned vice from the presence of royalty, and afforded queenly encouragement to learning, religion, and refinement. A munificent patroness of literature and art, her superb residence at Westminster was ever thronged with minstrels or *trouviers*, and learned clerks, whose songs and recitals afforded her infinite pleasure; and we may presume that she was a Latin scholar, as to her the learned Hildebert,

Bishop of Mans, addressed several Latin poems. But it was not her munificence to wandering minstrels and singing clerks that obtained for the Saxon queen that laudable surname the "*Good*," but her unbounded and self-sacrificing charity to the sick poor, and, above all, her humiliation in so frequently casting off the pomp of royalty, and entering the dank prison and rude hovel to dress the wounds of the maimed, and afford medical succour and spiritual consolation to the diseased and the penniless.

It was for these deeds of virtue, and for her having moved the king to enact laws which protected the honest mer-

chant and artificer from oppression and robbery, and the Anglo-Saxon of gentler mould from the outrage of the overbearing Norman, that the people so adored the queen, that although, in compliment to her godfather, the Duke of Normandy, she was called Matilda, they more commonly styled her Editha, a name dear to the Saxons, who still fondly cherished the memory of their last queen of the blood of Alfred, Editha, consort of Edward the Confessor, and which, according to some historians, she received at the baptismal font at a period prior to her being christened Matilda, after the wife of the Conqueror.

CHAPTER III.

Duke Robert of Normandy marches to Winchester with a hostile force—Matilda prevails upon King Henry to bring about a pacification—Robert becomes a guest at court—Quarrel between Henry and Anselm—Robert re-visits England—He is advised to flee to Winchester—Is cajoled to cancel his claims against Henry—Henry goes into Normandy, meets with Anselm, and renews his friendship—Anselm returns to England—The Anglo-Saxon clergy forced to lead a life of celibacy—The queen gives birth to a princess—Henry returns from Normandy—He passes the winter at Northampton—Duke Robert implores the king, but is repulsed—Henry entrusts Matilda with the government, and embarks for Normandy—Matilda aids Gundulph in building several noble structures—Builds the first stone bridge in England—Patronizes religious houses—Henry's success in Normandy, where he obtains the crown, and returns in triumph—Marriage of his daughter with Henry the Fifth—Institution of the House of Commons—Death of Matilda—She is buried at Winchester.



MATILDA the *Good* shared the throne with Henry the First, when Duke Robert of Normandy, having returned from the Holy Land, landed at Portsmouth, and being joined by many of the Anglo-Norman barons, and even some of the English nobles, including Matilda's uncle, Edgar Atheling, marched with a considerable hostile force to Winchester, where he drew up his army in battle array. But on being informed that Matilda was then lying there with her first-born, William the Atheling, who had seen the light but a few days, he, with a generosity unknown to

his brothers, relinquished his project of besieging the city, declaring, "that his heart would not permit him to commence war by an attack upon a woman in child-bed."

Matilda was so pleased with this kind consideration of her godfather, that she prevailed on the king, by the good offices of Archbishop Anselm, to bring about a pacification, which was satisfactorily arranged, by Henry agreeing, in consideration of his retaining the crown of England, to pay an annual pension of three thousand marks to Robert. The king invited the Duke of Normandy to become his guest at court, and Robert, who delighted in music and merry company, was so well feasted and entertained, that he tarried there upwards of six

troness of religious houses, especially those devoted to the fair sex. To the convent at the ancient and stately abbey of Barking, whose abbess took precedence of every abbess in the kingdom, to that once celebrated school the nunnery of Stratford, to the conventual establishments of London, and to the monastery at Westminster, she was a frequent and diligent visitant, zealously preserving their governments free from abuses, and largely adding to their endowments.

Whilst Matilda was cultivating peace and industry at home, success crowned the efforts of her royal lord in Normandy. At the speedily-terminated but decisive battle of Tinchebray—a large town in Normandy—fought on the vigil of St. Michael, Henry's victory was so complete, that he took prisoners the unfortunate Robert and his young son William, besides the Earl of Mortagne, Edgar Atheling, four hundred knights, and ten thousand soldiers. This victory, obtained forty years after the memorable battle of Hastings, greatly flattered the national pride of the English, who declared that, as the Normans had once been their masters, so now the husband of their good Saxon Queen had conquered the Normans.

Having, to the fullness of his joy, obtained the crown of Normandy, Henry returned in triumph with his prisoners to England. Edgar, Matilda's uncle, he immediately released, and pensioned for life; his brother Robert he, with unrelenting severity, imprisoned in Cardiff Castle, in Wales, and the Earl of Mortagne and other nobles were confined in the Tower of London and other fortresses.

In 1108, the king and queen kept court for the first time at New Windsor, which had formerly been used by William the Conqueror as a hunting castle, but which the taste and skill of the holy architect, Gundulph, had converted into a royal palace, so magnificent and picturesque, that it has ever since been a favourite residence with succeeding monarchs.

In 1108, Henry again went to Normandy, which was threatened with invasion by the King of France. During his

absence, Matilda resided at Westminster, where, surrounded by her splendid court, she, by works of charity and public utility, and by firmly upholding the Saxon form of legislature, ensured the good will of the people, whose social and political advancement she so loved to promote.

Having spent the winter and spring in Normandy, Henry returned in the summer of 1109 to England, to enjoy the company of his queen and children. Shortly after his arrival, the court removed to Windsor Castle, where splendid preparations had been made for the reception of the ambassadors who came to request his daughter Matilda in marriage with the Emperor Henry the Fifth. Beaulerc joyfully accepted the proposal, and the wedding of the little princess, then only five years old, was celebrated by proxy, after which the youthful empress remained with her royal mother in England till the following year, when she was sent, with a magnificent retinue, to her imperial lord, to whom she was immediately espoused, and afterwards crowned by the Archbishop of Cologne, in the cathedral of Mentz; but the marriage was not fully solemnized until 1114, when the princess, then but eleven years of age, was again crowned with great pomp, and afterwards conducted to the palace of her husband, Henry, who, although more than forty years her senior, treated her with great regard and tenderness. To pay the dowry of the princess Matilda, the king levied a tax of three shillings on every hide of land, by which the sum of eight hundred and twenty-four thousand eight hundred pounds was raised.

From this period the rebellious spirit of the Normans, and the frequent invasions of their neighbours, compelled Henry to spend the greater part of his time in his dukedom. The English, however, were so well pleased with the mild but just government of Matilda the Good, that they rather preferred the absence than the presence of their king.

Nothing remarkable occurs in the annals of Matilda's court until 1115. In this year the Normans solemnly acknowledged her eldest born, William, gene-

rally styled by the English "the Atheling," as heir presumptive to the ducal crown; after which the king returned, with his royal son, then but twelve years old, to England, where, early in autumn, he called together that memorable council of the nobles and the representatives of the people, from which some historians date the origin of that buttress of British liberty, the House of Commons. "At this assembly," says Malmsbury, "all the freemen of England and Normandy, of whatsoever order and dignity, or to what lord soever they were vassals or tenants, were made to do homage and swear fealty to William, son of King Henry and Queen Matilda."

During the Christmas festival of this year, Matilda and her royal lord were sumptuously entertained at the abbey of St. Alban's, by the Abbot Richards, whose guests they were. The building of the magnificent fabric had just been completed, and Matilda, being its most munificent patroness, she officiated at its consecration, which took place in the presence of a vast assembly of prelates and nobles, on Christmas day, 1115.

In 1116, the king took his son, William, to Normandy, where he tarried till November, in the following year, when Matilda's health being in a declining state, he left his royal heir in charge of his Norman nobles, and returned to England. After a brief sojourn, his affairs compelled him to again embark for Normandy, where he was actively occupied chastising his unruly barons; when, on the first of May, 1118, Matilda, whilst

yet in the flower of her age, closed her eyes in the sleep of death. For seventeen years and six months had the good queen ruled with motherly affection over her loving English subjects, who now mourned her loss as a great national calamity. The king's grief, when he received the mournful tidings of the death of his consort, was bitter and deeply distressing; but the same circumstances that had hitherto detained him in Normandy prevented him from honouring her funeral with his presence.

History mentions so many spots as the reposing place of the relics of Matilda the Good, that it is impossible, with certainty, to point to the site of her grave. Tyrrell assures us she was buried at Winchester. Piers of Langtoft claims the honour of owning her tomb for St. Paul's cathedral, and the monks of Reading stoutly maintained that in their own stately abbey lay the mortal remains of their royal benefactress. But the tradition most generally received is, that her obsequies were solemnized, with much grandeur, on St. Philip's day, in Westminster Abbey, where her body was entombed beside that of her sainted uncle, Edward the Confessor; and that a stately monument, which time has long since destroyed, was there raised to her memory by the citizens of London, who, to mark their affection for the first consort of Beauclerc, whom tradition has handed down to us with the endearing and honourable surname of "the Good," annually provided a pall, and oil to burn before her greatly-revered sepulchre.

ADELICIA OF LOUVAINÉ,

Second Queen of Henry the First.

CHAPTER I.

*Henry's grief for the loss of Matilda—Protects his continental possessions from the French—Concludes a peace with France—His daughter Matilda crowned Empress of Germany, and his son William invested with the ducal crown of Normandy—Henry embarks for England—Wreck of the *Blanche Neuf*, and loss of Henry's children—His grief—He is advised to marry—Proposes for Adelia—Marries with great pomp at Windsor—Henry and Adelia crowned at Westminster—High genealogy of Adelia—Her beauty and elegant accomplishments—She becomes a favourite with the people—Upholds morality and religion, and affords munificent encouragement to learning—Her court becomes the court of the greatest scholars and minstrels of the times—She is praised by Henry of Huntingdon—The first menagerie erected in England.*



ALTHOUGH Henry the First had bitterly bewailed the loss of his queen, Matilda the Good, he was for a period too actively engaged in protecting his continental possessions from the ambitious grasp of the French King, Louis the Sixth, to seek consolation in a second marriage. But fierce and protracted as this contest was, victory at length declared in favour of the energetic Beaulerc, who now ruled in undisturbed possession the powerful dominions of England and Normandy. The year 1120, saw Henry at the summit of his greatness. With France he had just concluded a honourable peace; his daughter Matilda had been crowned Empress of Germany, and his son, Prince William, whom he had invested with the ducal crown of Normandy, had, in the June of

the preceding year, been advantageously contracted to the illustrious Alice, daughter of Fulk, the powerful Earl of Anjou. This marriage was solemnized at Lisieux, in Burgundy county, and the feasts and pageants with which it was celebrated only ceased in November, 1120, when the king, Prince William, and the English nobles repaired to Barfleur, whither they embarked for England, on the twenty-fifth day of the month, a day rendered memorable by the fatal wreck of the *Blanche Neuf*, or white ship, in which Prince William, two of the king's natural children, two of his nephews, and a host of youthful nobles found a watery grave.

The royal fleet, which had sailed with the king and his train, but a few hours before the white ship commenced its voyage of death, reached Southampton in safety, and for three weary days did the monarch, in anxious expectation, await the arrival of his son. The sad

tidings of the wreck reached the court, but none dared communicate it to the king. At length, however, a youthful page, at the request of Theobald de Blois, fell on his knees, and whispered to the impatient Henry, how the angry waters had, at one stroke, destroyed all on board the ill-fated vessel, deprived him of his beloved heir, and blighted all his long-cherished plans. "You must not grieve, Sire," continued the page, "for the catastrophe is not the work of man, but the doing of the great Ruler of all destinies."

"Grieve, forsooth!" exclaimed the king, who, during the recital, had become greatly excited. "By the devil's damnation, have you been cramming romances of hell into my ears, that I should become a raving maniac. The hope of my heart—the prop of my crown—my poor William, dead! drowned! Oh, my heart will burst! Yet, say quick, whence comes this tale of woe?"

As the tears of compassion moistened the cheeks of the little page, he replied, "Sire, believe me, it is all true as gospel; every word that I have recited, you would have had from the lips of Theobald de Blois, had he have dared to salute the ears of royalty with such unwelcome intelligence."

"Oh, St. Mary, St. Mary! that I should have lived to hear this," exclaimed the king, who, overcome by the shock, fell senseless on the floor.

On recovering consciousness, his attendants removed him to his chamber, where, overwhelmed with sorrow, he lay for weeks on the bed of sickness, refusing food till life had almost given way. His heart was broken; and although convalescence returned, never once, even to the day of his death, was his grief-furrowed countenance again brightened by the smile of gladness. Melancholy had firmly grasped his constitution, and his temper had become so soured and hasty, that his nobles, whom he frequently abused with unkingly oaths, could scarcely endure his presence.

It was evident that the throne being without a male heir, was the worm that corroded the king's heart; therefore, Ralph, Archbishop of Canterbury—the

successor of Anselm, whom death had snatched away in 1109—and other of his peers and prelates, advised Henry to espouse the far-famed beautiful Adelia, daughter of Godfrey Barbatus, Duke of Louvaine.

In 1120, the king, with a numerous train, proceeded to Louvaine. The duke received him with great joy, and was so well pleased with the munificent dowry he fixed on the fair Adelia, that, after the betrothment, which was celebrated on the sixteenth of April, he willingly consigned England's future queen to her affianced lord. The royal pair, after a prosperous voyage, arrived in England, at the close of the year; and the nuptials were publicly solemnized, with great pomp, at Windsor, on the feast of Candlemas, January the twenty-fourth, 1121.

It was at this marriage, that an important prerogative of the see of Canterbury was established. King Henry desired the solemn offices to be performed by his favourite short-sermon preacher, Roger, Bishop of Salisbury, but the aged Ralph, Archbishop of Canterbury, who was a great stickler for the prerogatives of his see, claimed the right as his, which he enforced by calling a council of the clergy, who solemnly pronounced, that in whatever part of the kingdom the king and queen might be, they were the sole parishioners of the Archbishop of Canterbury. This dispute delayed the celebration of the royal nuptials; but, as the chagrined Beauclerc found it expedient to bow to the decision of the clergy, the learned primate performed the ceremony in triumph.

Thwarted in the performance of his marriage ceremonials, the king resolved that on this occasion, himself and his bride should receive the insignia of royalty from the hands of his favourite prelate. The coronation took place at Westminster, on the day following the marriage. But the old paralytic Ralph was not so easily to be deprived of the important right of crowning the king and queen. Tottering into the church, just as Roger le Poer had hastily placed the crown on the brow of his royal master, he stopped the ceremony, smote the royal circlet from the offending monarch's

head, and then recommencing the coronation with due form, crowned and anointed Henry and his fair young bride.

Adelicia, not unfrequently styled "the fair maid of Brabant," was most nobly allied. Her father was the lawful representative of Charlemagne; her mother was the daughter of the Emperor Henry the Fourth, to whose son, Beauclerc had espoused his only legitimate daughter, Matilda, and her father's brother filled the pontifical chair as Pope Calixtus.

Like many of her illustrious ancestors, Adelicia was remarkable for her exquisite beauty, and her elegant accomplishments. Her skill and taste in embroidery appear to have been remarkable, as she embroidered a standard in silk and gold for her father, which became greatly celebrated for its beauty of design and exquisite finish. History has forgotten to record the date of her birth, and the events of her early years, but the circumstances of her after-life render it probable that she had not seen twenty summers at the period of her marriage with Beauclerc.

The young and beautiful Adelicia soon became a favourite with the people, and, in imitation of the bright deeds of her predecessor, Matilda the Good, she, with queenly influence, upheld religion, morality, and good order, and afforded munificent encouragement to learning and refinement. Her court was graced by the presence of the most gifted and erudite scholars and minstrels of the times, and the rudely extemporised rhymes that had so charmed the ears of Matilda the Good, were, by her exalted taste, made to give place to the more elaborated productions of the graduates of Oxford or Paris, who could read Latin, and whose works were penned with glossy ink, and emblazoned with gold and vermillion, on milk white parchment.

The example of the queen excited a spirit of emulation amongst the nobles

of her court, and the conduct of the nobles again influenced their vassals, so that at this period nothing was so fashionable as the pursuit or patronage of letters; indeed, the love of literature, and the exalted taste of Beauclerc and his consort, scattered the seeds of refinement and intellectual advancement so abundantly throughout the nation, that the civil wars of the succeeding reigns did but retard the future harvest.

With a remarkable wisdom and grace, the youthful queen endeavoured to conform herself to the tastes of her royal lord. Henry loved magnificence, and above all, delighted to see his beautiful bride richly attired; and Adelicia, who preferred a poem to a jewel, the quiet praises of the learned to the huzzas of the multitude, so gratified his desire, that Henry of Huntingdon thus addressed her in his celebrated Latin verses.

"Your crown and jewels, when compared to you,
How poor your crown, how pale your jewels show;
Take off your robe, your rich attire remove,
Such pomp may load you, but can ne'er improve.
In vain your costly ornaments are worn,
You they obscure, whilst others they adorn;
Ah, what new lustrous can these trifles give,
Which all their beauty from your charms receive?"

The king's taste for animals had induced him to enclose a park at Woodstock, and form what was probably the first menagerie erected in England; and as the youthful Adelicia was no zoologist, the learned ecclesiastic, Philip de Thou, by her request, translated into Norman French a popular Latin work on the nature of animals, and the properties of precious stones. This treatise Adelicia studied with such especial care, that, says a chronicler, "she could afterwards discourse about lions, bears, and unicorns, even more learnedly than Beauclerc himself."

CHAPTER II.

Incurſion of the Welch into Cheſter—Henry marches againſt the invaders, but is repulſed—Concludes a peace with the Welch—Joins his conſort at Wincheſter—Revolt in Normandy—Henry returns to England, accompanied by Adeline and the Empreſs Matilda—Myſtery attending the death of Matilda's huſband—Henry deſpairs of iſſue by Adeline—Matilda acknowledged heiress preſumptive to the crown—She marries Geoffroy Plantagenet—Death of William Clito—Death of Henry—Character of Henry—Adeline re-marries, and retires from public life—Her children.



SHORTLY after the royal marriage had been solemnized, the incurſion of the Welch into Cheſter, where they committed great ravages, forced the reluctant

Henry from the home of his new-made bride to the field of war. At the head of a powerful army, he met the invaders. His firſt efforts were ſucceſſful, but afterwards the crafty foe beguiled him into an ambuſh, where a part of his men were mercileſſly ſlaughtered, and he himſelf was forcibly ſtruck on the breaſtplate by an arrow, aimed from the heights above, which bruised his mail, but fortunately did him no perſonal injury. This untoward event induced the king to negotiate a peace, which was concluded by the Welch prince receiving hoſtages, and a thouſand head of cattle, to defray the expenſes of the war.

Henry now haſtened to his lonely conſort at Wincheſter, who joyfully welcomed his return; but the royal pair enjoyed the happineſs of domeſtic intercoure for only a brief period. Normandy was in arms, the Earls of Mil-lent, and other Norman barons, aided by the powerful Fulk, Earl of Anjou, had raiſed the ſtandard of revolt in favour of the youthful William Clito, ſon of Robert, their lawful duke; and Beauclerc, however unwilling, was compelled to name Adeline regent during his abſence, and in April, 1123, embarked with all ſpeed for his continental poſſeſſions.

Henry was abſent from England upwards of three years, and before the expiration of that period, the queen appears to have joined him, as the Saxon chronicle ſaith, that Adeline, accompanied by King Henry and his heiress, the Empreſs Matilda, then a widow, embarked from the continent, and landed in England, in September, 1126.

There is a myſtery in connection with the death of Matilda's imperial lord, which, but for its verification by high contemporary authorities, would certainly find no place in the ſober pages of hiſtory, ſo much does it reſemble a tale of fiction. Immediately after the pompous ſolemnization of the emperor's obſequies, which took place on the twenty-second of May, 1125, in the cathedral of Spire, it was whiſpered abroad that the funeral was a ſham—in fact, that the emperor ſtill lived, and that conſcience-smitten at the wicked life he had led, he, one dark night, crept from the bed of the ſlumbering empreſs, wandered forth with bare feet, and a covering of only coarſe cloth, and went no one knew whither. By other accounts, it appears that he retired to a monastery in England, or, as ſome authors aſſert, in Anjou, where he ended his days, and that before he expired he ſent for Matilda, who inſtantly recognized her dying lord. Whatever reliance is to be placed in this romantic incident, certain it is, that after his funeral at Spire, Henry the Fifth never again wore the diadem of the Cæſars, which, indeed, the empreſs Matilda

brought with her to England, together with that inestimable relic, the hand of St. James the Apostle.

Matilda quitted Germany by the express command of her sire, and with great regret; for England, which she had left in her early childhood, she viewed only as the home of foreigners, with whom she had no sympathies in common. However, as queen Adelicia had for six years proved childless, Henry now despaired of issue by his second marriage, and therefore viewed his daughter Matilda as heiress presumptive of England and Normandy. Accordingly, after celebrating the Christmas festival with unusual pomp at Windsor, where Matilda's uncle, David, King of Scotland, was a guest, Beaulerc called a great council of his nobles and barons, and after eloquently deploring the loss of his son, and pointing out to them the blessings likely to accrue to the nation from the undisputed succession of the widowed empress, should he die without male issue, he demanded their oaths of fealty to Matilda, as his heiress presumptive. Moved by the eloquence and truthfulness of this appeal, the proud barons, although they had never before been called upon to acknowledge one of the softer sex for their sovereign, eagerly did the bidding of their king. The king's favourite nephew, Stephen, Earl of Mortagne—son of the Conqueror's daughter, Adela, Countess of Blois—was the first to bend his knee, and kiss the hand of the heiress, Matilda; and King David, it would appear, greatly influenced the council, as Wyntowni, the Chronicler, says,—

"A thousand a hundred and twenty-seven,
Since Mary bare the King of Heaven,
Davy, the King of Scotland,
And all the state of England,
At London town assembled were.
The King of Scotland, Davy, there,
Compelled the states all bound to be,
To the fair empress in fealty.
His sister's daughter, Dame Mand,
By name, that time, she was called,
On the Circumcision day,
This oath of fealty there swore they."

During her sojourn in England on this occasion, the Empress Matilda constantly resided with her father and her

youthful step-mother, with both of whom she was on terms of affectionate intimacy. Having passed the spring months at Woodstock, the royal family removed at Whitsuntide to Winchester; where King Henry was gratified by receiving from that most troublesome of his enemies, Fulk, Earl of Anjou, a proposition to unite his son, Geoffrey Plantagenet, in marriage with the Empress Matilda. The King, however, soon discovered that his nobles disapproved of the match, and more, that his haughty daughter, who, with the diadem of the Cæsars on her brow, had again and again received the homage of the mightiest of the barons in Christendom, now spurned the idea of becoming a simple countess; besides the disparity of years between herself and Geoffrey was great, she being in her twenty-fifth year, whilst his age was but fifteen years; and what further aggravated the matter, was, that Matilda, by all accounts, entertained a secret, but most tender penchant for her handsome married cousin, Stephen, Earl of Mortagne.

Alike regardless of the tears and entreaties of his daughter, and the frowns and murmurs of his nobles, Henry, who had set his heart on this marriage, caused the betrothal to be celebrated on Whitsunday, 1127; after which, Matilda was escorted to Normandy by Robert, Earl of Gloucester, and other nobles. In the succeeding August, the king followed her thither, and, after the young bridegroom had been ceremoniously knighted at Rouen, by his future father-in-law, the nuptials were solemnized on the twenty-sixth of October, by Turgisius, Bishop of Avranches, in the cathedral of St. Julian's, at Mons, in Anjou. As may be supposed, the marriage was fatal to the domestic happiness of Matilda and her lord. Both were proud and haughty, and they both claimed the ascendancy—the one as husband and ruler, the other as an empress, and her lord's senior in years; in fact, neither knew domestic quiet until 1133, when Matilda gave birth to her first child, which overjoyed herself and her husband, and so delighted Beaulerc, that the boy, who had been christened after him "Henry," he called "Fitz-

Conqueror;" and summoning a council of his nobles, he, for a third time, made them swear fealty to the absent empress,* and acknowledge the infant as his successor to the throne, in the event of his death.

Immediately after the celebration of this inauspicious marriage, King Henry returned to England, and spent the Christmas with Adelicia; but, with the coming spring, he was compelled again to hasten to Normandy, to repel his continental foes. William Clito had succeeded to the earldom of Flanders, which so increased his wealth and power, that he once more endeavoured to possess himself of what was so justly his—the crown of Normandy—and but for an accident which unexpectedly terminated his existence, success would doubtless have been his; whilst disarming a mutinous soldier, the lance pierced his thumb, gangrene ensued, and, five days after, he died in the monastery of St. Bertin, on the twenty-seventh of July, 1128.

On the death of William Clito, Henry made peace with his foes, and returned to England, where nothing had transpired to mar the domestic happiness of Adelicia, or disturb the peace and prosperity of the nation.

Henry's last visit to Normandy was made in 1133, and immediately after his embarkation, the sun was obscured by a total eclipse, and the stars shone out at mid-day; whilst there presently followed a great earthquake, accompanied by hurricanes at sea, and by volcanic eruptions on land, which darkened the daylight, filled the air with blood-red flames and sulphureous fumes, and so astounded and terrified men, that they feared for their very lives, and cried, "Woe! woe! to King Henry! for we shall never more see his face."

Singular as it may appear, this direful prognostic was ultimately verified, as although the royal craft braved the tempest, and the king reached Normandy in safety, he remained there till his death, which, by all accounts, was occasioned by eating too unsparingly of his favour-

ite dish, stewed lampreys. This indiscretion was followed by indigestion, which terminating in a violent fever, he, after a severe illness of seven days, died, on the night of the first of December, 1135, at the castle of Lyons, near Rouen, in the sixty-eighth year of his age, and the thirty-sixth of his reign.

On the day before he expired, Henry sent for the Archbishop of Rouen, and the Earls of Gloucester, Surrey, and Leicester, and delivered to them his last will. After desiring the payment in full of his debts, and the wages of his servants, and the remittance of all arrears due to him, he bequeathed his dominions to the empress, his daughter; and excluding her spouse, Geoffrey, to whom he expressed bitter hate, from any participation in his bequests, he named his beloved natural son, Robert, Earl of Gloucester, protector of her rights, a trust which the honest-hearted earl discharged with earnest fidelity.

The body of the departed monarch was conveyed from the castle of Lyons to Rouen, with solemn ceremony, and then embalmed after the rude fashion of the age. Gervase of Canterbury says, it was sliced with knives, powdered with salt, and afterwards wrapped in a tanned ox hide, to avoid the stench, which was so infectious, that one of the operators died presently afterwards. From Rouen the body was conveyed to England, where, according to Henry's express desire, it was buried with gorgeous rites, on Christmas Day, in the stately abbey of Reading, which he himself had built, and richly endowed.

Whether Adelicia was with her aged lord when he expired, or whether she graced his obsequies by her presence, history saith not. It, however, may be presumed, that she was much grieved at his death, as it is recorded, that as a testimony of the affection she cherished for his memory, she made donations to the abbey of Reading of the manor of Eaton, in Hertfordshire, and the manor of Stanton Harcourt, in Oxfordshire, besides several churches, for solemn services to be said for the repose of his soul, and that subsequently she gave an annuity in perpetuity of one hundred shillings to

* The second time was in 1131, when Matilda, having left her husband in disgust, sought refuge with her sire, King Henry, in England.

provide a lamp to burn continually before his tomb.

Although the private character of King Henry was blotted with many vices, there is much to approve in his public conduct. He was an able general, a deep-thinking ruler, a munificent patron of literature and refinement, an impartial administrator of justice, a promoter of commerce and trade, and, in fine, says the Saxon Chronicle, "so good a king, that no man durst do wrong to another in his day. Peace he made for man and beast, whoso bare his burden of gold and silver, durst no man say him aught but good."

After a widowhood of about three years, Adelia became the wife of the king's hereditary cup-bearer, William de Albini, Lord of Berkenham, in Norfolk. This lord, although unallied to royalty, was one of the most powerful and chivalrous barons in Europe. His grandfather won his lands by deeds of arms, at the Battle of Hastings; his father was a stalwart warrior, and he himself had by early valour obtained the surname of Strong Hand. The more marvellous than truthful legend of how Albini won this title is thus gravely recited in Dugdale's Baronage. "At a grand tournament held at Bourges, in 1137, Albini, after performing astonishing feats of prowess, carried off the prize amidst the bravos of the delighted spectators. Charmed by his courage and masculine beauty, Adelaide, the gay Queen Dowager of France, invited him to a rich banquet, and told him how she desired to become his wife; but Albini answered, that his troth was already plighted to Adelia, the widowed Queen of England. Whereat, Adelaide grew so discontent, that she enticed him into a cave in her garden, in which she kept a fierce lion, when by means of a folding door, she thrust him into the den with the savage beast. But the valiant knight had unhorsed too many sturdy warriors to be daunted by the presence of the blood-thirsty carnivora. He rushed upon the fierce animal, thrust his hand down the roaring throat, and tore the lion's heart out."

But apart from romance, more authen-

tic history represents Albini as a wise and talented knight, in every respect worthy of the hand of England's Queen Dowager, Adelia. By this union, which gave general satisfaction to the nation, Albini became possessed of the castle and honours of Arundel, as a portion of his wife's dower, and he therefore assumed the title of Earl of Arundel.

During the period of peril and excitement that succeeded the death of King Henry, when, according to the Saxon chronicle, "there was great tribulation in the land, for every man that might soon robbed the other," Adelia prudently retired from public life, and passed her days with Albini, the husband of her heart's choice, in the sequestered castle of Arundel. But although she did not publicly oppose the coronation of Stephen, a step which she had neither the power nor the right to take, she, nevertheless, received into her castle, with open arms, the Empress Matilda, who, with her half-brother, Robert, Earl of Gloucester, and a few trusty followers, had, in August, 1139, landed on the coast of Sussex, to dispute the crown with the usurper. Stephen was then at Marlborough, but on hearing of Matilda's landing, he marched with a hostile force to Arundel Castle, and then demanded her as his prisoner. The kind-hearted Adelia told the messenger that the Empress had partaken of her hospitality, not as Stephen's enemy, but as her relation, and that even were the walls of her castle being rased to the ground, the ties of kindred, and above all, the laws of courtesy, would prevent her from basely betraying her guest, whom, she trusted, Stephen, as a true knight, would permit to depart in peace to her brother.

The monarch, moved by this appeal, or, what is more probable, by a fear of offending the leading nobles, who greatly respected the Queen Dowager, raised the siege, and actually provided the Empress with an escort to Bristol.

From this period the name of Adelia is not again mentioned by the Saxon chroniclers. But, according to Butken, bodily infirmity, and a desire to devote the close of her life to God, induced her,

in 1150, to sever the ties of conjugal and maternal love, and withdraw from the gaudy glitter of the world, by entering the convent of Afflighem, in Flanders, where she died on the ninth of April, 1162. Her lord, Albini, survived her long enough to conduct the peaceful negotiations between Stephen and young Plantagenet, which happily terminated the civil war that for upwards of fifteen years had rendered England a land of blood and desolation.

By her marriage with Albini, Adelmia became the mother of seven children, all of whom survived her. The eldest born, William, Earl of Arundel, became an eminent statesman in the reign of Henry the Second. Alice, the fifth born, was married to the Earl of Anger. Of Reynier, Henry, and Godfrey, whose successive births followed that of William, history saith not. The two last born, Olivia and Agatha, were both buried at Boxgrove, near Arundel.

MATILDA OF BOULOGNE,

Queen of Stephen.

CHAPTER I.

Crafty designs of Stephen—He hastens to England on the death of Henry the First—His favourable reception—His accession—Coronation of Matilda of Boulogne—Her parentage—Her marriage with Stephen—Stephen's prowess at the battle of Tinchebraye—His avoidance of the fatal White Ship—Matilda's London residence—Stephen signs a charter of Liberties—Immediately violates it—The barons build a castle—Invasion of the Welsh and Scotch—Stephen falls into a lethargy—The partizans of the Empress Matilda raise the standard of revolt—Normany invaded—Matilda besieges Dover castle—The battle of the standard—Matilda mediates peace with the Scotch king—Stephen quarrels with the clergy.



Neither the dying King Henry nor his daughter, the Empress Matilda, suspected the fidelity of Earl Stephen, who, with all the semblance of sincerity, wept tears of sorrow over the death-couch of his uncle, they took no precautions to guard against his treachery. Indeed, on the death of her sire so surely did the Empress consider the thrice-sworn circlet of royalty hers, that she took no immediate steps for embarking for England. Not so, however, with the far-seeing Earl Stephen, for long before fever had closed the eyes of his too-confiding uncle, King Henry, in death, had his busy emissaries secretly formed an all-powerful party in the land, who waited but for the auspicious moment to unsheath their unyielding swords, and, blessed by the benedictions of the power-

fullest prelates of the nation, thunder forth the cry of "Long live King Stephen! down with the Empress! down with the woman monarch!"

Immediately the life of his royal uncle had departed, Stephen sped to England with a precipitation that betrayed his anxiety to ascend that throne, which to him proved indeed a troublesome and a tottering one. He embarked at the small port of Whitsand, and braving a wintry sea in a frail vessel, landed on the Kentish coast, amidst the ominous welcomes of a thunder-storm, so terrific, that, says Malmesbury, "the world seemed well nigh about to be dissolved."

Dover and Canterbury closed their gates against him in terror; but disregarding these inauspicious incidents, and relying on the distaste of the nation to a female reign, on the influence of his powerful friends, and on his own prestige, as the most popular personage in England, he boldly pushed on to London,

whose gates flew open to the tramping sound of his horses, and whose citizens with their myriad voices joyously hailed him as their King. No less favourably was he received by the good citizens of Winchester, who, influenced by his brother, Henry de Blois, their bishop, freely admitted him within the gates of the royal city, and, to crown his good fortune, William de Pont de la Arche resigned to him the keys of the royal castle, which at once put him in possession of the royal jewels and £100,000 in money, a sum equal in the present day to about a million and a half, and which he speedily expended in futile attempts to firmly fix the crown on his usurping brow.

Meanwhile, Hugh Bigod, the late king's steward, and a hot partizan of Stephen's, solemnly swore before an assembly of the barons and prelates, that King Henry on his death-bed had disinherited the Empress Matilda, and constituted his favourite nephew, Earl Stephen, his successor. This bold statement of Bigod's whether true or false

afforded the assembly what they so much desired, a pretext for breaking the oaths of fealty they had thrice sworn to the daughter of the late king. Accordingly the Archbishop of Canterbury absolved them of their vows, which he declared were null and void, as the English had never suffered a woman to reign over them; and on the twenty-sixth of December, the day dedicated to his titular saint, Stephen, after swearing to restore the good laws of the sainted Edward, was crowned at Westminster, amidst the deafening acclamations of his faithful Londoners.

Matilda of Boulogne, sometimes styled Maid of Boulogne, the subject of the present memoir, and the consort of Stephen, did not arrive in England till the spring of the succeeding year; when on Easter Sunday, 1136, the solemnization of her coronation took place, accompanied by gorgeous pageants, and succeeded by hearty and long-continued rejoicings, for the people beheld in her a worthy successor to Matilda the Good, whose memory they still fondly cherished.

Very little is known of the early life

of Matilda. She is said to have received her education in England, and the Abbey of BERNARDSEY, of which her mother was a munificent patroness, has been pointed to as the school of her childhood, but this is only conjecture.

Her mother, Mary of Scotland, was the daughter of Malcolm Canmore, king of the Scots, and sister of Matilda the Good,* first consort of Henry the First of England.

Mary of Scotland was educated with her elder sister in the royal nunnery of Rumsey and Wilton, and like the good Matilda, she, in the bloom of her maidenhood, resigned the seclusion of the cloister for the endearments of the married state. In compliance with the wish of her brother-in-law, King Henry, she gave her hand in marriage to Eustace, Count of Boulogne, a knight renowned for deeds of chivalry in the Holy Land, and a possessor of large estates in Essex in addition to the county of Boulogne, and whose brothers, Godfrey and Baldwin, had successively worn the warrior crown of Jerusalem.

Matilda of Boulogne, the last of the Anglo-Norman Queens of England, was the sole offspring of the marriage, and Beauchere, being desirous to secure to his own kindred the valuable possessions to which she was inheritrix, gave her in marriage to his favourite nephew Stephen, then Earl of Blois.

After being previously knighted by his uncle Henry, Stephen fought valiantly at the famous battle of Tinchebray, where, having taken the Count of Mortagne prisoner, he received the titles and lands of Mortagne; and on his marriage with Matilda, which probably took place in 1113, he, in her right, became Count of Boulogne.

On the return of King Henry from Normandy, in 1120, Stephen embarked on board the fatal *White Ship*; but perceiving that both the passengers and the crew were young, headstrong, and addicted to riotous carousing, he, with other prudent nobles, left the vessel, declaring that such company greatly increased the perils of the voyage. Had Henry's heir, William, acted as discreetly

* See her Memoir.

on this occasion as his cousin, the Earl of Blois, he probably would have lived to sway the sceptre of England. His loss, however, was no unhappy event for the nation, as Brompton says he was so hard-hearted and haughty-minded, that he threatened if ever he became king of the English he would make them draw the plough like oxen.

The London residence of Stephen and his consort Matilda was that impregnable fortress the Tower Royal, situate on the spot which now forms the little lane so named, lying between Cheapside and Watling Street.

When King Henry died, his daughter the Empress was in Anjou, nursing her sorely sick husband. But early in 1136, Geoffrey became convalescent, and King Stephen, to render futile the probable efforts of the Empress to recover her lost crown, now that her hands were unfettered, signed a charter confirming the rights and privileges of the church, abolishing *Danegelt*, repealing the severe game and forest laws of his Norman predecessors, and generally restoring the Saxon laws of King Edward. But as this liberal policy was only pursued by the newly-elected monarch to secure his seat on the throne, he almost immediately afterwards restored the abominable Norman game laws, and on the demise of Corbet, Archbishop of Canterbury, seized on the princely revenues of that see. These early violations of the solemnly signed charter by the king of their own election, so greatly offended the clergy and the barons, that the latter forthwith built and fortified upwards of a thousand castles, which they filled with sturdy warriors, all ready to join in battle strife when the day should arrive, that England's circlet of royalty must be won and lost by force of arms.

Soon was Stephen convinced of the error he had committed by permitting the rude barons to thus fortify the land with strongholds, that rendered them almost independent of the crown. Baldwin de Redvers, Earl of Devonshire, to whom he had denied some slight favour, actually told him to his face that he was an usurper, whom he would no longer obey. Irritated at this insolence, Ste-

phen proceeded in person to chastise Baldwin, and in the meantime the Welsh carried fire and sword into the countries bordering on their territory; and David, King of the Scots, under the pretence of revenging the wrongs of his niece, the Empress, plundered the northern countries with a band of barbarians.

After concluding a hasty peace with the Welsh, Stephen marched to the North. The hostile armies met at Carlisle, but fought not, as the monarchs agreed to a truce of peace, by which Carlisle and Doncaster were resigned to the Scotch king, and the earldom of Huntingdon to his son Prince Henry, who did homage to Stephen for those fiefs in England, in lieu of David his father, who would not violate the oath he had sworn, to acknowledge no one but the Empress as successor to King Henry's crowns.

In 1137, shortly after the king and Matilda had celebrated the Easter festival, with more than ordinary splendour, at Westminster, Stephen fell into a lethargy so nearly resembling death, that it was rumoured abroad that he had ceased to exist; on which, all who espoused the cause of the Empress, and who, by promoting dissensions, hoped to enrich themselves by lawless plunder, flew to arms, and rendered both England and Normandy theatres of civil war. Not merely was the standard of revolt raised in favour of the Empress, but for individual aggrandizement, noble warred against neighbouring noble, and in these unrighteous contentions, whole towns and villages were reduced to ashes, and their inhabitants being driven to seek shelter in the forest recess or mountain fastness, formed themselves into bands of ruffians, who, making theft and murder their trade, plundered the churches and public buildings, and cruelly insulted, robbed, and slaughtered every man, woman, and child they met with. In England this horrid state of anarchy existed, with but little intermission, for more than fifteen years.

Stephen, however, on recovering from his dangerous stupor, used his best exertions to restore domestic tranquillity to his dominions. He first hastened with his infant heir, Eustace, to Normandy,

where Geoffrey of Anjou, husband of the Empress, was, with a mighty army, endeavouring to obtain the dukedom for himself and his spouse. Here he subdued his foes, not by his good sword, but by the all-powerful influence of wealth. By a three-years' pension of two thousand marks of silver, he purchased a peace with Geoffrey, who retired to his own earldom; and with a golden bribe he induced the King of France, as lord paramount of Normandy, to receive the liege homage of the baby boy Eustace, whose brow he had encircled with the ducal crown. During Stephen's sojourn in Normandy, his consort, Matilda, remained in England, and although we have no record of her doings at this period, we may presume she used her best exertions in furtherance of the cause of her royal lord.

In 1138, Stephen returned to England, and immediately proceeding to the north, severely chastised the King of the Scots, who, with banner unfurled in support of the rights of the Empress, had again invaded Northumberland. Whilst her royal lord was thus occupied in the north, Matilda of Boulogne, with the courage of an amazon, herself besieged the rebels, who had seized Dover Castle, and aided by a Boulonnois squadron, blockaded the fort by sea and land, and finally reduced her rebellious subjects to subjection. Matters, nevertheless, daily wore a more alarming aspect. Baron after baron deserted to the cause of the Empress, which so exasperated Stephen, that in his wrath he exclaimed, "Since they have chosen me king, why do they now forsake me? By the birth of God, I will never be called an abdicated monarch!"

Seldom do misfortunes come single. The revolt of the nobles induced the Scotch King, for a third time, to cross the border, with an army more fierce and formidable than ever. These cruel barbarians marked their track with blood and fire. By them innocent babes were tossed high into the air to be received on the points of murderous swords, with yells of delight; and, excepting a few blooming maidens and stalwart men, whom they drove like

cattle to captivity, they cruelly put to death every mortal that fell into their hands. For months did these fierce invaders devastate the northern counties, where they penetrated even to Yorkshire, without meeting with any serious obstruction, as Stephen and his followers were being too hotly pressed by their foes in the midland counties to send aught but pity and words of encouragement to the terror-stricken inhabitants.

Thus overcome, and without prospects of succour, the barons and the people gave way to despondency, whilst numbers prepared to migrate farther inland. At this crisis, the venerable Thurstan, Archbishop of York, like a true patriot, thundered forth the war-cry against the relentless Scotch; and well did the old man's zeal serve the good cause he so eloquently advocated. Inspired by religion and patriotism, all the male inhabitants of the invaded counties flocked to the prelate's standard, when, after receiving abolution and a blessing from the Archbishop himself, and solemnly vowing to conquer or die, they, with the holy cross in their van, and the consecrated banners of St. Peter, St. Wilfred, and St. John floating over their heads, boldly marched forth, and drove the Scotch before them like chaff before the hurricane. This fearful contest was named, on account of the holy banners that the victors fought under, the "Battle of the Standard." When night closed in, ten thousand Scots lay dead on Cuton Moor, and, in their flight, nearly all the remaining thousands were slain by the exasperated peasantry before they reached the Scottish border. The English lost but one knight and about a hundred soldiers.

The Scotch king was so completely overcome by this disastrous defeat, which nearly cost him his life, that, through the mediation of Queen Matilda, he concluded a peace with her lord, that was highly advantageous to both monarchs.

Having subdued his foes without, and greatly quelled the rebels within, his kingdom, Stephen fondly believed the crown firmly fixed on his brow for he had yet to learn that the throne of an usurper is ever a tottering one. In imi-

tation of the lay nobles, the bishops had built, fortified, and garrisoned strong castles, which so greatly annoyed Stephen, that he now endeavoured, with a mighty blow of his royal sceptre, at once to reduce the pride of the prelates, and

deprive them of their strongholds. But the attempt, weak as it was futile, cost him that crown which, but for the haughty intolerance of his royal rival, the Empress, he never again would have worn.

CHAPTER II.

The Empress Matilda lands in England and claims the crown—Queen Matilda goes abroad—Her son Eustace married to Constance of France—She sends over a host of foreign soldiers—Civil war rages—Stephen taken prisoner—Superstition of the times—Henry, Bishop of Winchester, supports the Empress—Boldness of the London citizens—The Queen's letter to the synod—Her troubles—Her exertions to restore Stephen to liberty—Arrogance of the Empress—Her flight from London—The Bishop of Winchester renounces her cause—She besieges the Bishop—The Queen hastens to the Bishop's support—Defeat of the Empress—Capture of the Earl of Gloucester—Narrow escape of the Empress—King David, disappointed and dispirited, returns to Scotland.



ROBERT, Earl of Gloucester, believing the moment for striking a decisive blow had now arrived, boldly threw off his allegiance to Stephen, with a challenge of defiance, and prevailing on the Empress to land in England, strenuously endeavoured to enforce her royal rights, and hurl the usurper from the throne. On her arrival, Stephen's good stars were in the ascendancy, for, besides having possessed himself of the enormous wealth of the refractory Bishops of Salisbury, Lincoln, and Ely, he had seized on many of the strong castles of the turbulent barons. But although she had let the critical moment pass, Stephen was no more fortunate, for, by permitting her to depart from Arundel Castle, when he might have made her his prisoner, he heaped his head with a heavy load of future troubles.

The landing of the Empress gave new courage to her partizans, who instantly unfurled their proud banners in her support; but whilst, under the judicious guidance of the devoted Earl of Gloucester, her cause was daily gaining strength, the interests of Stephen were also being

furthered by his affectionate queen, Matilda, who, having crossed the sea, brought about a marriage between her son, Eustace, and Constance, sister of the French King—Matilda paying a large sum to obtain the bride, and the French King, in return, investing Eustace with the dukedom of Normandy, and assisting him and his mother to maintain the ducal crown in defiance of the partizans of the Empress.

Whilst Matilda was in Normandy, she sent over such a host of Breton and Flemish fighting men, that afterwards Stephen's army was composed almost wholly of foreigners. Such an array of foreign troops naturally excited the jealous alarms of the people, and greatly injured the cause they were intended to serve.

In 1139, the opposing parties endeavoured to settle matters amicably, but their efforts were vain, as both Stephen and the Empress, relying on the relative strength of their positions, which, indeed, had not yet been tested by a single encounter of importance, determined not to relinquish the highly-tempting prize of England's royal circlet without a desperate struggle.

After a series of hot contests, the particulars of which belong rather to his-

tory than biography to detail, Stephen was overpowered and made prisoner, whilst fighting with lion-like fury under the walls of Lincoln, on Candlemas day, being the second of February, 1141. His victorious captor, the Earl of Gloucester, led him before the haughty Empress, who, with a spirit of vengeance that will ever tarnish her fair fame, ordered him into close confinement in Bristol Castle, and shortly afterwards, under a pretence that his friends had formed a plan for his rescue, she caused him to be loaded with heavy irons, and shut up in a dark dank dungeon.

As, in those days of superstition, the hearts of men were filled with dread, and the bravest made cowards by every trifling incident believed by them to be an evil omen, it is no matter of surprise that Stephen lost the famous battle of Lincoln, preceded as it was by phenomena and events viewed at the time as boding signs of direful calamity. First came an eclipse of the sun—an alarming incident, which, says Malmesbury, perplexed men's minds sorely, and led many to believe that the king's reign was coming to a close; next succeeded a terrible tempest, accompanied by thunder and lightning so awful, that no living man had before seen the like; and this was followed by that greatly-dreaded omen of war, the aurora borealis; whilst, to add to the already greatly-excited terrors of the superstitious, on the morning of the battle, when the king and his suite attended divine service, those presages of impending evil—the thrice falling of the consecrated wafer from the hands of the officiating bishop, and the breaking into pieces of the hallowed taper which Stephen held in his hand—filled the minds of the congregation with awe, and caused several of the king's barons to exclaim: "Alack, alack, only evil will attend us on this day of battle and strife!" Indeed the victory on that memorable second of February would doubtless have been Stephen's, had not these fearfully-viewed occurrences unnerved his trusty followers, and impelled them to a disgraceful flight.

Having secured her princely antagonist, the victorious Empress marched

without delay to Winchester, where she met Stephen's brother, Henry, Bishop of Winchester, outside the city walls, and gained him over, by swearing that, as cardinal legate, he should be consulted in all state affairs, and have the disposal of all the church preferments, and the control of ecclesiastical matters generally. In return, the well-pleased bishop swore fidelity to the empress as queen regnant, but with that significant reservation, "so long as she fulfilled her part of the mutual contract."

On the day following, the elated Empress was met by most of the prelates and nobles of the land, accompanied by a procession of monks and nuns; and thus welcomed by chanting voices, and saluted by the richly-blazoned banners of the barons, and the hearty cheers of the populace, she entered the venerable city with all the dignity of royalty, and took up her residence at that regal home where she first drew her breath—the Castle of Winchester. Here she received the keys of the royal treasury, which, to her sorrow, she found had been already emptied by Stephen, to prop up his tottering throne, scarcely anything of value being left but the insignia of royalty. However, she caused herself immediately to be proclaimed queen in the marketplace, and afterwards went with great pomp to the cathedral, where the Bishop of Winchester, after the performance of mass, pronounced a blessing on her and her friends, and solemnly excommunicated his fallen brother Stephen, and all his adherents. Shortly afterwards, she received the homage of the Archbishop of Canterbury and the rest of the bishops; the primate, with a remarkable scrupulosity of conscience, to avoid violating his oath to his former master, having first visited Stephen, who, being a helpless prisoner, readily gave him the absolution he required.

When Matilda of Boulogne returned from Normandy, where she had left her son Eustace wearing the crown of the dukedom, she hastened to her faithful adherents, the citizens of London, and so effectually urged them to the rescue of her imprisoned lord, that on the magistrates of London being summoned to

attend a synod called at Winchester, by the legate Henry, they, instead of complying with the wish of the assembly, by giving in their adherence to the empress, actually demanded, in the name of their fellow citizens, the release* of King Stephen before proceeding further in the matter. Their boldness greatly astonished the synod, and Henry told them, "that it did not become the Londoners to side with the barons who had basely deserted their king in battle, and were now endeavouring to drain them of their money, and embroil the kingdom in further troubles."

Provoked by this lecture, the angry Londoners, after hinting at revenge, abruptly departed, declaring they would own no other sovereign but Stephen, and further, that the church had no power by its own individual voice to choose a ruler over the nation.

Finding that her husband's brother, Henry, Bishop of Winchester, had defeated the purpose of the good magistrates of London, Matilda herself dictated a letter to the synod, earnestly entreating the release of her royal lord, let whoever might be king. This letter she entrusted to her chaplain, Christian, who delivered it to the Bishop of Winchester in full synod; but as the bishop, after perusing it, would not communicate its purport to the assembly, Christian boldly took it from his hand, and himself read it aloud to the conclave, who had scarcely recovered from their astonishment at Christian's courage, when the angry Henry prevented the pathetic appeal from taking effect, by again anathematizing Stephen and his adherents, and after pronouncing the empress lawfully elected as the *Domina* or *Lady of England and Normandy*, hastily dissolved the synod.

In the meantime, the sorrows of Queen Matilda were increased by the sad intelligence, that Geoffrey of Anjou had just succeeded in his endeavours to deprive her young son, Eustace, of the ducal crown of Normandy. However,

* The citizens of London, says Malmesbury, were considered as barons, and therefore their influence in state matters was considerable.

the loss of regal power and state, galling as it might be, was, to the Queen, only as a shadow compared to the cruel imprisonment of her royal lord, whose release she used every nerve to obtain, and for whose behoof she humbled herself, by addressing a respectful and imploring petition, which she herself presented in all humility to the haughty Empress, promising, in the name of Stephen, that, as he desired but his liberty, he would, on his release, renounce the crown for himself and his heirs, depart from the kingdom in peace, and entering a continental monastery, end his days as a monk; the only favour asked, being, that her son Eustace should not be deprived of the earldom of Boulogne. These efforts of the affectionate Queen, although seconded by Stephen's brother, Henry, proved of no avail, for the proud Domina, after smiling at her tears, trampled on the petition with insulting scorn, and ordered her to instantly depart, and never again enter her presence.

This harsh inflexibility was inherent in the nature of the Empress. In the days of her exaltation not a favour would she grant, even to those who had been most instrumental in raising her to her proud position. But the arrogant Bishop of Winchester, who was not to be daunted by one denial, again requested her, as a favour to himself, to permit his nephew Eustace to retain the earldoms of Mortagne and Boulogne; and trifling as the desired boon was, to her his good services had so exalted, the Empress flatly refused to grant it. This treatment disgusted the astute bishop. He perceived that the Domina only used him as her footstool to the throne, and from this hour he resolved to desert her cause, and again favour the pretensions of the less legitimate, but more reasonable sovereign, his brother Stephen.

Although possessed of the outward semblance of royalty, the Empress could not be crowned till she had gained the goodwill of the citizens of London—a task by no means easy of accomplishment. However, after some delay in negotiation, the Londoners, as an act of expediency, opened the gates of their

city, in June, 1141, and gave her a hearty but not enthusiastic welcome. She took up her residence in the New Palace at Westminster, and as nothing now stood in the way of her coronation, except the necessary preparation for the grand occasion, she assumed all the airs of a tyrannical sovereign, or rather an inflexible despot. Thus, whilst Westminster Abbey was ringing with the sounds of workmen all busy preparing the church for her reception, on her inauguration day, she, by her own unjust severity, for ever drove from her grasp that sceptre which her finger tips already touched.

The Londoners were the first to feel the force of her tyranny, and the first to revolt. Her coffers being empty, she imposed on them an enormous subsidy—a step, though pressed upon her by necessity, highly injudicious. The citizens, already impoverished by largely contributing to the cause of Stephen, asked for time. “The king has left us nothing,” said they, in humble accents, “but if your majesty will govern us according to the good laws of the sainted Edward, or the charter of your worthy sire, King Henry, we will, with all speed, raise the required amount.”

“Ye impudent knaves!” retorted the Domina, whose eyes glared with unrepented rage, “how dare ye mention charters and privileges to my very face, when ye have so recently been supporting my foes? Ye have expended your wealth in endeavours to ruin me, therefore will I in nowise relax my demand; and hark ye, knaves, if ye do not instantly fetch the money, I will force it from ye at the sword’s point.”

The citizens retired, but not to do the bidding of the tyrannic Domina. At a town council, they reported her despotic conduct, which so enraged their fellow-Londoners, that, by an unanimous vote, they resolved to again embrace the cause of Stephen, and with this view their deputies instantly communicated with Matilda of Boulogne, who had retired to Kent, the only county that had remained faithful to her, and who promised to immediately march to their support, with an army of stalwart Kent-

ish men, commanded by herself, her son Eustace, and Sir William Ypres.

On the receipt of this good news, the Londoners rose *en masse* in insurrection. Every bell in the ancient city boomed forth the alarming war cry, and amidst the clatter of arms and horses’ hoofs, and the busy bustle of the silent but determined citizens, a secret messenger hastened to the Empress, and rushing into her presence, exclaimed, “Fly! lady, fly! all London is in revolt! Queen Matilda’s Kentish men have already crossed the Thames! To horse this instant, or you are your foes’ prisoner!”

Leaving the cloth spread on the dinner table, the haughty Domina and her chivalric followers, mounted on swift chargers, fled as for their very lives towards Oxford. No sooner had they cleared the city walls, than they were closely pursued by a number of the citizens, who, but for the fleetness of their horses, and the formidable array of their stalwart knights, would have made them prisoners. Well it was for the Empress, that in this instance she listened to the voice of her councillors, for scarcely had she left her palace, when the excited mob burst open the doors, and finding their prey gone, stole the plate, and burnt and destroyed the furniture.

The Empress reached Oxford in safety, but on the road her partizans had so deserted her, that she entered the city of learning with scarcely a follower besides the Earl of Gloucester and Milo Fitz Walter.

Immediately after the Empress had passed out at the city gates, Matilda of Boulogne entered London in triumph, where the well-pleased citizens swore allegiance to her and her imprisoned lord. Having driven her foe from the capital of her kingdom, the Queen next applied to her brother-in-law, the Bishop of Winchester, who had already withdrawn from the Empress in disgust, and who was anxiously waiting for an opportunity to again espouse the cause of the fallen Stephen. This opportunity had now arrived, and the purged but powerful prelate, having listened with pleasure to the entreaties of the Queen, commenced the most active measures in

her support. After publicly excommunicating the Domina and her adherents, and absolving Stephen and his party from the anathemas he had only a few days previously thundered against them, he secretly gained over many of the Domina's discontented but powerful supporters, and retired to Winchester, where, having garrisoned his castle with sturdy warriors, and well stored it with provisions and arms, he sent a private message to Queen Matilda, to immediately march thither with her son Eustace, and all the forces she could collect.

The Empress, on receiving intelligence of these doings, did not wait to receive the advice of her prudent half-brother, Earl Robert, who was then absent, but collecting all the troops she could muster, hastily marched to Winchester, with a view to seize the Bishop by stratagem. Henry, however, was not to be so easily ensnared, for when, on reaching the city, she sent a message to him, demanding his presence on important business, he ambiguously replied, "I will prepare myself;" and as she entered one of the city gates, he retired out at another, and shutting himself up in his castle, unexpectedly attacked her with such a shower of fiery missiles, that it was with difficulty she reached the shelter of the royal residence.

Thwarted in her purpose, the Empress summoned to her standard the nobles of the land, and laid siege to the bishop's stronghold. The faithful Earl of Gloucester, her uncle, King David, of Scotland, the Earls of Cornwall, Hereford, and Chester, besides others, obeyed her call, and flew to her support, but in the meantime Matilda of Boulogne, with her numerous adherents, had arrived, and assailed the Empress from without. A hot warfare ensued, in which the miserable citizens suffered sorely. Pent up in their city, and deprived of provisions by the Queen's beleaguering host, they were famishing of want, whilst by day and by night their homes were being reduced to ashes by the inflammable missiles discharged from castle battlements against each other by the bishop's and the Domina's fiery foemen. Indeed, at the termination of the destructive

contest, the city was little else but a heap of ruins, two abbeyes and forty churches, beside private dwellings, having been consumed.

For seven long weeks did this hot encounter rage with unabated fury. At length, however, on the 14th of February, the feast of the Holy Cross, a truce for forty-eight hours was, according to the established usage of the church, proclaimed, when, as the Empress found the ranks of her fighting men terribly thinned by fire and sword, and food so scarce, that famine was fast doing the work of death amongst her brave followers, she, overcome by a dread of falling into the hands of the Queen's party, sought shelter in flight. Escorted by a chosen band, commanded by the Scotch king and the Earl of Cornwall, she, under the cover of night's darkness, and disguised as a poor peasant, quitted that castle, where, but a few months previously, she, in the pride of her heart, had fondly hoped to wield the royal sceptre with despotic sway over the English nation. The Earl of Gloucester and the remainder of the garrison followed her in her flight at the peep of the succeeding dawn.

Scarcely had they set out, when the enraged bishop discovered that the royal prize was eluding his grasp; and, regardless of the truce that he himself had proclaimed, he sent his garrison in hot pursuit of her. The bishop's troops came up with the fugitives at Stockbridge, where the devoted Earl of Gloucester and his brave companions, with the view to gain all possible time, resisted the enemy in so determined a manner, that being overwhelmed by numbers, they were nearly all slain, and the Earl of Gloucester, after a brave defence, was taken prisoner.

Whilst this fierce *melée* was going on, the Empress and the Scotch King, by dint of hard riding, reached the castle of Ludgershall in safety, where, after a few hours' tarry, she was detected, and forced to flee, swift as horse could carry her, to Devizes, whither she was pursued by the Queen's troops, who so closely invested her tract, that, overcome by fatigue and terror, she, to elude their grasp, assumed

the shroud of a corpse, and was borne in a coffin on the shoulders of her faithful followers, unnoticed and unsuspected, to the stronghold of her party, the city of Gloucester, where, on entering that castle which a few months previously she had left with such high hope, her sorrows were increased by the sad news of the captivity of her valiant and devoted half-brother.

As the King of Scotland had come to

England to assist, not at the fight, but at the expected coronation of the Domina, he was not a little annoyed at the turn matters had taken, and as he had more than once narrowly escaped being made prisoner, he gladly availed himself of the earliest opportunity of fleeing from the dangers with which his too obdurate and haughty niece had surrounded him, by recrossing the border of his own kingdom.

CHAPTER III.

The Queen strenuously endeavours to exchange Robert of Gloucester for Stephen—The exchange effected—Stephen again takes the field with success—Decline of the cause of the Empress—Robert of Gloucester seeks aid from the Earl of Anjou—Stephen besieges the Empress in Oxford—Her perilous escape—Her joy at again beholding her heir, Prince Henry—Return of the Prince to the continent—Death of the Earl of Gloucester—The Empress relinquishes her efforts to obtain the crown of England—Her final return to Normandy—Her improved character—Her holy and righteous works—Her death.



ROBERT OF GLOUCESTER, on being taken prisoner, was conveyed to the victorious Queen Matilda, and she, overjoyed at the prospect of Stephen's release, committed him to the charge of her able general, Sir William Ypres, who placed him in secure but not severe confinement in Rochester Castle, in Kent.

The anxiety of the Queen to unbind the fetters of her beloved lord, induced her immediately to enter into negotiations with her prisoner, and offer to exchange him for the king. But as Earl Robert believed that the release of Stephen would prove fatal to the cause of the Empress, he resolutely refused his own liberation on such terms; and when the anxious Queen proffered him place, power, and wealth, such as only a powerful sovereign can command, if he would cease to serve his half-sister, and throw the weight of his influence into the cause of Stephen; he told her that no earthly offer would induce him to violate his solemnly sworn oath to protect the Empress and her rights.

Finding he was not to be won by pro-

mises, the Queen resorted to threats, but with no better success. "I am in your power," said the devoted Earl, "and if your spirit of revenge so actuates, which God grant it may not, you may torture this body till the soul is driven from the luckless clay; but that will avail you nought, for rest assured, lady, that all the pangs of hell combined will never induce me to forego my honour, my fidelity, and my oaths, for they are sacred to God."

Upwards of two months had passed in delays and fruitless negotiations, when at length the Domina, being unable to longer keep her party together without the presence of Earl Robert, and having in vain offered a large sum in gold, and twelve of the most powerful barons that her party had captured, for his ransom, she by entreaties prevailed on him to accept the Queen's terms.

On All Saints' Day, November the first, 1141, Stephen, after a painful captivity of nine months, was again restored to liberty and his rejoicing consort, and at the same time the humanely treated Earl Robert was released from his confinement, and safely escorted to the Domina at Gloucester.

Upon Stephen's liberation, the adhe-

rents of the Domina fell off so greatly, that the Earl of Gloucester endeavoured to persuade his imperial sister that her party, weakened as it was by the defection of nearly all the powerful barons, who, influenced by that wily prelate, the Bishop of Winchester, had lent their support to King Stephen, could by no possibility effectually force her rights by arms, or, indeed, render any really permanent service to her cause; but to this she would not listen, and again the trumpet of war was sounded, and under their respective leaders Englishmen slew Englishmen in battle strife.

During the winter both parties remained comparatively quiet, but early in the spring of 1142, they flew to arms with great vigour. Whilst courageously driving his foes before him in Yorkshire, Stephen was attacked with a death-like illness, resembling the stupor with which he was formerly assailed, which alarmed his friends and gave new courage to his enemies. He, however, was in a few days again restored to health, by the tender attentions of his affectionate consort, who, during his affliction, never once deserted his couch. On again taking the field, he, as before, carried every thing before him, and so overwhelmed and disheartened the adherents of the Domina, that, feeling themselves unable to longer cope with so powerful a foe without speedy reinforcements, they despatched a hasty messenger, with an application for assistance, to Geoffrey of Anjou. But the Plantagenet Earl positively refused to treat with any one in the matter save the Earl of Gloucester himself, declaring that as the Domina, his wife, had neglected to summon him to partake in her triumph, he now felt no inclination to leave his hereditary dominions to prop up her pretensions to that throne which she, in the pride of her heart, would scorn to share with her long-neglected husband.

In this emergency, Earl Robert, after surrounding the Empress by a strong garrison in Oxford Castle, and placing her affairs on the best possible footing, bravely crossed the sea, then well covered with Stephen's vessels, in the hope of obtaining effectual aid. But his mission

failed, as Earl Geoffrey declined to stir in the matter, and only, after much entreaty, consented to part with his son Henry. With this precious charge and a band of chosen fighting men, he embarked for England, where direful news awaited him; for in his absence Stephen had marched to the southward, and after taking fortress after fortress, at length reached Oxford, which he prepared to besiege.

At that period the city of Oxford was surrounded by water and enclosed by almost impregnable walls; the garrison, therefore, whilst carelessly repelling his approach by an occasional shower of arrows aimed at the foremost of his cavalry, defied them to ford the river, and taunted them for their folly in supposing that Oxford could ever be taken by assault. Stephen, however, soon awoke them from their dream of fancied security, for discovering a part of the river that was fordable, he and his army plunged into the stream, dashed across, and with shouts of victory so fiercely assailed the town, that the ill-guarded gates were smashed in, and the garrison attacked and slaughtered on their own battlements, before they had time to assume the defensive.

The terror of the Domina was agonizing, for her foes having possessed themselves of the city, now closely invested the castle, and she was in imminent danger of falling into the hands of that cousin who but a few months before she had loaded with heavy irons and so cruelly imprisoned. Week followed week, and yet the dense masses of the king's troops, planted in every direction around the frowning battlements, which they stormed with unceasing fury, rendered it alike dangerous to remain in the castle, or to attempt flight. In this hour of anxiety, Earl Robert arrived with Prince Henry and several hundred Angevin knights and nobles, and hoping by diverting the attention of Stephen, to secure the safety of his imperial sister, he immediately attacked Wareham. But the king was not to be drawn from the promising blockade of that castle, which could not hold out much longer, and which, on its surrender, would doubtless

place the rival of his throne in his power.

At length the ponderous rams of the busy beaegers thundered at the castle gates, when to surrender or instantly fly was the Domina's only alternative. She chose the latter. The hour was night—the weather fierce and freezing, and the nearest asylum Wallingford Castle, full ten miles off. Attired only in her plain white under-garments, she was lowered by a rope from the castle battlements, and attended by three knights, and led by a traitor soldier from Stephen's infantry, stealthily glided in safety through the encampment of the king's troops, and crossing the frozen Isis amidst the darkness of a foggy night, the howlings of biting Boreas, and the fleecy fall of a heavy snow storm, arrived at Wallingford, overcome by mental anguish, and exhausted by bodily suffering.

Here, ere many days had elapsed, she had the joy unexpectedly to greet Earl Robert and her eldest-born, Prince Henry, from the latter of whom she had been separated during that, to her, most eventful and woe-blighting period, the nearly four years passed in fruitless struggles to encircle her brow with England's diadem of royalty. But as she once more fondly clasped her dearly-beloved boy in her arms, the toils and the troubles of the past, and the fears and the dangers of the future, were all banished from her care-worn heart by the overwhelming influence of tender maternal love.

The young prince was consigned to the guardianship of his uncle, Earl Robert, by whose directions he was instructed "in letters, in good and civil manners, and in the art of warfare." He, however, had sojourned in England only about three years—and to the Empress years of fierce and futile strife they were—when, by the express command of Geoffrey of Anjou, who longed for the presence of his young heir, he was escorted by a train of Norman and Angevin barons back to the home of his sire. He embarked at Wareham, where he affectionately parted from Earl Robert to meet no more, for, in the following year,

1147, fever, occasioned by grief for the misfortunes of his imperial sister, put a period to the existence of the good earl.

The death of this great and high-minded brother deprived the Empress of the last prop to her tottering party, which, ere his death-bell had ceased to toll, was crushed by the powerful influence of King Stephen.

Deserted by her friends, and threatened by dangers on every side, the humbled Domina resolved to bid adieu to the land of her birth and her misfortunes. In the icy month of December she embarked for Normandy, amidst the taunting insults of the populace, who loudly cried out: "Away with this haughty Norman woman! we will not have her to reign over us!" After a perilous voyage she reached Normandy in safety, and in many respects quite altered in character. With the last glimpse of the white cliffs of Albion had vanished all her ambition for power and greatness, whilst those stern monitors, misfortune and adversity, had taught her to curb her passions, and induced her to fling aside worldly pomp, and expend the remaining energies of her existence in holy and righteous works. With her husband, Earl Geoffrey, she now lived in great amity, until the disgraceful tender penchant entertained by him for the volatile French Queen, Eleanor, brought about a separation. With all the affection of a tender mother, she protected the welfare of her family; and to the poor, whom she formerly indignantly spurned from her presence, she had become a kind protector.

In 1166, her health gave way, when having, in accordance with the spirit of the age, made peace with God by founding and liberally endowing the monastery of Notre Dame du Vœu, at Cherbourg, of St. Mary de la Noue, in the diocese of Evreux, of St. Andrew's in the forest of Gouffer, and the abbey of Bordesley, in England, besides several others, which she either erected or munificently patronized, she, after a painful illness, closed her eyes in death, at Rouen, on the tenth of September, 1167, in the sixty-fifth year of her age. Her remains

were, by her own particular desire, interred in the abbey of Bec, before the altar of the Virgin, where a tomb, richly adorned with silver, erected to her memory by the filial affection of her son, King Henry the Second, bore a Latin

epitaph, of which the following is a translation :—

"By father much, spouse more, but son most blest,
Here Henry's mother, daughter, wife, doth rest."

CHAPTER IV.

Rejoicings of Matilda and Stephen at their success—Matilda founds the hospital of St. Katherine, and the abbey of Coggeshall and St. Saviour, at Feverham—Her health declines—Henry Plantagenet visits his uncle, King David of Scotland—Death of Matilda—Burial—Her children—Stephen endeavours to procure the coronation of his son Eustace—Henry Plantagenet lands in England—Terms of peace—Lamentable death of Eustace—William, Earl of Boulogne—Mary, the nun—Her elevation to the abbacy of Rumsey—Her forced marriage with the Earl of Flanders—She retires to the nunnery of Austrebert, and dies—Death and burial of Stephen—His body exhumed.



Matilda must now return to the history of Matilda of Boulogne and her lord, Stephen. On the departure of the Dominica, in 1147, the restoration of the long-desired public peace was celebrated throughout the land with great rejoicings. Stephen and his consort, no less elated than their subjects at the bright prospects of the future, kept their Christmas at Lincoln with extraordinary magnificence. All the powerful prelates and barons were invited to court, and entertained with great pomp and ceremony. Stephen, in the pride of his heart, believed himself again monarch of England, and although there was a prediction then abroad that direful misfortunes would befall the king who dared to appear crowned in that city, he could not resist the temptation of wearing the diadem and robes of royalty at public mass. He even endeavoured to obtain the coronation of his son Eustace, as his successor, but in this he signally failed, as most of the barons declared they would not swear fealty to any one as heir to the crown whilst matters were yet so unsettled.

In 1148, Queen Matilda founded and

richly endowed the hospital and church of St. Katherine, near the Tower, for the repose of the souls of her two departed infants, Baldwin and Maud.

In 1853 was discovered, beneath the house at the south-east corner of Leadenhall Street, and directly opposite Aldgate Pump, the remains of "St. Michael next Aldgate," a chapel built about the year 1108, by Norman, prior of St. Katherine, and of the Holy Trinity, and which was subsequently connected by an arched passage with the church of St. Katherine.

Queen Matilda also founded the abbey of Coggeshall, as a testimony of grati-

* It has been asserted by some historians that the Empress Matilda was crowned Queen of England; but this is a mistake, as her downfall occurred whilst preparations were yet being made for her coronation in Westminster Abbey. William of Malmesbury, the paid historian of her unflinching partizan, Earl Robert of Gloucester, expressly declares that she never was crowned nor styled Queen of England. On the broad seal which she used during her short exaltation at Winchester, although she bears a sceptre in her hand and a crown on her brow, the inscription is simply—"Romanorum Regina Matildis," which renders it highly probable that the seal was struck for her use as Empress of Germany. Besides, it cannot be presumed for a moment that so haughty a personage as the Empress would have assumed the royal reins without styling herself on her great seal "Queen Regnant of England."

tude to heaven for the liberation of Stephen from his severe captivity, and, in conjunction with her royal lord, she built the stately abbey of St. Saviour, at Feversham, which she endowed with the valuable manor of Feversham, and other lands formerly belonging to Sir William Ypres, but who had exchanged them with the Queen for her own manor of Lillechurch, and the king's demesne of Middleton.

At this period the health of the Queen, undermined by mental anxiety and bodily suffering, visibly declined; and, in accordance with the idea of the age, she now devoted her earnest attention to works of piety and charity, and spent much of her time in the seclusion of the cloister. Not so, however, with her royal lord, for he knew no rest on this side of the grave.

Scarcely was the sword of civil contention sheathed, when, towards the close of the year 1149, the youthful Henry Plantagenet visited Scotland with the evident intention of contesting the crown with Stephen. His great-uncle David, King of the Scots, after conferring on him the honour of knighthood, crossed the border with hostile forces. But Stephen, on hearing of his doings, flew to arms with such promptitude and vigour, that he found it expedient to make a quiet but hasty retreat to his own dominions, and prevail on his nephew, Henry, to embark for the continent, and patiently wait for a more promising opportunity to grasp at the English sceptre.

Queen Matilda, however, did not survive to witness this struggle. After suffering the hectic torments of a fatal fever, she breathed her last at Heningham Castle, in Essex, on the third of May, 1161, being the fifteenth year of Stephen's reign.

The remains of "this holy and virtuous queen" were interred with all the imposing rites of the period, in her own favourite abbey of Feversham, where, for nearly four centuries afterwards, prayers were daily said and requiems sung for the eternal repose of her soul.

Queen Matilda left three surviving children, Eustace, William, and Mary.

Eustace was betrothed to Constance, sister of Louis the Seventh of France, and after the death of his mother he was again invested with the ducal crown of Normandy by his father-in-law, the French King, who had not without reason taken umbrage at the doings of the ambitious Henry Plantagenet.

In 1151, Stephen, his royal sire, made a second effort to procure his coronation as heir to the throne of England. But the bishops declared the measure would again embroil the land in civil strife, and refused to perform the ceremony, which so enraged Stephen, that he confined them for a period as prisoners—a folly for which he dearly paid, as the Archbishop of Canterbury contrived to escape to Normandy, when he prevailed on Henry Plantagenet, who was then married to the richly-dowered Eleanor, the divorced Queen of France, to once more strive with Stephen for the English crown.

Henry, by great courage and diligence, reached England before Stephen was prepared to oppose his progress, and marched to the relief of Wallingford, a town where his most powerful supporters had taken shelter, and which was being vigorously besieged by Prince Eustace. Here he so effectually blockaded the besiegers, that they must have suffered from famine, but for the timely arrival of Stephen, with a reinforcement of troops, and money from London. A general engagement now appeared inevitable, and but for one of those accidents, then viewed as an evil omen, much blood would doubtless have been spilt. The opposing forces were being drawn up for battle, when, as Stephen was arranging his soldiers, his horse thrice reared, and thrice threw him, which so terrified both his barons and his soldiery, that they loudly declared their inability to fight on the day that had dawned with so direful a prognostic.

Happily for the war-wasted land, Stephen, counselled by the eloquence and reason of William de Albini, widower of the late Queen Dowager Adelicia, and perhaps not a little influenced by the fear that the freaks of his unruly horse had so disheartened his men, as to render

victory doubtful, entered into a peaceful contract with Henry, by the terms of which Stephen was to enjoy the crown during his own lifetime; but on his death, Henry was to succeed him as his lawful heir. On the ratification of the treaty, Stephen performed the ceremony of adopting Henry, who, in return, saluted him as king and father.

These proceedings so greatly enraged Prince Eustace, that he withdrew from the field in disgust, and at the head of a band of daring robbers, proceeded to devastate the county of Suffolk. His day, however, was but a short one, the anxiety and indignation at being deprived of his heirship by the young Plantagenet induced a violent brain fever, of which he died, after three days' painful illness, at the Abbey of St. Edmund's, on the tenth of August, 1153. He was buried by the side of his mother Matilda, in the Abbey of Feversham.

William, the third son of Stephen and Matilda, inherited the earldoms of Boulogne and Mortagne, and died without issue, whilst returning home from the siege of Thoulouse in 1160.

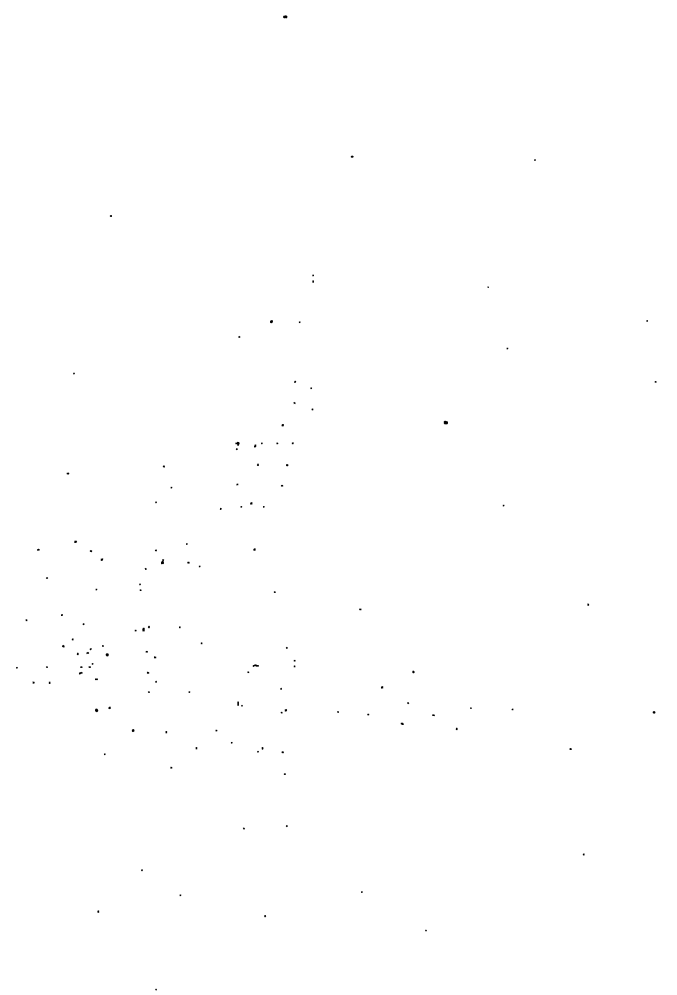
Mary, the only surviving daughter of Stephen and Matilda, was born about the year 1136. From her infancy the princess was dedicated by her parents to the cloister, and, when in the nineteenth or twentieth year of her age, she was elevated to the Abbacy of Rumsey. In 1160, on the death of her only surviving brother, Earl William, she became Countess of Boulogne, and Henry the Second, desiring to make her his tool to strengthen

his continental alliance, and utterly disregarding the vow of perpetual chastity, which she had solemnly pledged before the Most High, offered her in marriage to Matthew, Earl of Flanders, who, despite of her tears and entreaties, forcibly conveyed her from the seclusion of the nunnery, and by violent threats, compelled her to become his wife, by which he in her right became Count of Boulogne. After a lapse of ten years, she, by the consent of her lord, retired to the nunnery of St. Austrebert, near Montreuil, where she expired in the year 1182, and where her remains were interred with great privacy. By her marriage with Earl Matthew, she had two daughters, Ida and Matilda, both of whom the pope formally legitimized.

Little more than three years had elapsed since the demise of his beloved Queen, when death suddenly terminated the existence of Stephen. Whilst busily occupied in endeavouring to restore that happiness to the land which civil war had so long banished, he died at Dover, of a painful internal disease, on the twenty-fifth of October, 1154, in the fifty-first year of his age, and the nineteenth of his reign. His body was ceremoniously entombed by the side of his departed Queen and their unfortunate son Eustace, in the Abbey of Feversham; where it was suffered to repose in peace till the suppression of the abbey, when, for the paltry value of the lead in which it was encased, it was exhumed and ruthlessly flung, without covering or ceremony, into the adjacent river.



Queen of the South.





Elaine of Agassiz

ELEANORA OF AQUITAINE,

Queen of Henry the Second.

CHAPTER I.

Birth of Eleanora—Her beauty—Inheritance—Parentage—Her father, St. William, goes to the Holy Land—Dies there—Her marriage to Louis, heir to the French throne—Her guardian dowers her with his titles and territories, and becomes a religious recluse—She becomes Queen of France—Sedateness of her husband Louis the Seventh—Her light-heartedness—Accomplishments—Quarrels between her husband and the Pope—Horrible conflagration at Vitry—Eleanora and Louis the Seventh take the cross—Her disastrous journey to the Holy Land—Her levity enrages Louis—Her indignation on reaching Jerusalem—The indignity she suffered there—The failure of the expedition—The return home—Her husband's conduct disgusts her—Her intrigue with Henry Plantagenet—Her divorce—Her children by King Louis.



LEANORA OF AQUITAINE, the first of those provincial princesses who, for about a century, shared the throne of England with the royal line of Plantagenet, was born about the year 1123, and wore successively the crowns matrimonial of France and England. No less accomplished than beautiful, she introduced to the English court the arts and the polished refinements of the south of France, and what was of still higher value to the nation, added those seven sweet southern French provinces of Guienne, Poitou, Saintogne, Auvergne, Perigord, Anjoumois, and Limousin to the already extensive continental possessions of the English crown. She was the eldest daughter of William, Count of Poitou, named, on account of the piety

of his latter days, and his death in the Holy Land, St. William.

To wipe away the sins of his youth, St. William undertook a journey to Palestine, whither he proceeded in 1132, accompanied by his younger brother, Raymond of Poitou, after having first bequeathed his extensive territory to his beautiful daughter, the gay Eleanora, upon condition that she became the consort of the heir to the French throne. St. William fell, but Raymond, after bravely supporting the cause of the Crusaders, married the inheritress of Conrad, Prince of Antioch, and ultimately succeeded to the crown of that principality.

St. William left Eleanora and his sister Petronilla, his only children, under the guardianship of his sire Duke William the Fourth of Aquitaine, who, being in the sixty-ninth year of his age, resolved to atone for the errors of his youth by devoting the closing years of his exist-

ence to penitential solitude and earnest piety. Before taking this much-desired step, the aged Duke, in compliance with the earnest demand of his son St. William, offered the fair Eleanora in marriage to Louis le Jeune, the son of that French monarch who so strenuously furthered the advancement of his people, Louis the Sixth; and to add to the value of the princely prize, he, in addition to her father's possessions, to which she was justly entitled, dowered her with all his own titles and territories.

At this period, Eleanora was in her fourteenth year, and the barons of Aquitaine, after acquiescing to the arrangements of Duke William, swore fealty to her as his successor. The King of France was also so well pleased with the prospects the union afforded, that he eagerly assented to the match, and his son Louis le Jeune, then in his nineteenth year, proceeded without delay to Bordeaux, where, in 1137, the luckless marriage was solemnized with great pomp, after which the bride's grandsire ceremoniously resigned the sovereignty of his realms to his youthful successors, and retired to a wild rocky cavern in the vicinity of the shrine of St. James of Compostella, in Spain, where he ended his days in penance and prayer.

Scarcely was the sedate Louis le Jeune inaugurated Duke of Aquitaine, when his father breathed his last, and the French hailed him their sovereign. Aquitaine, however, was not united to France. Eleanora, the idol of her subjects, governed it as a separate state, and passed her time alternately in Paris and in Bordeaux, her native capital.

Although it is as Queen of England that we have to trace the life of Eleanora, a brief sketch of her doings during her matrimonial ascendancy in France may not be uninteresting. Her husband, Louis the Seventh, was a rigidly pious and sober personage, better fitted for the cloister than the throne of royalty, whilst she, on the contrary, was unusually light-hearted, gay, poetical, and romantic. She delighted in learning and luxury, and was the author of both the words and the music of many beautiful *Chansons*—little songs—which for ages after her death

were remembered with delight by the people of France, on account of their pathos and their elegance.

Greatly dissimilar as were the characters and dispositions of the royal pair, we may presume that at least for nine years after their marriage nothing happened to mar their domestic happiness, as during that period the French chroniclers have not once mentioned the name of Eleanora, a circumstance which, besides leading to the above conclusion, speaks well for the moral fame of the young Queen of France, since had she been so profligate as some modern historians would have us believe, the gossiping monks of her day would most certainly have handed down her crimes to posterity.

The circumstances which led to her divorce from the French King are briefly these: In 1146, the chapter of Bourges infringing the prerogative of the French crown, by electing an archbishop without the consent of their King, which ultimately led to a war between Louis and the Count of Champagne, who, in conjunction with the Pope, supported the cause of the chapter. Ere this contention was terminated, the thunders of the Vatican were again launched against the hapless Monarch of France. Rodolf, Count of Vermandois, a cousin of the King, and his prime minister, had, under a frivolous pretence, divorced his wife, and by the connivance of Eleanora, married her younger sister Petronilla. The ill-used wife was sister to the Count of Champagne, and he, enraged at the gross insult, applied for redress to the Pope, who instantly ordered Rodolf to put away his second wife and take back his first. Louis, provoked at these proceedings, again devastated Champagne with fire and sword; where, whilst storming the town of Vitry, the cathedral, in which thirteen hundred persons had taken refuge, caught fire, and every soul within its devoted walls was literally roasted to death.

Whilst Louis was bitterly bewailing the horrors of this frightful conflagration, the enthusiastic St. Bernard arrived at Vezaloi, in Burgundy, and with powerful eloquence, summoned the king and his vassals to hasten to the rescue of

the tottering kingdom of Jerusalem. Louis viewed the appeal of the eloquent prelate as the call of Heaven, and resolved to atone for the terrible destruction of his own subjects, by carrying the sword of vengeance into the camp of the pagans in the east. No less penitent than her royal lord, Eleanora, despite all entreaties to the contrary, insisted, for the behoof of her own sovereignty of Aquitaine, to accompany him in his mad expedition. And on it becoming known that the King and his consort had solemnly received the cross of the crusading pilgrim from the well-intentioned but misguided St. Bernard, there burst forth throughout the land a universal cry of "Crosses! crosses!" The venerable prelate speedily distributed all he had provided for the occasion. But these proved quite insufficient. Still the people cried aloud "Crosses! crosses!" and in the hot enthusiasm of the moment, costly garments were, regardless of their value, torn up to be formed into the desired badges of holiness and honour. The amazonian example of the Queen was eagerly followed by the noblest ladies of the land, and soon a bevy of female warriors, armed to the teeth, and who, arrayed in masculine attire, boldly styled thems lves the Queen's body guard, excited the wonderment of the rude multitude by their womanly attempts at military evolutions.

Following the course of Conrad the Third of Germany, who, roused by the all-powerful eloquence of St. Bernard, had just set forth with a mighty army. Louis and his heterogeneous band proceeded on their way to the Holy City, but, as may be supposed, the French King's plans were defeated, and his projects utterly ruined by the giddy womanly freaks of his fair amazonians.

On nearing Laodicea, Eleanora and her female guards were, with a small, but chosen band of soldiers, sent forward with strict injunctions from the king to camp on the uplands, at the valley of Laodicea, so as to command the dangerous defile through which the army had to pass. They proceeded as directed for a short distance, when, lured by the romantic charms of a beautiful valley,

Eleanora, in utter disregard to the orders of her royal lord, insisted on proceeding thither; where, little dreaming what bloodshed her folly would cost, she encamped for the night amidst rippling streams, enchanting groves, and green velvety slopes.

Meanwhile the King and his army, as they bravely battled with the skirmishing Arabs, hurried onward. Harassed by foes, encumbered by the heavy baggage of the female warriors, and wearied by the fatigue of a long march under a burning sun, they, just as darkness was closing in, entered the fatal defile, when, to their horror, they discovered that the heights above were possessed not by the Queen's army, but by a numerous band of hostile Arabs, and, to add to the consternation, the giddy Eleanora and her guards could not be found till the next morning, when the sun dawned on the lifeless forms of seven thousand of the chivalry of France, whilst all the baggage and provisions had been captured by the wily foe, and the King himself had only by great personal valour escaped with his life, so hard had he been pursued. Fortunately the encampment of the Queen had escaped the notice of the murderous Arabs, and Antioch being at hand, the dispirited army was, after a few hours' march, safely quartered within the walls of that friendly town.

What the feelings of Eleanora were on this occasion no chronicler has recorded, but if the slaughter occasioned by her indiscretion caused her any heart-prickings, they certainly were of short duration, as, on entering Antioch in safety, she buried in oblivious forgetfulness the remembrance of the dangers and toils she had but just miraculously passed through, and gave herself up to the full enjoyment of all the pleasures and luxuries of the gorgeous east. The Prince of Antioch, Raymond of Poitou, was her uncle, and, unlike his sainted brother William, he was sprightly, handsome, and still in the bloom of vigorous manhood. To his French allies he paid great attention, providing them with every comfort and luxury within his power, and, by heaping favours and obligations on his fair niece Eleanora, he endeavoured to so-

cure the aid of Louis and his mighty army to forward his own ambitious projects.

The singular kindness and attention which Eleanora received from her uncle so charmed her vanity, that she expressed no willingness to commence her toilsome march to Jerusalem; and this, her very natural and womanly reluctance to again encounter fatigue and privation, has, by some modern writers, been censured, as proceeding from an unlawful attachment to her hospitable uncle, whilst others, believing such a view of the question untenable, have, with no better reason, asserted that it was not upon her uncle Raymond, but upon a Saracen emir of high rank, that she had so improperly conferred her favours. That her levity and coquettish conduct at Antioch was highly censurable, there is little doubt; but the fact of the indignantly-offended Louis afterwards continuing to live with her, and treat her with all the respect due to her exalted station, for upwards of three years before a divorce, under the convenient plea of consanguinity, was sought for, renders it highly probable that she was free from the gross crimes imputed to her, and that the pretended jealousy of the king had no other object than Raymond himself, from whose political intrigues he was only too glad to find a pretext for freeing himself.

But, however this may be, Louis expressed great rage at the conduct of his consort, and after peremptorily seizing one of the city gates, hurried her and her attendants, on a stormy night, out of Antioch, whence he and his army instantly departed for Jerusalem. On reaching that holy city, upon which every other crusader had gazed with enthusiastic devotion, Eleanora only gave vent to the indignation pent up in her ruffled breast. Weeping with rage and resentment, she bitterly upbraided her royal lord for so ruthlessly outraging her fair fame; and on being reminded of the impiety of turning her thoughts from heaven to earth, when she had but just entered the birth-place of the Holy Saviour of the world, she replied: "My heart is wrecked—my happiness for ever gone. All my religious ardour has been

swept away by the hurricane of adversity, and the holy and beautiful city is to me but a loathsome prison-house, full of woe and galling oppressions."

Louis and his consort were most honourably received by Baldwin the Third, King of Jerusalem, in which city Eleanora was detained almost as a prisoner, whilst Louis, in conjunction with Conrad of Germany, unsuccessfully besieged Damascus. However, after raising the siege as a hopeless task, the French King effected something like a reconciliation with his indignant consort; and, careworn and depressed by repeated losses and crosses, laid down the sword of war, and gladly retraced his steps to Europe.

In 1148, the King and Queen of France again entered their own dominions, but with them they brought only the shadow of that mighty warrior band who, full of faith and high hope, had gone forth but little more than a twelve-month previously to fight the battle of heaven, and who, overcome by the perfidy of the Greek and Syrian Christians, and the open hostility of the Painim, were mowed down like wheat before the sickle, and their bones left to blanch the mountains of Cappadocia and the plains of Nice.

On reaching Paris, Louis was strenuously advised by his minister and confidant, the sage Abbot Suger, by no means to deprive himself and his progeny of the valuable dower of his consort by divorcing her for only a suspected criminality. Eleanora, therefore, continued to reign with her usual pomp and state. She was, however, closely watched, and not allowed to visit her southern provinces—a restraint which gave her great offence, as the solemn religious decorum that reigned at the court of Paris strikingly contrasted with the sprightly freedom practised in Aquitaine, and by no means accorded with her gaiety of heart. Her royal lord paid no regard whatever to her tastes and sentiments, and at length so disgusted her by wearing plain monkish attire, shaving his face, cropping his hair, and indulging in all the rigid rules of St. Bernard, that she resolved, on the first fitting opportunity, to quit his presence for ever.

With this view, she is said to have made overtures of love to Geoffrey, Count of Anjou, and husband to the Empress Matilda, when he visited the court of France in 1150, to do homage for Normandy. It, however, appears probable that her captivor was not Geoffrey, who was then a married man, but his son Henry, the recognised heir to the English crown, who had accompanied his father, and who she then saw for the first time. This conjecture is supported by the fact that, about twenty months afterwards, when Geoffrey died, Henry, who was not yet in his twentieth year, again visited France, to do homage for Normandy and Anjou, when Eleanor made advances to him that ended in an intimacy which placed her in that position that, for her virtue's sake, she found it expedient to immediately apply for a divorce, which she did under a plea that Louis was her fourth cousin.

Political ambition had doubtless induced the youthful Henry to secure Eleanor as his prize, as with her hand he would obtain the sway over the seven fairest provinces in France, which, added to his own patrimonial possessions of Normandy and Anjou, would render him

more powerful than his suserain, the French King, and place him in a position to enforce his rights in England against the most mighty of foes.

Louis, unswayed by the wise counsel of the upright Abbot Suger, who was now dead, severely reprimanded his Queen for her indulgency with Henry, and mustering a large army, went into Aquitaine, and laid siege to several castles. But finding the power of the south greater than his own, he, after a few futile efforts, returned, and, making a virtue of necessity, restored to his Queen her patrimonial dominions, and willingly consented to the divorce, which was finally pronounced by an assemblage of the bishops at Baugenci, in March, 1152, not on the ground that the Queen was an adulteress, as is too commonly stated, but because she and her royal lord were fourth cousins. Louis and Eleanor were both present when the divorce was published, and being heartily tired of each other, they hailed with rapture the decision which severed their marriage tie, and left them again free.

By her marriage with King Louis, Eleanor had two daughters—Marie and Alice.

CHAPTER II.

Eleanor returns to Aquitaine—Thibaut, Count of Blois, endeavours to marry her by force—Her escape—She is waylaid by Geoffrey Plantagenet—Reaches her own dominions in safety—Marries Henry Plantagenet—Her court in Normandy—The Kings of England and France league against her husband—She enables him to proceed to England—Treaty of Wallingford—Henry's narrow escape at Barham Downs—Return to Normandy—Death of Stephen—Henry succeeds to the English crown—Coronation of Henry and Eleanor—Birth of their son Henry—Eleanor's court and amusements—Her children—Her jealousy—Henry's love for Fair Rosamond—She is discovered by the Queen—Enters a nunnery—Dies—Her being poisoned a fiction—Eleanor again reconciled to Henry—Marriage of her sons Henry and Richard—Parentage, education, and elevation of Thomas à Becket—He is assassinated—Is canonized—The King deplotes his martyrdom.



IMMEDIATELY on being released from the bondage which so long fretted and annoyed her, the elated Eleanor proceeded on her way to her southern territories. But, as in those rude days the

rights of the person were but little respected, many a haughty baron stood ready to seize her, and, by a forced marriage, possess himself of the "great Province dower."

Thibaut, Count of Blois, and a brother of King Stephen, at whose castle she on her way southward tarried for a short time, offered her his hand in mar-

riage, which being refused, he determined to force her into compliance. But ere he had time to execute his treacherous design, she, being warned of her danger, escaped, without the ceremony of leave-taking, under the veil of a dark but clear star-spangled night. Disguised as a minstrel, she safely passed out at the portal of the castle, when she embarked in a frail boat on the Loire. Hurrying down this stream with all speed, she reached Tours, in Anjou, in safety, at the peep of day. Here danger again threatened her. Geoffrey, the brother of her destined husband, had waylaid her track on the Loire at a spot named the Port of Piles, in the hope of seizing her and making her his bride, but being informed of his treacherous purpose, she eluded his grasp by taking a tributary stream, and ultimately reached her own dominions, whence she was safely conducted by an embassy from her favoured suitor, Henry Plantagenet, to Lisieux, where, being met by Henry, she was solemnly married to him in the cathedral of Lisieux, by the prelate Arnulph, only six weeks after her divorce had been pronounced. The celerity of this marriage certainly fixes a stain on the character of Eleanora, since her eldest son, William, was born on the fourth of August, 1152, only four months afterwards, whilst for a year previous to the divorce, she shared not her husband's favours; and, says Robert of Gloucester, "Henry was acquainted with her some deal too much, as we weened."

Immediately after their nuptials had been celebrated, Henry and Eleanora proceeded to Normandy, where they summoned around them a court perhaps the most gay, gorgeous, and luxurious in Europe.

The French King was greatly discomfited at their marriage, and dreading the swelling power of Henry Plantagenet, he leagued with King Stephen against him. Henry, however, on hearing of this effort to deprive him of the crown to which he was heir, embarked for England with the powerful fleet of his new-made bride, where, after signing the treaty of Wallingford, he but narrowly escaped the treachery of William, the

third son of Stephen, who formed a conspiracy to seize him on Barham Down, near Dover, and but for the young prince falling from his horse and breaking his leg, the attempt would doubtless have succeeded. Henry, on being apprized of his danger, fled to Normandy, where he remained till the succession was opened to him by the death of King Stephen, which happened on the twenty-fifth of October, 1154.

Henry was besieging a castle in Normandy, when he received the welcome intelligence of the vacancy of the English throne. Having subdued his rebellious barons, and confided the regency of his territories to his mother, he proceeded with his consort and infant son to Barfleur, where, after being detained by adverse winds for several weeks, the royal party embarked for England. The passage was a rough and stormy one. They, however, landed in safety at Osterham, whence Henry and his consort proceeded to Winchester, where all the southern barons and prelates acknowledged them as King and Queen. From Winchester they hastened to London, whose good citizens hailed them with unbounded enthusiasm. Their coronation, the most splendid that had ever been witnessed, was solemnized at Westminster Abbey on the nineteenth of December, 1154, amidst the universal rejoicing of the nobles and the people, who beheld in King Henry the Second a descendant from their ancient kings, who added new lustre to the crown by the addition of his vast continental possessions. The Queen was also warmly greeted, as the nobles viewed with joy the refinements which she introduced from her polished continental courts, and the nation was charmed with the richness of her dower, which, besides adding a third lion to the shield of England, transferred the ever since proudly-owned war cry, "St. George!" from Aquitaine to England, Henry, in right of his marriage with Eleanora, having adopted the patron saint of England, St. George, from the Aquitaine Dukes.

In 1154, Henry and Eleanora kept their Christmas with great splendour at Westminster palace. At the termination of the festival they removed to the

palace of Bermondsey, where, on the twenty-eighth of February, 1155. their second son, Henry, was born. Being desirous to ascertain, from personal observation, the general condition of his English subjects, Henry, accompanied with Eleanor, made a progress, during the summer, through the northern counties. Meanwhile, he used every exertion to restore peace and prosperity to the nation, which, during the reign of Stephen, had been so devastated by civil war and rapine, that whole villages were left tenantless, and trade was ruined.

With this view he destroyed those strongholds of robbery and crime, the castles. And after dismissing from the land the foreign mercenaries hired by Stephen to fight his battles, men whose sole trade was war and plunder, he called a general meeting in parliament, of all the eminent clergy and nobility, and swore before them to re-establish the laws of Edward the Confessor, as confirmed by the charter of his grandsire Henry the First; and in return, the parliament acknowledged his infant sons as his heirs, the eldest of whom, William, shortly afterwards died, and was ceremoniously interred in the Abbey of Reading.

In 1156, Henry, with his Queen, crossed over to his continental possessions, when, after having done homage for his French dominions to his suzerain the King of France, he unjustly wrested Anjou from the grasp of his brother Geoffrey, and returned to England.

For a period nothing occurred to mar the happiness of the gay Eleanor. Her English court, the most splendid, wealthy, and liberal in Europe, was visited by learned scholars and talented troubadours, who "came from afar over the sea, to seek the patronage of the renowned literary Queen." She kept court alternately at Westminster, Winchester, or Woodstock, and those crude dramatic entertainments, mysteries and miracles, played by clerks and divines, were her favourite amusement.

In 1156, she gave birth to the Princess Matilda. In the September of the following year, her warrior son, Richard Cœur de Lion, came into the world at

Beaumont Castle, now a mouldering ruin in Oxford, and in September, 1159, she presented her royal lord with their Prince Geoffrey. In the year of his birth, the infant Geoffrey was betrothed to Constance, heiress of Brittany, then but about two years old, by his politic father King Henry, who having unjustly attacked the Bretons, soothed their wrath, and added Brittany as another jewel to the English crown by this marriage.

A few years after her arrival in England, the precise period has not been chronicled, the domestic happiness of Eleanor was destroyed by the heart-rending discovery that her royal lord had wedded her, not as she had too fondly believed for herself, but for her princely possessions, and that his affections had from his youth been devoted to another.

Her fair rival was the peerless beauty Rosamond Clifford, daughter of Walter, Lord Clifford, and known traditionally as Fair Rosamond. It was about the year 1149, that Henry first saw this beautiful maiden, and under a promise of marriage, a promise which his thirst for power and dominion prevented him from fulfilling, so completely won her heart, that she never once doubted his integrity, till apprized of his perfidy and her own shame by Queen Eleanor.

In 1153, Henry, who had returned to Normandy, again visited England, and renewing his acquaintance with Rosamond, he deceived her by a privately solemnized false marriage, and a short time afterwards she gave birth to their eldest born, William, surnamed "Long Sword," Earl of Salisbury. After Henry arrived in England with Eleanor, Rosamond, who deeply loved him, and fondly believed herself his lawful and only bride, remained his willing captive in a secret chamber in the grounds of his palace at Woodstock. The circumstance which excited the suspicion of Eleanor, and led to the discovery of her rival's sylvan retreat is a singular one. The King was walking in the gardens of Woodstock, when the Queen observed a ball of silk attached to one of his spurs; and as silk at that time was only used by persons of high rank, it excited her jealous suspicions. Presently the ball

dropped from the spur, to which, however the thread remained attached. On perceiving this, she took up the ball, unnoticed by the King, and as he walked on the silk unwound, and she traced him to the maze which led to the prison-house of the too-confiding Rosamond. Shortly afterwards, Henry departed from Woodstock on urgent state matters, when the Queen, attended by a few confidants, penetrated the maze, discovered an artfully concealed door which she had burst open, and after passing through a long subterraneous passage, entered a splendidly appointed chamber, where sat, busily engaged at embroidery, the unsuspecting Rosamond, with a slumbering infant by her side, whose features bore the indelible impress of King Henry's. This babe, named Geoffrey, was, in his manhood, successively elevated to the sees of Lincoln and York.

Much was the surprise and indignation of Eleanora and Rosamond, when, in jealous anger, they each claimed King Henry as their royal lord. However, the beautiful Rosamond was soon too fully convinced of the disgrace which her false-hearted lover had heaped upon her head, and, urged by the entreaties and threats of the queen, she, on finding resistance vain, quitted her embowered seclusion for ever, and entering the convent of Godstone, was veiled a nun.

It is said that from the period of her taking the veil she never again saw the monarch who had so ruthlessly wrecked all her earthly happiness. Her repentance was sincere, and after little short of twenty years devoted to piety and penance, she died of a broken heart, and was buried before the high altar of the church belonging to the nunnery which she had entered to cover her shame. She was much beloved by her cloistered sisters, who sorely moaned her death. A tomb, erected to her memory by King John, bore a Latin inscription, of which the following is a translation.

"This tomb doth enclose
A most beauteous rose,
A rose that bloomed sweet for awhile,
But withering too soon,
Its matchless perfume
Was changed to an odour most vile."

The tradition in the romance and in

Delons's well-known beautiful ballad, that Rosamond was poisoned by Eleanora, is certainly without foundation, indeed, it appears to have originated from the figure of a *cup* being engraved rather conspicuously on her tomb; as we are told that "when the tomb was demolished, amongst other curious devices thereon, there was a picture of the cup out of which she drank the poison given her by the Queen, carved on stone."

After having, with some difficulty, brought about a reconciliation with his jealous queen, Henry appointed her as regent during his absence, and passed over to France, where in her name he endeavoured to possess himself of the Earldom of Toulouse.

In 1160, Eleanora conducted her son Prince Henry and her daughter Matilda into Normandy, where her royal lord then was. On their arrival the youthful Prince was married to Marguerite, the daughter of Louis the Seventh, and his second consort, Alice of Champagne, in the cathedral of Rouen.

The infant couple—the bridegroom was only five years old, and the bride in her fourth year—were committed to the charge of Chancellor Becket, afterwards the renowned Archbishop of Canterbury, who treated them with such kindness, that they ever afterwards loved him as a father.

In 1162, to compromise a dispute relative to the marriage portion of the Princess Marguerite, the French King dowered the Princess Alice, his daughter by his second Queen with the city of Gisors, and espoused her to King Henry's son Richard, afterwards surnamed Cœur de Lion, who was but just seven years old. Princess Alice was only in her third year, and, like her sister Marguerite, she was unfortunately confided to King Henry, to be educated in the land of her adoption.

At this period, the memorable quarrel between the king and Thomas à Becket commenced. This staunch supporter of the rights of the church, which then, be it remembered, was the seat of learning and the only source of alms and charity to the poor, was the son of Gilbert à Becket, a rich and prosperous goldsmith in the city of London.

When Edgar Atheling, at the summons of Peter the Hermit, received the scrip and staff of the holy pilgrim, and set forth to fight the pagans in Asia, Gilbert caught the crusading mania, and followed Edgar's consecrated standard. He reached Syria in safety, where, whilst fighting with all the enthusiasm of a zealous bigot, he was made prisoner, and after a series of misfortunes, sold as a slave to a wealthy emir, whose daughter, Mathildis, felt deep pity for the woes of the desolate stranger. After a period, the kind emir permitted Gilbert to return to freedom and his native land. Scarcely had he departed, when the fair Mathildis, whose affections he unwittingly had won, resolved to seek him in the far west. She reached London in safety, and landing at Queenhithe, where all was foreign and strange to her, excited attention by her singular dress and manners. Soon a crowd collected around her, but to every eagerly pressed question, she replied: "London, Gilbert; Gilbert, London;" these two words, which she repeatedly reiterated, being all the English she could speak. At length it was resolved to convey her to the bishop, and whilst proceeding with this view down the Poultry, Gilbert, attracted by the crowd, came forth from his shop, when having recognized her, he joyfully took her home, and had her baptized and made his wife.

Such are the singular circumstances which gave to the sainted Becket a Syrian mother, and which might be deemed a romantic fiction, but that at the period of the crusades, society became one checkered tissue of improbable incidents and wild adventures.

After receiving a learned education at Paris and Bologna, Thomas à Becket was introduced by his patron, Archbishop Theobald, to the king, who, perceiving his extraordinary talents and erudition, elevated him to the chancellorship, and treated him with the greatest friendship and familiarity. Whilst holding the great seal, Becket spent much of his time with his royal master in hunting, feasting, and other amusements.

After the death of the primate Theobald, Henry, despite the warnings and entreaties of his consort and his mother, who perceived the dangers to the crown of entrusting a power, almost more than regal, to an Anglo-Saxon of mean birth, resolved to confer the vacant primate-ship on his favourite chancellor.

At first Becket refused the important dignity, declaring, that if it was forced upon him, his conscience would compel him, even in defiance of the interests of the crown, to uphold the rights and privileges of the church. But Henry would not listen to the earnestly-urged objections of his favourite chancellor—in fact, he was most desirous to confer the primacy on one who would not oppose his encroachments on the church revenues, and precisely such an one he erroneously deemed Becket, who, on being irrevocably installed as Archbishop of Canterbury, resigned the great seal, relinquished the pomp and luxuries of his former life, and became a most determined supporter of the church and people against the aggressions of the crown.

The disputes between Becket and the King have too commonly been made a subject of religious partizanship; Protestant writers defending the King, and the Roman Catholics upholding the cause of Becket. The question, however, is not one between church and church, as then the Church of Rome was alone dominant in England, but one of power between the crown and the church, or rather of civil liberty, of which Becket was the champion and the unflinching martyr.

King Henry, following the unworthy example of his Norman predecessors, had, whenever a bishop died, been in the habit of holding the benefice vacant for a period, and employing the revenue to his own purpose, greatly to the injury of the poor, who depended for their charities almost solely on the favours of the church.

During his chancellorship, Becket had not once opposed these proceedings, but now that he was primate, he pronounced them unjust, tyrannical, and lawless, and although the king withheld the revenues, he boldly filled the curateships.

The particulars of this contest, which raged for about eight years, it belongs rather to history than biography to relate. It may, however, be interesting to glance at the leading events which led to the horrible death of the obstinately-firm primate. After a series of contentions, in which the respective powers of the ecclesiastical and the civil jurisdiction were warmly canvassed, the dispute reached to such a height, that Becket withdrew his adherence to the celebrated constitutions of Clarendon, and to avoid the vengeance of the king, who deprived him of all his dignities and estates, fled to France, where, supported by the Pope, he thundered forth anathemas against those who had dared to support the King against him.

Shortly afterwards, the King was seized with a severe illness, and believing his death was at hand, he recalled the offending Archbishop from exile, and restored to him his primateship and estates. But after a brief truce, the quarrel again burst forth with redoubled fury. Becket, on landing in England, was joyfully welcomed by the clergy and the people, who hailed him as a friend and a father. He disembarked at Dover, whence he proceeded to Canterbury, where he preached a sermon from the text, "For we have no continuing city," a prophetic foreshadowing of his future downfall.

From Canterbury he went to London, where three thousand clergy and nearly all the citizens met him, in procession, chaunting the *Te Deum*. In the midst of this, his last triumph, he was forewarned of the treachery that awaited him, by an old woman, who rushed up to him and exclaimed, "Blessed father, beware of the murderer's knife!" He had visited London to do homage to young Henry, who, in his absence, had been crowned as heir to the throne. But in this he was foiled. The Prince objected to see him, and he retired to Canterbury, where, believing that his end was near, he passed his time in penance and prayer.

Meanwhile, several prelates, whom Becket had suspended, carried their complaints to the King, then in Nor-

mandy; and their tale so enraged Henry, that, in the excitement of the moment, he exclaimed, "God's wot!" his usual oath, "will no one revenge the insults perpetually showered at me by this haughty primate?"

The hint was sufficient; on that very night, Fitz-Urse, Tracy, Morville, and Brito, embarked for England. They arrived at Canterbury on the thirtieth of December, 1170; entered the Archbishop's palace, clad in complete mail, and after, with insulting menaces, helping themselves to refreshments, followed Becket, who now saw that his hour was come, into the cathedral, where, during the performance of vespers, they brutally butchered him on the steps of the high altar.

The murderous task completed, they coolly mounted their horses, and triumphantly departed, unchallenged and unopposed by the assembled monks, who being few in number, were too overcome with fear and horror, to revenge the cowardly assassination of their primate.

The assassins proceeded to Knaresborough Castle, which belonged to Morville, and which they had scarcely reached, when they were solemnly excommunicated. The terrible sentence was carried out against them with such rigour, both by the clergy and the people, that no one would speak to them, nor perform the slightest office for them, and to save themselves from famishing of want, they were compelled to share with the houseless dogs any castaway fragments or offal they could pick up. At length they went to the Pope at Rome, who, after absolving the sentence of excommunication, ordered them to travel to Jerusalem, and do penance on the black mountains for life, where, after several years spent in solitude, they died, and were buried outside the Temple.

Immediately after his martyrdom, Becket was canonized; and at his shrine a multitude of extraordinary miracles are said to have been wrought.

To King Henry the news of this detestable crime came as a thunderbolt. Overcome by the compunctions of a re-

more-stung conscience at having in a paroxysm of rage urged the assassins to the foul deed, and, moreover, dreading the wrath of the Pope, he secluded himself for several days in a private apartment, without light or food, and allowing no one to approach him, passed the time in prayers and bitter self-accusations. On recovering from this shock, he wrote a submissive letter to the Pope, declaring his deep grief at the martyrdom of his old favourite, the Archbishop,

and his innocence of the horrible crime. After some delay, the sovereign Pontiff expressed himself satisfied with the sorrow of the king, and, as a penance, imposed a pecuniary donation in aid of the Crusade, besides other sacrifices. Thus terminated this protracted quarrel, which, besides curbing the too-tyrannical power of the King, and strengthening the liberties of the people, added greatly to the authority of the Pope.

CHAPTER III.

Birth of Eleanor's children, Joanna and John—Marriage of her daughter Matilda—She assumes the regency of Normandy, then of Aquitaine—King Henry makes a will—He again excites the jealousy of the Queen—His harshness to his sons—They support the cause of their mother—The King goes to Guienne—Returns to England with his Queen and daughter-in-law, Margaret, and imprisons them—Does penance at Canterbury—Defeat of Prince Richard, and capture of the Scotch King—Success of the royal arms—Marriage of the Princess Joanna—Prosperity of the country—London in the twelfth century—Death of Prince Henry—Temporary reconciliation of King and Queen—Prince Richard's success in Aquitaine—Lay of the troubadour—Death of Prince Geoffrey—Prince John conspires against his father—King Henry's mad passion on learning it—His death—His body plundered and neglected—Grief and consternation of his heir—Funeral—Character—Pope's bull for the invasion of Ireland—Richard releases Eleanor, and confines her jailor—Eleanor's character improved by age and imprisonment—Her regency—Richard does homage to the King of France—Returns to England—His coronation—Massacre of the Jews.



EARLY in 1165, Queen Eleanor gave birth to the Princess Joanna, at Angers, the capital of Anjou, and in December of the following year was born her son, Prince John, at Woodstock. In 1167, she proceeded with her daughter, Matilda, to her royal lord in Normandy, where, after celebrating the marriage of Matilda with Henry, surnamed the Lion, Duke of Saxony, she assumed the regency of Normandy. But the Normans, who had just mourned the death of the Empress Matilda—a Princess as much beloved in Normandy as she was despised in England—rose in insurrection against her,

whilst, at the same time, the inhabitants of Guienne and Poitou had revolted, because they were eager for her presence. Henry, therefore, proceeded to Rouen, and after satisfying the Normans, took Eleanor, and left her with her favourite son, Richard, at Bourdeaux, an arrangement which greatly pleased the people of the south.

Although Aquitaine was nominally governed by Eleanor, all the real regal power was in the hands of her husband's Norman soldiers—a state of things alike displeasing to the Queen, to Prince Richard, and to the barons of the south.

In 1170, King Henry made a will, bequeathing England, Normandy, Maine, and Anjou to his son Henry, Aquitaine to Richard, Brittany to Geoffrey, in

right of his wife, and nothing whatever to John, who, on this account, was nicknamed Lackland.

At this period burst forth those violent family troubles which embittered the closing years of Henry's life, and were, in the belief of the church, the just vengeance of heaven for the murder of the sainted Becket.

King Henry had again excited the well-founded jealousy of Eleanora by retaining as a mistress the Princess Alice, who had previously been betrothed to his son Richard, and who, there is too much reason to fear, fell a victim to the heinous passions of her violent father-in-law. The hostility of his sons was occasioned by his base conduct to their mother, and by his withholding from them what they claimed as their rights. Prince Henry had been crowned sovereign of England, Normandy, and Anjou, Richard had been solemnly inaugurated Count of Poitou, and on Geoffrey had been conferred the duchy of Brittany. But as King Henry had no intention that any of his sons should exercise independent authority during his lifetime, he, under the pretext of guardianship, so ordered matters, that they could not exert their royal prerogatives without the consent of himself or his deputies.

Urged by their mother Eleanora, and supported by the barons of Aquitaine, Richard and Geoffrey resolved to possess themselves of the entire government of their duchies, and to cease paying homage to their father, who could only demand it as their guardian, the French King being their suzerain. These proceedings greatly offended King Henry, who was especially angry with Richard, as he had again pressed the often-repeated demand for the hand of his betrothed, the Princess Alice.

Matters were in this state when King Henry embarked for the continent. On his reaching Guienne, in July, 1173, his sons, Henry, Richard, and Geoffrey, fled to Paris, where they were well received by Louis the Seventh, who did all in his power to widen the breach between them and their royal sire.

Eleanora also endeavoured to escape

to the French court, but the Norman soldiers overtook her in her flight, and brought her back, disguised as she was, to Bourdeaux. King Henry's rage at these proceedings knew no bounds, and he revenged himself by conveying his consort to England, where he closely imprisoned her, with the exception of one short interval, for a period of sixteen years. He also seized on his spirited young daughter-in-law, Marguerite, because, in defiance of entreaties and threats, she had remained in Aquitaine with Queen Eleanora, and resolutely refused to be crowned with her husband Prince Henry as Queen of England, because the late primate Becket was not permitted to perform the ceremony.

With these fair captives, Henry landed at Southampton in July, 1173, whence he proceeded to Canterbury, and to appease the wrath of the Pope, and of the nobles and people of England, did a highly humiliating penance at the shrine of Becket. On approaching the city he alighted from his horse, and, barefooted and clad in coarse woollen garments, walked from the church of St. Dunstan, withoutside the city, to the tomb of the sainted martyr, where, kneeling down, he of his own free will was scourged on his bare shoulders by the prior and monks of the place. A degrading sacrifice to popular feeling, which in those days the mightiest of monarchs were at times forced to make.

Scarcely had Henry left Canterbury for London, when news arrived of the defeat of his son Prince Richard, near Bury, and the capture of William, the Scotch King, who had taken advantage of the troubles in which Henry was involved, to cross the border, and pillage the northern counties. Indeed, success now followed success with such rapidity, that all the territories which just previously had been in open revolt, were, as if by magic, reduced to peace and subjection. But although the English people attributed their King's good fortune to the intercession of the sainted Becket, and he himself exultingly returned thanks for his victories at the shrine of the revered St. Thomas, his achievements softened not his heart towards his family.

His consort he still retained in captivity, and his sons he still viewed with feelings of jealous hostility.

The prison of the unfortunate Eleanor was the palace at Winchester, where she was confided to the charge of Ranulph de Glanville, the lord justiciary of England, a person devoted to the interests of her husband, but who treated her with all the respect and kindness within his power.

In February, 1177, the Princess Joanna, the youngest daughter of King Henry and his consort, was married to William the Good, King of Sicily, at Palermo, then the capital of that kingdom.

Although peace and happiness found no resting-place in the palace of royalty, the repose of the land was not disturbed, and the English people enjoyed a rapidly increasing prosperity. Many excellent laws were passed for the advancement of morals and trade. The land was divided into nine circuits, and three judges were appointed to each circuit. An assize of arms was likewise established, by which all persons, according to the property they possessed, were compelled to provide themselves with certain war implements for the defence of the kingdom. Trade and manufactures flourished, and commerce sent forth her merchant ships, which returned laden with gold, silver, precious stones, frankincense, spices, wines, costly silken garments, beautiful satin velvets and brocades, and other riches and delicacies from the south of Europe, and from Asia. London, the great commercial sea-port, was also abundantly supplied with rich furs and other articles of merchandize from the northern parts of Germany, from Norway, and from Russia.

The city of London was at this period surrounded by an embattled wall, of which a remaining fragment still exists in the ancient churchyard of St. Giles-without-Cripplegate. It was guarded in the south by the Tower of London, and entered by several gates, the chief being Aldgate, Bishopsgate, Cripplegate, Aldersgate, Newgate, Ludgate, Dowgate, and Billingsgate; the two latter being water gates opening on to the Thames.

Each of the numerous streets within the city were appropriated to tradesmen of only one calling: thus, all the bakers resided in one street, the butchers in another, the shoemakers in another, and so forth—a plan which continued for several centuries afterwards.

The great schools were the Holy Trinity at Aldgate, St. Paul's cathedral school, and the convent school of St. Martin's le Grand. There appears to have been no want of public worship in the city, and the suburbs boasted of thirteen conventual, and a hundred and twenty parochial churches.

The western suburbs were, as now, for the most part occupied by the nobility. On the Strand road stood the old Temple, surrounded by beautiful gardens that sloped down to the Thames, then the thoroughfare of the metropolis. Further to the westward was the Abbey of Westminster, the old and the new palaces of royalty, and other stately structures. Nearer to the city were the silvery fountains of St. Clement's well, Holywell, and Clerkenwell. Whilst to the eastward lay the manor of Finsbury, and the spreading swamp known as Moorfields, to which the Londoners resorted in winter, to skate on the ice, by means of bones fastened to the soles of their shoes, and to partake of other sports. At Smithfield, or Smoothfield, as it was then called, a market was held on every Friday, for the sale of horses, where persons of all ranks, from the proud baron to the needy citizen, were accustomed to resort.

Such was the world's metropolis in the middle of the twelfth century, an era when science was as a dead letter, and the principles of government, of trade, and of commerce were obscured by the thick veils of ignorance and superstition.

But whilst the nation was rapidly advancing in wealth and refinement, King Henry and his sons were engaged in a bitter strife, which lasted for several years, and which it would be alike tedious and uninteresting minutely to detail. However, be it observed, matters would doubtless not have been carried to the length they were, but for the hatred of

the troubadours against the King, a hatred, so hard and deep seated that whenever peace was about to be established, they, by stirring war songs, fanned the dying embers of contention into the fierce flame of battle strife.

Whilst sowing the seeds of rebellion in Guienne, Prince Henry was seized with his mortal illness, a slow fever. On finding his end approaching, the Prince became extremely penitent, and King Henry, whose forgiveness he implored, sent him a ring as a token of pardon. On receiving the precious gift, the Prince was moved to tears, and exclaimed! "Thank God! I am at peace with my father; and oh! if he would but restore my mother to liberty and love, how happy I could die!" He then caused himself to be taken out of bed and laid on a heap of ashes, where, attired in sackcloth and with a rope round his neck, he expired on the eleventh of June, 1183.

This melancholy event so moved King Henry, that he became reconciled to Eleanor, who was restored to liberty and her rank of royalty during a brief twelve months.

Prince Richard, now that he was heir apparent, remained for a period quiet, to see what course his father the King intended to pursue towards him. But after a reasonable time had elapsed, he, on finding that his betrothed was still detained from him, flew to arms, and succeeded in obtaining possession of his mother's maternal inheritance, which so exasperated King Henry that he again imprisoned Eleanor, and endeavoured to be divorced from her; a step which, if permitted by the court of Rome, would doubtless have been followed by his marriage with his depraved leman, the Princess Alice.

The imprisonment of Eleanor greatly excited the indignation of the troubadours, who again inflamed Aquitaine by lays such as the following:

"Daughter of Aquitaine,
Beautiful fruitful vine,
Torn from thine home
To a far distant shore;
Thy voice, once all gladness,
Is now changed to sadness;
Poor princess of sorrow,
Beloved Eleanor!

Where, where are thy guards,
Where is thy maiden train?
Some banished, some murdered,
Some pining in woe;
Whilst thou art, fair jewel,
Imprisoned most cruel,
By Henry of England,
Our deadliest foe.

Then, barons of Aquitaine,
Fight for your ducal line,
Fight for your rights,
For your own native shore;
Fight, husbands and brothers,
For your wives, sisters, mothers,
And the Princess of sorrow,
Beloved Eleanor!

Woe to the traitor ones,
Woe to the Normans,
Woe to the foes of our
Dearly loved land;
For Richard of Aquitaine,
Heir of our ducal line,
With his brave men have slaughtered
King Henry's band.

Then fight, barons, fight,
For Duke Richard's right,
And oh, fight for your Duchesse,
The fair Eleanor!"

Like his eldest brother, Prince Geoffrey was doomed to an early grave. In 1186, he went to assist at a tournament at Paris, where, being dismounted, he was trampled to death. His unexpected demise greatly afflicted Eleanor, who spoiled her children by over-fondness.

From this period Prince Richard made several vain attempts to gain Alice, which so annoyed King Henry, that he was about having his youngest son John crowned King of England, when the French monarch, Philip Augustus—Louis was dead—interceded, and prevailed on John to secretly join the cause of his brother. A war between England and France ensued, and after hostilities had been carried on for some time, the opposing monarchs met near Chinon, where, having proclaimed a truce, they entered into a conference, which led to a peace, Philip agreeing to give a list of such of Henry's nobles as had conspired against their sovereign. The list was duly sent, the first name upon it being John.

Overcome with grief and consternation at the disaffection of the darling son of his grey hairs, Henry burst into one of those fits of agonizing violence to which he was in the habit of occasionally giving way. Rolling on the ground,

he writhed, kicked, tore his hair out by handfuls, and uttered the most horrible oaths; and after venting the rankle of his rage by cursing his son John, cursing his son Richard, cursing those around him, and cursing the day of his own birth, he was conveyed in a state of mental and bodily prostration to the castle of Chinon, where he was seized with a fatal fever.

On finding that death was approaching, he caused Geoffrey, the son of Fair Rosamond, the only one of his children present, to convey him before the high altar of the adjacent cathedral, where, after an earnest conversation with his kind-hearted natural son, whom he presented with a valuable ring, he expired, alternately execrating Eleanora, Alice, Becket, and his undutiful sons, on the sixth of July, 1189.

Scarcely was the royal corpse cold, when it was stripped by the attendants of rings, jewels, and clothing, and left naked in the church; a desertion to which the greatest of men are liable, but which is a tolerable proof that the manners or conduct of Henry could have excited no personal regard.

Immediately the proud, vengeful, but withal generous-hearted Richard was informed of the death of his sire, and his own accession to the English throne, he, overcome with grief and remorse, hastened to superintend the royal funeral at the Abbey of Fontevraud, where, according to his last will, Henry desired to be buried.

The body of the departed King was placed on a bier in the abbey church, with face uncovered and clad in royal robes, brocaded gloves, white leather shoes, and gilded spurs, a crown on the brow, a sword in one hand and a sceptre in the other; when Richard entered the abbey, and with mingled feelings of awe and devotion, approached the high altar. But scarcely had he bent his knees in fervent prayer, when a torrent of blood gushed from the mouth and nose of his father's body, which so horrified him, that he exclaimed, "Good God! I have murdered him; his very blood accuses me!" The monks in attendance wiped the blood from the lifeless face, but as it continued

to flow, he, in a paroxysm of terror, averted his eyes from the bleeding corpse, and precipitately hurried out of the cathedral.

As nothing further happened to disturb the obsequies, the remains of the departed monarch were solemnly interred in the choir of the abbey which he himself had founded, and where, in after years, a stately tomb was erected to his memory by the Lady Abbess Jeanne Baptiste de Bourbon, natural daughter to Henry the Fourth of France.

Such was the end of Henry the Second, a King who, by energy, prudence, and moderation, greatly improved the condition of his subjects, and whose vices, although many, marred the happiness of himself and his family, without obstructing the rising prosperity of England. By his accession to the throne, England became more powerful than France, as, besides attaching large and rich continental provinces to the crown, he strengthened the power of the nation by the conquest of Ireland.

That curious document, the bull from the Pope sanctioning King Henry's invasion of the Emerald Isle, is worth recording as an evidence of the power of the then sovereign Pontiff, and the great care taken by him to plant that religion on the Irish soil which has since taken so firm a root in the hearts of the people, that to this day they acknowledge no other church but that of Rome.

"Adrian, servant of the servants of God, to his son in Christ Jesus, Henry, King of England, sends greeting an apostolical benediction.

"The desire your magnificence expresses to advance the glory of your name on earth, and to obtain in heaven the prize of eternal happiness, deserves, no doubt, great commendations. As a good catholic prince, you are very careful to enlarge the borders of the church, to spread the knowledge of the truth amongst the barbarous and ignorant, and to pluck up vice by the roots in the field of the Lord; and in order to this, you apply to us for countenance and direction. We are confident, therefore, that, by the blessing of the Almighty, your undertaking will be crowned with a success suitable to the no-

ble motive which sets you upon it. For whatever is taken in hand from a principle of faith and religion, never fails to succeed. It is certain, as you yourself acknowledge, Ireland, as well as all other islands which have the happiness to be enlightened by the Sun of righteousness, and have submitted to the doctrines of Christianity, are unquestionably St. Peter's right, and belong to the jurisdiction of the Roman church. We judge, therefore, after maturely considering the enterprise you propose to us, that it will be proper to settle in that island colonies of the faithful, who may be well-pleasing to God.

"You have advised us, most dear son in Christ, of your design of an expedition into Ireland, to subject the island to just laws, and to root out vice, which has long flourished there. You promise to pay us out of every house a yearly acknowledgment of one penny, and to maintain the rights of the church without the least detriment or diminution. Upon which promise, giving a ready ear to your request, we consent and allow that you make a descent on that island, to enlarge the bounds of the church, to check the progress of immorality, to reform the manners of the natives, and to promote the growth of virtue and the Christian religion. We exhort you to do whatever you think proper to advance for the honour of God and the salvation of the people, whom we charge to submit to your jurisdiction, and own you for their sovereign lord, provided always that the rights of the church are inviolably preserved, and the Peter-pence duly paid. If, therefore, you think fit to put your design into execution, labour above all things to improve the inhabitants of the island in virtue. Use both your own and the endeavours of such as you shall judge worthy to be employed in this work, that the church of God be enriched more and more, that religion flourish in the country, and that the things tending to the honour of God and the salvation of souls be in such manner disposed, as may entitle you to an eternal reward in heaven, and an immortal fame upon earth."

Immediately after the burial of his fa-

ther, Richard sent over to England an order for the release of his mother from her long captivity, and letters patent investing her with the reins of government during his absence, as Queen Regent. The same messenger also brought strict injunctions for the severe imprisonment of Eleanora's jailor, Ranulph de Glanville, "who," says Tyrrell, "was accordingly cast into a miserable dungeon in Winchester Castle, and loaded with irons so heavy that he could not move."

Imprisonment and age had wrought a great change on Eleanora. The gay, giddy, laughing consort, ushered from her cell a gentle, pious, kind-hearted, serious, and highly virtuous Queen Dowager. Her first act, on assuming the regency, was the liberation of all the prisoners in the kingdom, who had been confined for violating the Norman game laws, or for otherwise personally offending Henry the Second, on the easy condition that they prayed for the repose of his soul. This act of humanity greatly consoled the people, as the late King, being a great hunter, had enforced the forest and game laws with such rigour, that the prisons were filled with offenders, whilst the woods and wilds were inhabited with daring outlaws, who, when game was scarce, lived by robbery; but to all of whom a free pardon was granted, on their swearing fidelity to Richard as their King.

Although invested with all the powers of royalty, Eleanora did not resent the injuries and wrongs she had received from her enemies in her misfortunes. Upon one individual only did her vengeance fall—the woman that had been the cause of her separation from her husband, and her long imprisonment. The too-guilty Princess Alice was consigned to the same dungeon from which the Queen Dowager had but just emerged, and her marriage with Richard was annulled.

Richard, who, on account of his strength and bravery, was surnamed *Cœur de Lion*, proceeded from Fontevraud, to do homage to the King of France for his continental possessions, after which he went to Rouen, where he not only received the ducal crown, "but," says Hoveden, "was also girt with the sword of

the dukedom of Normandy—that being the form of investiture—by the Archbishop of Rouen, in the presence of the prelates and barons of Normandy.”

Having firmly established his sovereignty in his continental possessions, Cœur de Lion landed at Portsmouth on the thirteenth of August, 1189, and immediately proceeded to Winchester, where, after fondly greeting his mother, he ordered into his presence the offending royal treasurer, Ranulph de Glanville, and received from him so good an account of the treasure in the secret vaults at Winchester—nine hundred thousand pounds, besides plate and jewels—that he, at the intercession of Eleanor, restored him to liberty and royal confidence.

After fixing a dower on his affectionate mother, the largest that had ever been given to a Queen Dowager of England, Richard the First was solemnly crowned on the third of September, 1189. This coronation is remarkable for its being the first which the chroniclers have minutely detailed. Hoveden and Diceto, both eye-witnesses, tell us—“The Archbishops of Canterbury, and of Rouen and Trier—who came over with the King—with the Bishop of Dublin and other bishops and abbots in rich capes, and having the cross, holy water, and censers carried before them, received Cœur de Lion at the door of his privy chamber, and conducted him with a solemn procession to the abbey church of Westminster. In the middle of the bishops and clergy went four barons, each carrying a golden candlestick with a taper, after whom came Geoffrey de Lucy, bearing the royal cap, and John de Marshal next with a massive pair of gold spurs, then William, Earl of Pembroke, with the royal sceptre, after him William Fitzpatrick, Earl of Salisbury, with a golden rod, having a dove on the top, then three other earls, David, brother to the King of Scotland, as Earl of Huntingdon, Prince John, Earl of Lancaster and Derby, with Robert, Earl of Leicester, each bearing a sword upright, the scabbards richly adorned with gold, after them six earls and barons bearing a checkered table, on which were laid the royal robes

and other regalia, then came William Mandevill, Earl of Albemarle and Essex, bearing a large crown of gold set with precious stones, then Cœur de Lion himself—between the Bishops of Durham and Bath, over whom a canopy of state was borne by four barons, then followed a numerous train of earls, barons, knights and others.

“In this order the coronation procession entered the church, where, before the high altar, Cœur de Lion solemnly swore on the Evangelists and the relics of saints, that he would observe peace, honour, and reverence to Almighty God, his church, and her ministers, all the days of his life, that he would exercise upright justice and equity to the people committed to his charge, and that he would abrogate and disannul all evil laws and wrongful customs, and make, keep, and sincerely maintain those that were good and laudable.

“Then they put off all his garments from his middle upwards except his shirt, which was open on the shoulders, and put on his shoes, which were of gold tissue, and the Archbishop anointed him on the head, the breast, and the arms, then covering his head with a linen cloth he set the cap thereon, which Geoffrey de Lucy carried; and when he had put on his waistcoat, and on that his upper garment, the Archbishop delivered to him the sword of the kingdom, which done, two earls put on his spurs, and he was led with the royal mantle hung on him to the altar, where the Archbishop charged him, on God's behalf, not to presume to take upon him this dignity, except he resolved inviolably to keep the vows and oaths he had just then made. To which the king answered, that by God's grace he would faithfully perform them all. Then the crown was taken from beside the altar, and given to the Archbishop, who set it upon the King's head, delivering the sceptre into his right hand, and the rod royal into his left. Thus crowned, he was brought back to his throne with the same solemnity as before. Then mass begun, and when they came to the offertory, the King was led by the Bishops of Durham and Bath to the altar, where he offered a mark of pure gold, as his pre-

decessors were wont to do; and afterwards was brought back to his throne by the same bishops. After mass he was attended, thus royally arrayed, to a chamber adjoining, in like procession as before, whence, after a short repose, he, with the same procession, returned into the choir, put off his heavy crown and robes, and went to dinner."

At the coronation feast, which was kept in Westminster Hall, the citizens of London were his butlers, and those of Winchester served up the meat. Then the archbishops and bishops sat down with the King, whilst the earls and barons served in the king's palaces as their places and dignity required.

The day of the coronation was marked by a fierce uprising against the Jews, which led to a terrible massacre of that ancient people. King Richard had ordered that no Jews should witness his inauguration. But some of the more wealthy members of the tribe, judging that gold would purchase them an exception to this rule, rashly proceeded towards the banquetting hall, with presents of great value for the King. On their nearing the hall, some one shouted out "On, citizens, on! obey the mandate of your King, and annihilate the antichris-

tians!" which so excited the already crusading, mad populace, that they flew to arms and murdered every Jew they could find in London. These butcheries were succeeded by uprisings in the other great towns, and the cry, "Down with the Jews! down with the infidel dogs!" resounded throughout the land. But the most horrible of those tragedies occurred at York. Upwards of five hundred of the Jews, to avoid the rage of the rabble, had shut themselves up, with their wives and families, in the castle; but being unable to defend themselves against the fury of the blood-stained populace, the men, by mutual consent, cut the throats of their women and children, set fire to the building, and then heroically perished in the flames.

Brompton assures us that neither Eleanora nor the King sanctioned these horrible doings, and that most of the ringleaders were brought to trial, and deservedly put to death.

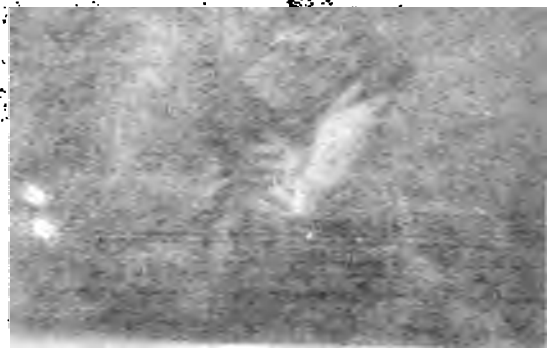
From this period to the date of her death, 1204, the memoirs of Eleanora are so blended with those of her daughter-in-law, Berengaria of Navarre, that, to prevent repetition, the sequel of her life will be related in the biography of that queen.



Berengaruel.



...the ...
...the ...
...the ...



BERENGARIA OF NAVARRE,

Queen of Richard the First.

CHAPTER I.

Berengaria's marriage with Richard the First negotiated—Her descent—Birth—Richard embarks on a crusade to the Holy Land—Joins the King of France—Arrives at Messina—Releases his sister Joanna from imprisonment—Vengeance on Tancred, King of Sicily—The King of France reaches Sicily—Proceeds on his voyage without Richard—Berengaria travels to Sicily with Queen Eleanor—Is welcomed by Richard and his sister Joanna—Eleanor goes to Rome—Proceeds to England—Berengaria embarks with Richard and Joanna for Palestine—The fleet driven by a storm to Cyprus—Richard takes the capital of Cyprus—Berengaria lands, and is married to Richard—The Princess and Emperor of Cyprus made prisoners—Cyprus conquered—Berengaria and Richard sail for the Holy Land—Richard takes one of Saladin's ships—Berengaria and Joanna welcomed by King Philip, at Acre—Richard lands in Palestine—His deeds of valour there—The other Christians jealous of his success—His friendship for Saladin and Melech Adelus.



O sooner had Richard the First encircled his brow with the diadem of England, than his fond mother Eleanor proceeded to Navarre, to claim for him the hand of the beautiful Berengaria, the eldest daughter of Sancho the Wise, King of Navarre, and his consort Beatrice, whose father, Alphonso, was King of Castile.

Although of Spanish descent, Berengaria of Navarre was a Provençal princess by birth and education. Sancho the Strong, her only brother, was a skillful poet and renowned warrior, and from his youth the sworn friend of Cœur de Lion. The Princess Blanche, her sister—she had but one—became the wife of

the Count of Champagne, and their heirs wore the royal circlet of Navarre.

History has not recorded when Berengaria entered the world, but it appears probable that Richard was captivated by her maidenly charms about the year 1177, when Henry the Second of England so justly arbitrated the differences between the Kings Sancho and Alphonso, respecting the marriage settlement of Beatrice, Sancho's Queen, as it was then that Richard first visited the court of Navarre.

We, therefore, cannot much err in naming 1165 as the probable year of her birth.

Whilst his mother was in Navarre successfully negotiating his marriage, Richard set forth on that gigantic crusading expedition, which had so long and so fully occupied his mind, and to which he devoted all the treasure he could, by fair or foul means, possess himself of. With

many fond adieus he and his gallant band quitted the clifly coast of Dover, and, landing at Calais, joined the King of France, where, after arranging for the peace and safety of their kingdoms during their absence, the friendly monarchs mustered a host of mighty warriors, and proceeded to Palestine, with the inspiring purpose of wresting Jerusalem from the grasp of the illustrious Saladin, nephew of the Sultan of Egypt, who, in 1187, had taken the holy city, and made prisoner its sovereign, Guy of Lusignan.

After several unavoidable delays, Richard and his mighty fleet reached Messina, in Sicily, the appointed rendezvous of the cruises, on the twenty-third of September, 1190. His arrival and landing are thus described :—

"Oh, Holy Mary!

No man ever saw
Such galleys, such dromonds,
Such transports before;
Rowing on, rowing on,
Across the deep sea,
Rowing on, rowing on,
To fair Sicily.

What pinions and banners
From the tops of their spears
To the fair winds are streaming,
All graceful and proud;
What a great host of warriors,
Whose breasts know no fears,
Pace the decks whilst the oarsmen
Are chaunting aloud—
Row on, lads, row on, lads,
Across the deep sea,
Crowd the sail and row on, lads,
To fair Sicily.

Hark, hark! to the voice
Of their trumpets so clear,
As they enter the harbour
And make for the pier;
See what bright gilded beaks,
What finely wrought bows,
And what thousands of shields
Hang out on the prows.
Oh such a staunch fleet
Never sailed on the sea,
As this armament
Anchored off fair Sicily.

And now from his trim galley,
Named 'Cut the Sea,'
The proud Richard lands
Amidst uproarious glee;
Clad in bright scale-linked mail,
With his axe in his hand,
He, the chief of his hero band,
Faces the strand;
Whilst the people and warriors,
In wild ecstacy,
Shout hurrah for King Richard,
And fair Sicily!"

On landing, Richard learned to his sorrow that immediately after the death of his brother-in-law, William the Good, Tancred had usurped the throne of Sicily, and thrown the widowed Sicilian Queen Joanna—Richard's sister—into prison. Cœur de Lion, who never threatened without a good purpose, sent messengers to Tancred, informing him that if Joanna was not instantly released, and her wrongs righted, the English would ravage the land with fire and sword.

On receiving this message, Tancred prudently released the Dowager Queen, and restored to her all her costly furniture and equipage, and her forfeited dower land. But those concessions by no means satisfied the wounded pride of the high-spirited Joanna; and now that she was backed by the overwhelming forces of her lion-hearted brother, she determined to take signal vengeance on the author of the humiliating injuries she had so lately received. Accordingly, after Richard had forcibly possessed himself of Messina, he, by her connivance, demanded of Tancred certain legacies which it was pretended had been left him by the will of her late husband, William the Good. These presumed bequests, which Cœur de Lion had the audacity to claim from the astonished Tancred, were certainly neither few nor valueless. Amongst other articles, were enumerated a large table twelve feet long, of solid gold, and an armchair, and a number of footstools, vases, cups, and other articles of the same precious metal, also sixty thousand measures of corn, and the like quantity of barley and of wine, besides a tent capable of accommodating two hundred soldiers, made of the richest silk, and one hundred well-stored and appointed galleys of war.

In vain did poor Tancred appeal against this extravagant demand, in vain did he announce the well-known fact that the late Sicilian Monarch had died without leaving a will. Richard would listen to no such reasoning; he possessed the might, and he determined to make that his right. However, after some delay in negotiations, the matter was arranged by Tancred paying to Richard forty thousand ounces of gold, which so

well pleased the English monarch that he agreed, in return, to marry his heir presumptive, Arthur of Brittany, to the daughter of Tancred.

The King of France, who, with all his crusading army, had reached Sicily a few months before the landing of the English, after receiving ten thousand ounces of gold as his share of the spoil obtained from the helpless Tancred, embarked on his journey at the close of March, 1191; but as Richard had appointed to meet his mother, and his future bride, Berengaria, at Messina, he resolved to await their arrival.

Meanwhile King Sancho being well pleased with the match, had entrusted his daughter to the charge of Eleanora, and the royal ladies, escorted by the wise and gentle Philip, Earl of Flanders, travelled in safety across Italy to Sicily, when, on reaching the town of Rigo, near Faro, they tarried whilst a message was conveyed to Richard, who, having already freed his hands of Alice, by resigning to her brother, King Philip, her dower, the city of Gisora, hastened to welcome them to Messina, where they were joyously met by Queen Joanna.

Eleanora had enjoyed the society of her long-absent daughter, Joanna, but a few brief days, when, by the desire of Richard, she proceeded to Rome, to request the Pope to permit Geoffrey, the youngest son of Fair Rosamond, to be consecrated Archbishop of York. It certainly speaks well for the character of Richard, that he should thus warmly interest himself on behalf of a natural brother, to whom his father had shown more affection than to his legitimate offspring. Nor can it be denied to Eleanora, that, by undertaking at so advanced an age, an additional journey, solely to benefit the son of a former rival, she acted otherwise than with a feeling of kindness, and christian forgiveness, such as is indeed rarely to be found.

After executing the mission with success, Eleanora departed from Rome, and proceeded to England, where she remained, during the long absence of Richard, diligently watching over the interests of his crown and his people.

It has been suggested that she acted as Regent, but this appears improbable, as the contemporary chronicles nowhere mention her appointment to the high office, whilst they all state, that Richard, ere he departed for the Holy Land, conferred the chief justiciaryship, with all needful regal powers, on that hated minister, Longchamp, Bishop of Ely. But although exercising no recognized political authority, the influence of Eleanora, in all important state matters, was doubtless great, and it also appears probable, that she resided in England by King Richard's express desire, as, during his absence, she never once visited her favourite territory, the sunny Aquitaine, whose government she placed in the hands of her grandson, Otho of Saxony.

Scarcely had Eleanora quitted Sicily, when Richard prepared with all speed for his embarkation, and as a mutual and lasting attachment had sprung up between Berengaria and Richard's sister Joanna, it was resolved that they should both accompany him on his venturous expedition. Etiquette, however, demanded that the unwedded Berengaria should not sail in the same vessel with her future lord, and accordingly the royal ladies occupied a well-equipped galley, commanded by the valiant Stephen de Turnham, which sailed in the van of the fleet, and was strongly guarded by a band of veteran swordsmen.

At length, on the tenth of April, 1191,

"The warriors embarked,
The anchors were weighed,
The decks cleared, the sails set,
The ropes all belayed.
The King led the van,
In his galley so brave,
Whilst the rowers chimed out,
As their oars lashed the wave,
'Row on, lads, row on, lads,
Across the deep sea,
Farewell to Messina,
Farewell Sicily.'"

Thus, with a fleet of about two hundred and twenty sail, Richard and his future bride, and his sister, proceeded on their venturous voyage to the Holy Land. But the mighty armament which had sailed out of port in such

grand array, was, on entering the expansive waters of the Mediterranean, after much tossing and tumbling about, dispersed by foul weather and adverse winds: the galley in which the royal ladies were, outsailed those of the King and his attendants, and

"The lady Joanna
Our Saviour besought,
That to haven in Cyprus
She soon might be brought;
And the weeping Berengaria,
The lovely maid she,
Sighed not for her own,
But King Richard's safety.
She kept crying, 'Oh, look out,
For sore is my fright,
Whilst the King and his galleys
Are all out of sight.'"

After safely riding through the fierce storm, the vessels containing the princesses and their attendants neared the island of Cyprus, when suddenly a terrific squall rushed out, and wrecked several of the ships on the rocks of the coast. In this direful disaster, the vessel containing the High Chancellor of England, Roger Mancel, and the great seal, went down, and every soul on board perished in the boiling billows. Isaac, the tyrannical, self-styled Emperor of Cyprus, though a professor of the Christian religion, plundered the wrecks and treated the shipwrecked voyagers with cruel barbarity. Being informed by them of the high station of the occupants of the vessels riding in the offing, he despatched a boat, with a polite invitation to the princesses to land. But the royal ladies, suspecting treachery, returned an evasive answer, and enquired if King Richard had passed by. To this question Isaac sent a vague reply, accompanied with an intimation that he would not permit them to enter the port, unless they consented to land and partake of his hospitality. This message sorely perplexed the royal ladies. To remain where they were, was to incur the risk of being insulted, or perhaps made captives, and, on the other hand, it was certain death to put to sea whilst the storm was raging, especially as the wind blew towards shore.

But whilst the desponding princesses were anxiously resolving how to act,

Sail ho! was cried out by one of the mariners, and presently afterwards, all Richard's fleet sped swiftly towards them. On hearing from the lips of the royal ladies the tale of their insults, and the misfortunes of those that had been shipwrecked, the lion-hearted king became so enraged, that he instantly landed with a body of troops, and rushing upon the imperial plunderers, drove them into Limoussa, the capital of the island.

Dismayed by the strength and valour of the English, Isaac requested an interview, which Richard instantly granted. But when the meeting took place, the Cypriot Emperor made such extravagant demands, that terms of peace could not be arranged, and Richard, astonished at the impudence of his foe, cried out,—
"Ha! de debil! he do speak like a foule Breton." *

Immediately after this fruitless attempt at pacification, Richard took the Cypriot capital by storm. It was in this contest that he first used that far-famed battle-axe, of which an old rhyming Chronicler says,

"The valiant King Richard,
As I understand,
Before he departed
From Old England,
Made an axe to slaughter
That infidel band,
The Saracen dogs,
In the Holy Land.
The head, in sooth,
Was wondrously wrought,
Of steel, twenty pounds,
The best could be bought.
And when that he landed
In Cyprus land,
He first took this terrible
Axe in hand,
And he hewed and hewed
With such direful slaughter,
That the blood flowed around him
Like pools of water."

Although weakened, Isaac was not beaten, and what his troops wanted in valour, for they were great cowards, he endeavoured to make up by energy and cunning. His efforts, however, were fruitless, and after losing the bravest of his men, and having his imperial banner

* This speech, said to be the only English sentence Richard ever uttered, was meant as a reproach to the natives of Brittany, in France.

captured, he was compelled to seek refuge with but a handful of followers in a mountain fastness.

Richard having thus rid himself of a troublesome foe, conveyed Berengaria and Joanna to the captured capital, Limoussa, and made magnificent preparations for his marriage and coronation. A public holiday and grand feast having been proclaimed, "The nuptials of the King and Berengaria," says an ancient historian, "were solemnized by Bernard, Bishop of Bayonne, after which, Richard and his consort were crowned with becoming pomp and gorgeousness."

As Cœur de Lion was now master of Limoussa, he resolved to conquer the whole of Cyprus. The Crusaders, who had come from Palestine to assist at his marriage, urged him to this step, as also did the natives of the island, so cruelly had they been dealt with by their tyrannical Emperor. Accordingly, after gaining possession of all the important posts, he caused himself and Berengaria to be crowned King and Queen of Cyprus.

Meanwhile, Isaac had no sooner negotiated a treaty of peace, wherein the rights of his only daughter, as heiress to the sovereignty of Cyprus, were acknowledged by Cœur de Lion, than he again flew to arms. The contest, however, was of short duration. The heiress of Cyprus fell into the hands of Richard, and as her father loved her above all earthly treasures, he, on hearing of her captivity, flung himself a prisoner at the feet of his victorious foe-man, only stipulating, that she, for whom he had relinquished his liberty, might be treated with kindness, and that he himself should not be put in irons. In compliance with these requests, Richard bound him in elegant silver gilded fetters, and committed the Cypriot Princess to the charge of his consort, Berengaria, with whom she resided for years afterwards on terms of the greatest intimacy and friendship. It may be well to remark, that Richard did not, as some writers have asserted, desert his Queen for the more captivating charms of the dark-eyed Cypriot Princess, for, however reprehensible his after-conduct to Berengaria might have

been, he at this period was a most affectionate and tender husband.

Scarcely had Richard completed the conquest of Cyprus, when news reached him, that Philip of France had joined Conrad of Germany, and the other Christians in Asia, at the siege of Acre, with such success, that the city could not hold out much longer against their united forces. "Heaven grant that it may not be taken before I arrive!" exclaimed the lion-hearted King; "let the fleet be ready to put to sea to-morrow, when, if a fair wind blows, we will journey onward with all speed."

These orders were obeyed to the letter, and on the first of June,

"The warriors embarked,
The anchors were weighed,
The decks cleared, the sails set,
The ropes all belayed.
The King led the van,
In his galley so brave,
Whilst the rowers chimed out,
As their oars lashed the wave,
Row on, lads, row on, lads,
Across the deep sea,
God grant that our voyage
Soon ended may be!

The two loving Queens
Both sailed as before,
In the galley that brought them
From Sicily's shore;
And along with them, Isaac,
And his beautiful daughter,
Voyaged from Cyprus to Asia,
Across the salt water,
Whilst the light-hearted mariners
Chimed cheerily,
Trim the sails, and row on, lads,
Across the deep sea!"

In his passage, the warlike Richard took a large ship belonging to Saladin, having on board provisions and military stores for the garrison of Acre, together with a reinforcement of fifteen thousand men.

Guided by the skilful seamanship of Stephen de Turnham, Berengaria and Joanna reached Syria in the middle of June, and were welcomed on shore by Philip of France, who, although annoyed at Richard not having married his sister Alice, himself lifted the Queen of England from the boat to the beach. At this period there was a famine in Syria, so severe, that a fowl's egg sold for five shillings, and the nobles themselves ate horseflesh as a rare delicacy.

Richard landed in Palestine a few days after the arrival of his consort, and the greetings with which he was received by the crusaders at Acre were as hearty as his succeeding achievements were heroic and successful. Great and skilful in war as the brave infidel leader Saladin was, he bowed before the dauntless prowess of the lion-hearted King, as a reed before the wind; and after a few days of fierce warfare, the Saracens, overcome and slaughtered by thousands, signed articles of capitulation, when the crusading host entered Acre, and amidst deafening shouts of triumph, planted the banner of the cross upon the battlements of the city, and set at liberty five hundred Christian captives.

Berengaria and Joanna were now conducted to the royal palace of Acre, where they resided, surrounded by all the luxuries of an Eastern court, during the period that Richard performed those romantic deeds of valour in Palestine, which made his very name, for centuries afterwards, a word of fear to the Painim children; the mothers quieting their peevish babes by those words of terror, "Hist! hist! King Richard is coming!"

After the taking of Acre, the illwill that had so long subsisted between Richard and Philip, the French King, rose to such a height, that the King of France, jealous of his rival's matchless glory, pretended that the climate of the Holy Land disagreed with his constitution, and leaving to Richard about ten thousand of his troops, under the command of the Duke of Burgundy, returned in disgust to France.

Richard now remained the undisputed master of the field of honour. But the powerful dissensions and bitter jealousies which sprung up amongst the Christian armies, overturned his plans and destroyed his projects. Jaffa, Ascalon, and other strongholds were successfully taken, and he led the victorious Christians within sight of Jerusalem, when, just as the complete triumph of the cross seemed inevitable, the French, the German, and the Italian nobles, out of pure spite, deserted him, and by immediately returning to Europe with all their forces, purposely put it out of his power to wrest the Holy

City from the grasp of the powerful Saladin. Being thus deserted by his treacherous allies, and moreover, having received intelligence that Philip, on his return to France, had incited his (Richard's) brother to take up arms against him, and was attacking the English continental possessions, he had nothing left but to conclude a hasty peace, as favourable as possible to the Christians, and retrace his steps to Europe.

In spite of the fierce warfare waged between them, Richard and Saladin were great admirers of each other's courage and prowess, and so far from entertaining any feelings of personal animosity to each other, they actually met several times in good fellowship, whilst scarcely a week passed without their exchanging presents of wine, fruits, &c. When Richard's famous war horse, Fanuelle, was killed at the siege of Jaffa, Saladin, grieved at seeing so chivalrous a monarch fighting on foot, sent him a present of a spirited Arab steed, which, on being mounted by an English noble, became unmanageable, and galloped back to the camp of the Saracens. Saladin, on learning this, was so overcome with shame, at the idea of his having apparently endeavoured treacherously to ensnare his valiant foeman, that after many apologies to the English noble, he mounted him on the finest and most manageable charger in his camp, and sent him back loaded with valuable presents.

Shortly after the taking of Ascalon, Melech Adelsu, a brother and ambassador of Saladin's, became a great favourite of Richard's, frequently spending a whole day together with him. On these occasions, Melech was allowed free access to the royal ladies, a privilege rarely indeed granted by the crusaders to an infidel, and which ended with the young Saracen falling so deeply in love with the Princess Joanna, that he requested of Richard her hand in marriage. To this request both Richard and Saladin ultimately assented, and the marriage would certainly have been solemnized, but that Joanna firmly refused to become the wife of an infidel, and her lover would not renounce his religion for the fascination of her charms.

CHAPTER II.

Berengaria, Joanna, and the Cypriot Princess voyage from Acre to Sicily—They journey to Rome—Reach Poitou in safety—Richard's disastrous voyage to Europe—His adventures and captivity—He is sold to the Emperor—His place of confinement discovered by the poet Blondel—Eleanora appeals to the Pope on his behalf—He is released on the payment of a heavy ransom—Returns to England, greatly to the discomfiture of the French King—Berengaria's father dies.



HAVING completed a truce with Saladin for the fanciful period of three years, three months, three weeks, three days, and three hours, Richard, grieved that through the Crusaders' own jealousies and dissensions, two hundred thousand Christian warriors had perished to so little purpose, proceeded to Acre, and prepared to return to England. For reasons nowhere clearly explained, the Queens Berengaria and Joanna, and the Cypriot Princess, quitted Acre in the same vessel, and under the care of the same wise and valiant knight who had brought them thither. But, although they sailed from Palestine on the same day that Richard hove his anchor—the twenty-ninth of September—they bid him adieu, and taking a different route to Europe to that taken by him, voyaged to Naples, where they were honourably received and entertained as the guests of King Tancred. After a short stay at the Sicilian court, they were escorted to Rome by Stephen de Turnham, where, through fear of the Emperor Henry the Fourth, they remained for about six months under the safe protection of Pope Cælestine, who treated them with great kindness. At length, moved by the earnest entreaties of Berengaria, the Sovereign Pontiff sent them under the guardianship of Cardinal Mellari to Pisa, whence they proceeded to Genoa, and thence by sea to Marseilles. At Marseilles, the King of Arragon met them, and had them conducted, with marked honour and respect, to the province of Toulouse, where the renowned Raimond St. Giles, who afterwards married the

Queen Joanna, and who, having fought under the banner of Cœur de Lion, was no stranger to them, escorted them in safety to Poitou, in Queen Berengaria's own dominions.

On quitting the shores of Asia, Richard piously exclaimed "Oh, most Holy Land, I commend thee to the care of the Almighty! may he grant me life to return and rescue thee from the infidels!" His voyage to Europe was a disastrous one. To avoid the malignity of his foes, he assumed the disguise of a Templar, and fearing to venture through hostile France, sailed for the Adriatic sea, in a vessel belonging to the Master of the Temple. On nearing Aquileia, the weather, which, for several days, had been "foul and dirty," became violently stormy, and wrecked the ship off the coast. He, however, landed in safety, but took the unfortunate step of travelling through Germany in disguise.

Habited as a pilgrim, and assuming the name of "Hugh the Merchant," he proceeded to Geritz, when it being necessary to solicit a safe conduct through that dominion, he endeavoured to secure the aid and protection of its ruling Lord, by presenting him, amongst other articles of value, with a ring set with a rich ruby worth three hundred bezants, equal in value to four thousand five hundred pounds sterling.

Astonished at the great value of the present, the Lord suspected the deception. "This is no merchant's gift," said he, as he gazed with delight on the matchless ring. And after a little reflection, he exclaimed, "Most assuredly it comes from the far-famed King Richard himself. I will send and especially enquire, for he, indeed, would be a mighty prize, could I but secure him."

Cœur de Lion received the messenger with courtesy, but fearing treachery, he mounted a swift charger, and fled by night to Eisenack, where a knight, sent by the Lord of Geritz, discovered him. However, as the knight was himself a Norman, and moreover had married an English lady, instead of seizing the lion-hearted King, he warned him of his danger, and implored him to seek safety in flight. Accompanied by one knight and a page, who understood German, the royal pilgrim instantly sped forward, and for three days and three nights hastily rode on, without even seeking shelter. Being ignorant of geography, he journeyed he knew not whither, and when at last, from sheer exhaustion, he put up at an inn, he learned, to his dismay, that he was in the suburbs of Vienna, the capital of that Archduke of Austria, Leopold, to whom he had given such great offence by tearing down his standard at the taking of Acre, and by capturing his niece, the Cypriot Princess.

Here, as at Geritz, the right royal habits of Richard betrayed him. Although in those days silver was scarce, his page tendered pieces of gold in payment for articles of food, which greatly astonished the market people; and difficult, as the thoughtless boy then found it, to conceal from whom and whence he had come, and escape from the gaze of the suspicious and curious, he went out a few days afterwards on a similar errand, and at once betrayed the rank of his master, by unconsciously carrying the King's embroidered gloves in his girdle. "Ah!" exclaimed the market people, "the boy of a merchant would not carry with him such gloves as those!" And a crowd collected around him, and detained him till an officer arrived, when he was conveyed before a magistrate and tortured till he confessed who his master was, and where he had left him.

On being informed of the confession of the page, Leopold, anxious to obtain possession of Richard's person, ordered a German knight, who had served at the siege of Acre, and well knew the royal pilgrim, to proceed with a number of officers to the inn where he was lodging, and seize him.

"You have some wealthy foreigners abiding here?" said one of the officers, as they entered the inn.

"In sooth we have no such good fortune," replied the host, politely; "for, saving a poor Templar, who is turning the spit for us in the kitchen, and, may I add, your honourable selves, gentlemen, we have not a customer in the house."

The knight thanked the host, and after whispering to his companions to follow him, and prepare themselves to battle with the devil, he cautiously walked into the kitchen, where, sure enough, there was the valiant Richard busily engaged roasting fowl for supper.

"That is him!" quickly roared out the knight. "Seize him!"

Richard instantly jumped up, tore the spit from the fire-place, and with it courageously fought for his liberty. But being, after a desperate and long-continued struggle, overcome by numbers, he was immediately heavily ironed, and incarcerated by the revengeful Leopold in a miserable dungeon in the castle of Tenebreus.

This misfortune happened to Richard in December, 1192, and, in the spring following, he was given up by Leopold to the Emperor Henry the Fourth, Leopold's lord paramount, for the sum of sixty thousand pounds of silver.

According to an ancient writer—"The Englishmen were a whole year without hearing any tidings of their King. Knowne it was that he had quitted the Holy Land, but none could tell in what countrey he arrived. Whereupon Blondel de Nesle, a Rimer or Minstrill, whom he had trained up in his court, and who with him had been shipwrecked on the voyage from Acre, after expence of divers days in *travaile*, came to a towne by good hap neere to the castell where his master, King Richard, was kept. One day he sat directly before the window of this castell, and began to sing, in the old Provençal tongue:

'Your beauty, lady fair,
None views without delight,
But still so cold an air,
No passion can excite:
Yet this I patient see,
While all are shunn'd like me.

"This song King Richard and Blondel had, a long time before, composed together; and when King Richard heard it, he, knowing it was Blondel that sung it, completed it by singing the other half, as follows:—

'No nymph my heart can wound
If favour she divide,
And smiles on all around,
Unwilling to decide;
I'd rather hatred bear
Than love with others share.'

Thus Blondel won knowledge of the King, his maister, and returning home into England, made the barons of the countrie acquainted where the King was."

This sad intelligence overwhelmed the nation with gloom, and almost broke the heart of Richard's aged mother, Queen Eleanora. In her affliction she addressed several earnest epistles to the Pope, imploring him to use his all-powerful influence for the release of the renowned leader of the Croises. In one of these letters she styles herself "Eleanora, by the wrath of God, Queen of England." In another, she writes: "Mother of pity! oh, look on a mother of so many afflictions! The younger King and the Earl of Brittany both sleep in death, whilst I, their wretched mother, still live on, tormented by direful recollections of the dead! Two other sons remain, and but add to my present misery. King Richard is a fettered captive, whilst his brother, John, depopulates with the sword, and destroys by fire."

She then, after indignantly upbraiding the Pope for his not wielding the thunders of the Vatican against the cruel prisoner of Richard, continues—"Give back my son to me, man of God, if thou be indeed a man of God, and not a man of blood; for if thou neglectest his liberation, the Lord God of Sabaoth will require his blood at thy hands. Alas, alas! thus the chief Pontiff, the successor of Peter, even Christ the Lord, the God even of Pharaoh, turneth all to gain: for behold the arm of the wicked is exalted, and yet the sword of St. Peter sleeps in its scabbard, and the voice of him who sitteth vicar of Jesus

the crucified is hushed. Oh, good shepherd, leave not the flock of Christ to be torn by blood-thirsty savages! Let not the power of the church yield to the eagle of the Cæsars! and, oh, if indeed a good shepherd thou beest, crush the sword of Constantine by that of St. Peter, and loose the fetters of the greatest warrior that ever fought for the cause of the holy church—my brave, my generous, my high-minded, my all-worthy son, Richard!"

These letters at length aroused the tardy Pope, who threatened to lay the empire under interdict if Richard was not immediately released. The princes of the empire also expressed their indignation at his unjust imprisonment and detention, and, before the diet, he defended himself with such brief and biting eloquence, that the Emperor, being alarmed, offered to set him at liberty for one hundred and fifty thousand marks of silver—two-thirds to be paid previous to his release, and sixty-seven hostages to be at the same time delivered, to secure the faithful payment of the remainder.

After the required sum had been, by great exertions, raised by taxes and collections in England, Normandy, and Aquitaine, and by a liberal contribution of two thousand marks from Scotland, Queen Eleanora, accompanied by the chief justiciary, set out for Germany in December, 1193.

When Eleanora had paid the ransom-money to the Emperor and the Archduke of Austria, and agreed that the Cypriot princess should be given up to her German relatives, and that her granddaughter, Eleanora, surnamed the Pearl of Brittany, should be given in marriage to the heir of the Archduke Leopold, Richard was set at liberty, and safely escorted, by command of the Emperor, to the gate of Anvers, whence he embarked, accompanied by his royal mother, and, after a pleasant voyage, arrived at Sandwich, where he landed, amidst the hearty greetings of the people, on the twentieth of March, 1194, after an absence of four years, three months, and nine days.

Philip of France was so alarmed when

he heard of Richard's release, that he wrote to Prince John "to take care of himself, for the devil was unchained."

Early in 1194, Queen Berengaria's father, Sancho the Wise, King of Navarre, died, after a prosperous reign of forty-five years, much regretted by his subjects.

CHAPTER III.

On returning from captivity, Richard is again crowned—His clemency to those who had rebelled in his absence—The Queen-mother prevails on him to forgive his rebellious brother, John—He forsakes Berengaria—Implores and obtains her pardon—Famine at Poitiers—Death of the Archduke of Austria—Richard acknowledges his brother, Prince John, as his future heir—The Princess Alice given up to Philip—Married to the Count of Aumerle—Death of Richard—His character—Many excellent laws passed during his reign—Robin Hood—Eleanor proceeds to Rouen, where she witnesses the death of her daughter, Joanna—Her continental dominions confirmed to her by King John—She is besieged—Relieved by King John—Captivity of Arthur—His death—Eleanor enters the Convent of Fontevraud—Her death—Vindication of her conduct—Berengaria retires from active life after the death of Richard—Her dower—She builds and enters the Abbey of L'Espen—The payment of her dower neglected by John and Henry the Third—Her death—Tomb.



AFTER washing off the stain of incarceration by a second coronation at Westminster, Richard made a journey through England, to punish those nobles who had aided in the revolt of his unnatural brother, John. At Northampton, he called a council, at which Eleanor assisted, and, seated at his right hand, was treated with the highest honours. Before this assembly, Prince John and his abettors were cited to appear. But John, being at that time in France, under the protection of King Philip, did not come forward, and the other rebels, on making professions of sorrow and allegiance to the King, were treated with great clemency.

Richard shortly afterwards collected an army, and passed over to Normandy. But as Eleanor could not endure to see her sons armed against each other, she so contrived that, when the King arrived at Rouen, he found his brother a penitent, suing at his feet for pardon.

Richard was moved to tears, and stretching out his hand to the kneeling suppliant, he exclaimed, "Arise, John,

I forgive you, and may I forget your injuries as easily as you will my pardon."

From Normandy Richard proceeded to Anjou, where, although in the vicinity of his affectionate consort, Berengaria, he did not return to her society. This separation was occasioned by his having taken to a course of profligacy and drinking, "which," says a chronicler, "me weens would have destroyed his body, and ruined his soul for ever, had not Hugh of Lincoln, and other holy prelates, so rated him, that he turned from his evil ways, and betaking the road to heaven, confessed his iniquities, and went over to Poitiers, and begged forgiveness of his good queen."

The overjoyed Berengaria readily forgave the neglect she had received from her royal lord, and Richard, in compliance with the solemn vow he had previously made on a sick bed, remained constant to her to the day of his death.

The reconciled King and Queen passed the Christmas and part of the following year, 1196, at the city of Poitiers, and as there was a great famine there that year, Cœur de Lion, by the earnest solicitation of his kind-hearted consort, administered largely to the wants of the famishing poor.

About this time, the Archduke of Austria met with a fatal accident. His horse fell under him and crushed his leg. Perceiving death at hand, and being stung with remorse for his cruel behaviour to King Richard, he ordered by his will, that the English hostages should be set at liberty, and the remainder of the King's ransom remitted. His son endeavoured to disobey his orders, but the clergy obliged him to perform them.

In 1196, Cœur de Lion, despairing of heirs by his Queen, sent for his adopted heir, the youthful Arthur, Duke of Brittany, that he might be educated at the English court. But Constance, Arthur's mother, having taken offence at Queen Eleanor, refused to part with him, which so annoyed Richard, that he disinherited the young Duke, and acknowledged his brother, Prince John, as his future heir.

From this period to the day of his death, Richard was occupied in petty provincial wars with Philip of France. In compliance with the terms of one of the truces made during these hostilities, the Princess Alice of France, who had been so long confined in Normandy, was given up to her brother Philip, and damaged as her reputation was, he found her a husband in the Count of Auméril, who received the city of Pontthieu as her dower.

On the sixth of April, 1199, Cœur de Lion, whilst yet in the bloom of manhood and the flower of his glory, paid the debt of nature. According to the learned Sir F. Palgrave, the common account of his death is most apocryphal, and in all probability he fell a victim to treachery in an obscure provincial fortress. But however this may be, Vinissaus assures us, that he was greatly comforted in his dying moments by the presence of his affectionate consort, Berengaria. In accordance with his will, he was buried in the stately abbey of Fontevraud.

Daring courage and heroic valour were the shining qualities of Richard the First; and many as his vices were, they were greatly counterbalanced by the noble openness, generosity, and sincerity

of his character. His hostility to his father, unpardonable as some writers have deemed it, is certainly greatly to be excused, when we remember that it proceeded from a deep-seated love to his much ill-used mother. Like his great uncle, William Rufus, he greatly excelled in smart, witty replies. On one occasion, Fulk, a zealous preacher of the Crusades, delivered him a moral lecture, and begged him, above all things, to turn his back upon pride, avarice, and luxuriousness, "which," said Fulk, "are your majesty's three favourite daughters."

"True," rejoined Richard, "your counsel is just; I give my pride to the Templars, my avarice I bestow upon the monks, and my luxuriousness I resign to my prelates."

Although Cœur de Lion spent so little time in England, many excellent laws were passed during his reign. To London was granted many of its valuable privileges. The Jews were prohibited from making secret bargains with Christians, and in 1197, the uniformity of weights and measures throughout the kingdom was enacted.

The famous Robin Hood, Little John, and their band of freebooters dwelt in Sherwood Forest, about the year 1190. Stow saith, "in this time were many robbers and outlaws, among the which, Robin Hood and Little John, renowned thieves, continued in woods, despoiling and robbing the goods of the rich. They killed none but such as would invade them, or by resistance for their own defence."

"The said Robin Hood entertained a hundred tall men and good archers with such spoiles and thefts as he got, upon whom four hundred—were they ever so strong—durst not give the onset. He suffered no woman to be oppressed or in any way molested. Poore men's goods he spared, abundantlie relieving them with that which by theft he got from abbeyes and the houses of rich earles."

The aged Eleanor was greatly afflicted on hearing of the death of Richard, who, of all her children, was her greatest favourite. On the accession of John—now her only surviving son—she

proceeded to Rourn, where she witnessed the death of her daughter, Queen Joanna. It appears that the end of Joanna was hastened by grief for the misfortunes of her husband, Earl Raymond of Toulouse, who was bitterly persecuted by the clergy for affording protection to the sect of the Albigenses, and by the unexpected loss of her brother, Richard the First. She died in September, 1199, and was interred at the feet of her illustrious sire, Henry the Second, in the abbey of Fontevraud.

From this period Eleanora of Aquitaine did not return to England again. Her base-hearted son, King John, much to his credit be it spoken, confirmed to her her continental dominions, which she governed greatly to the satisfaction of her subjects. She also appears to have held the Isle of Oleron,* for in 1200 she confirmed the liberties and ancient customs of Oleron by charter, which was also ratified by John.

In the year following, she, after having brought about a reconciliation between King John and Philip of France, undertook her last journey to arrange the marriage of her grand-daughter, Blanche of Castile, to Prince Louis, the heir to the French crown.

This mission successfully accomplished, she, fearing no danger, retired to her weakly-fortified summer castle of Mirabel, in Poitou, when her youthful grandson, Arthur, Duke of Brittany, who, instigated by Philip, was endeavouring to assert his right to the English crown by force of arms, suddenly laid siege to the castle, which being in an indefensive condition, the Queen retired to the tower, where she nobly resisted the besiegers.

For once in his life John acted with promptitude, energy, and bravery. Quitting the couch of indolence, he hastened to the relief of his mother with powerful forces, and his arrival was so sudden and unexpected, and his onslaught so

fierce and terrible, that he completely routed the besiegers, and either slew or took prisoners most of the rebel nobles and knights. Amongst the prisoners was the hapless Arthur, who shortly afterwards was murdered either by the orders, or by the hands of his base uncle, John.

In 1202, Eleanora of Aquitaine entered the convent of Fontevraud, where she died in March, 1204, and was interred by the side of Henry the Second. A beautiful tomb was erected to her memory, which was preserved in excellent condition till the French Revolution, when, in 1793, it was overturned by the fanatic republicans.

There is little doubt that general tradition has grossly tarnished the character of Eleanora by misrepresentations. For gay, giddy, and volatile, as in youth she certainly was, her character so greatly improved with age, that before the withering breath of time had blighted the bloom of her womanhood, she became, if not a mirror of perfection, at least a truly virtuous and noble-minded princess. Already has the idle story of her having offered the murderous alternative of the dagger or the poison cup to her rival, the Fair Rosamond, been expunged from the pages of history, and probably the other three gross, but ill-founded charges against her memory, will, ere long, share the like fate. The first of these charges, her misconduct in the Holy Land, rests on very doubtful authority, and has all the appearance of improbability. The second, that of inciting her sons to revolt against their sire, although not savouring of ultra-christian meekness, is just the treatment her selfish, tyrannical, neglectful, and inconstant royal Lord Henry might expect from his high-minded, spirited consort; and, indeed, if we are not mistaken, many a fair lady of the nineteenth century would declare he most richly deserved it. For what right had he to expect domestic happiness from the woman who, in her heart-doating confidence, had freely resigned him all her princely possessions, only to too soon learn the bitter truth that it was for her wealth, and her wealth alone, that he

* At this period, the sea ports on the Baltic traded with France and England, and with the Mediterranean, by the staple of the Isle of Oleron, near the mouth of the Garonne, then possessed by the English. The commercial laws of Oleron and Wisburg—on the Baltic—regulated for many ages the trade of Europe.

had wooed and won her. As to the third charge, that of supporting the claims of her son King John against those of his rival Arthur, she by so doing only acted in accordance with the wish of her favourite son, King Richard; and although, merely as a question of primogeniture, the crown of England belonged to Arthur, we must not forget that it was the custom of the age for the reigning Monarch to bequeath the primogeniture right to whom he pleased; and in this instance Richard had willed the throne to John, and therefore Eleanor was fully justified in supporting the claims of John against the groundless pretensions of Arthur. That she used her utmost influence to save Arthur from his cruel death, we are assured by several old chroniclers, and Paulus Emilius declares, that "when she heard what a terrible crime John had committed, her heart swelled with sorrow, and she died of grief." In justice to her memory, she, by her talents and patronage of learning, more than by her birth and station, must be ranked as one of the most illustrious women of the twelfth century. And if a somewhat lower position in the scale of moral excellence be awarded to her, we, in Christian charity, should not overlook the unfortunate incidents which clouded her youthful dreams of earthly bliss, and which taught her, too late, the stern lesson, that without moral excellence beauty, royalty, and riches only bestrew the path of life with thorns, which pierce deeper and deeper as we journey onward.

After the death of her beloved husband Richard the First, Berengaria retired from active life. Her dower consisted of the tin mines in Cornwall and Devonshire, valued at the annual sum of two thousand marks, together with the continental territory of Mans, and the city of Bigorre, in Aquitaine.

From the year 1200 to 1230, she resided mostly at Mans, where she founded, and in the last-named year completed, the building of the stately Abbey of L'Espan. Once during this period she quitted Mans, and meeting King John at the city of Chinon, sold to him her English dower, for a life annuity of two thousand marks, after which she retired to the secluded

cloister of her own munificently endowed Abbey of L'Espan. But very soon John began to neglect the payment of the annuity, and, at length, after much fruitless negotiation with her dishonest brother-in-law, she laid her wrongs at the feet of Pope Innocent, who forthwith threatened the English King with an interdict if he did not speedily satisfy the just demands of the Dowager Berengaria. However, the only effect produced by the threat of the Holy See was several soothing letters, by which means the unprincipled King succeeded again and again in obtaining from the Dowager Queen an extension of time, till at last he died, and the debt was never paid.

Henry the Third, following the unworthy example of his father, John, likewise endeavoured to avoid the payment of Berengaria's annuity; but on the Pope's intercession, her pecuniary troubles were terminated by the Templars becoming guaranties and agents for the payments, which were made half-yearly.

The affectionate and gentle Berengaria died at an advanced age, and was buried in her own noble abbey, where a tomb was erected to her memory.

A few years back, the learned antiquarian, Mr. Stothard, visited Mans, and found the Abbey of L'Espan converted into a barn, and the effigy of Berengaria buried under a heap of wheat. With the exception of the loss of the left arm, the effigy was in excellent preservation: it represents the Queen with a crown on her head, and holding in her hands a book, singular from the circumstance of its having embossed on the cover a second representation of herself as lying on a bier, with waxen torches burning in candlesticks on either side of her. By the effigy were lying the bones of the Queen, the silent witnesses of the sacrilegious demolition of the tomb.

It appears from an inscription on a slate, found in a wooden box containing bones and pieces of linen, beneath the monument, that on the twenty-seventh of May, 1672, the tomb was restored and removed to a place in the church more sacred than its former site, and that in it were deposited the bones and other remains found in the ancient sepulchre.

ISABELLA OF ANGOULEME, Queen of Englan

CHAPTER I.

Parentage of Isabella—In her childhood she is betrothed to Hugh de Lusignan—King John divorced from the bride of his early choice—He falls in love with Isabella—Causes her to be abducted from Count Hugh, and marries her—Challenge of Hugh de Lusignan—Isabella comes to England with John—Her coronation—Dower—She resigns herself to feasting and pleasure—Confederacy against John—Isabella accompanies her husband to Normandy—John captures Count Hugh and other illustrious personages at the battle of Mirabel—Returns to England with his prisoners, many of whom are starved to death—Count Hugh liberated—Tyranny and cruelty of John—Terrible fate of the de Braose family—Royal drapery establishment—Mean attire of Isabella—Costly dress of John—His conjugal infidelity—Jealousy—Isabella imprisoned—Restored to her husband's affections—Her children.



ISABELLA OF ANGOULEME, one of the most beautiful women of her times, was the only child of Ailmar, Count of Angoulême, and Alice de Courtenay, a descendant from Louis the Sixth of France. Of the early portion of her life but little is known, save that she was born about the year 1185, and whilst yet a child, betrothed to Hugh de Lusignan, by some writers surnamed Le Brun.

This Hugh was rich and brave, and being the eldest son of Hugh the Ninth, Count de la Marche, and sovereign of French Poitou, the province forming the northern boundary of Aquitaine, his power was considerable, as his father, who entertained great affection for him, could, whenever he pleased, by virtue of his authority as marcher, or protector of the border, and without waiting for the consent of his lord paramount the King

of France, summon to his standard all the feudal militia of the southern French provinces.

Isabella became the Queen of England under circumstances alike discreditable to her parents and her royal husband. Immediately on his accession, King John was divorced from the bride of his early choice, Avis, the fairest of the three daughters of Robert, Earl of Gloucester. To Avis he had been betrothed about ten years, but she being his cousin, although illegitimate, the church prohibited him from living with her, on pain of excommunication. Scarcely was the sentence of divorce pronounced, when, attracted by the fame of the beauty of the Princess of Portugal, he sent an embassy to that land of sunshine, to seek her hand.

Meanwhile he proceeded in person to his transmaritime possessions, to arrange important state matters, and receive the homage of his vassals. When he reached Aquitaine, Isabella, as was the custom of the age, was residing in a castle of

her betrothed, to be educated. But her parents sent for her to do homage to him as heiress of Angoulême. On the messenger reaching the castle, Hugh de Lusignan was absent; his brother, however, suspecting no treachery, delivered her up; and when King John, at his recognition in Angoulême, as sovereign of Aquitaine, first beheld her, although he had seen thirty-two summers, and she scarce fifteen, her budding charms so filled his heart, that he peremptorily demanded her hand in marriage. Her scheming parents listened with delight to the suit of her royal wooer, and although she herself secretly preferred Count Hugh, they made excuses for detaining her from her betrothed, and so fanned the flame of John's passion, that he completely overlooked the Princess of Portugal, and married her at Bordeaux, in August, 1200, the nuptials being solemnized by the Archbishop of Bordeaux, who, by authority of a previously held synod, had declared the marriage legal.

Hugh de Lusignan no sooner heard of these doings, than he boldly pronounced against the decision of the synod, and after vainly endeavouring to gain possession of his betrothed, laid his wrongs at the feet of the Pope. However, as Isabella, prompted by her parents, and dazzled by the glitter of the triple crowns of England, Normandy, and Aquitaine, would not allow that, either by consent or vow on her part, she had been betrothed to her Provençal lover, and withal as he himself could adduce no positive proof that she had made such vow, the Pope's intercession was futile. And even had it been otherwise, Isabella, by living with Count Hugh, would have sacrificed her patrimony to her lord paramount, King John, as by the feudal law any heiress marrying without the consent of her suzerain, forfeited her lands.

Being forced to bow to stern and withal unjust necessity, Count Hugh became enraged and sought revenge by challenging the English King to mortal combat. John received the cartel with the coolness of a stoic, and instead of either making reparation, or himself facing the cruelly-used Count, he sent, as his deputy, one of those skilled desperate

bravos, which he constantly kept about him, to act as his champion in case of appeal to duel. But Hugh, disdainful to fight the low-bred champion, told him to get him gone, and say to his cowardly master, that the injured lover of Isabella was too true a knight to put lance in rest, or draw his sword with the hired mercenaries of his rankly, ruthless rival.

After a short stay in Normandy, John and his girlish bride sailed to England, where Isabella having been acknowledged Queen-consort by what the chroniclers name "a common council of the nation," she, for the first time, and John, for the second, were solemnly crowned, by Hubert, Archbishop of Canterbury, at Westminster Abbey, on the eighth of October.

By a charter still extant, it being the earliest document of the kind yet discovered, Isabella is declared to have been crowned Queen of England by the willing assent of the barons, clergy, and people of the whole realm; and as Queen of England, not, be it observed, simply as the wife of the King, is assigned to her for her right royal dower, the whole county of Rutland, the cities of Exeter, Wilton, Waltham, Wiltshire, Winchester, Ilchester, Belesdun, Malmesbury, the honors of Rochester, Berkhamstead, Queenhithe Wharf in London, and the continental towns of Calais, Bonville, and Damfront, besides all other lands, cities, and incomes that were appointed to Eleanor of Aquitaine.

In addition to her splendid dower, Isabella derived a considerable income, denominated "Queen's Gold," from various fines, grants, licences, &c. This tax of "Queen's Gold" consisted, for the most part, of a per centage of a tenth, and it appears to have existed long before the time of Isabella; indeed, according to Prynne, it was most probably a Norman custom, introduced by the Conqueror, or his immediate successor.

For several months after their coronation, King John and his bewitching consort resigned themselves to feasting and pleasure; and it then being the good custom for all ranks to breakfast at five and dine at half-past ten in the morning, they greatly scandalized their court

whose father having died, was now Count de la Marche.

By this singular treaty, Hugh de la Marche, unable to obtain the beautiful Isabella as a wife, accepted her eldest daughter in her stead. To him the Princess Joanna was accordingly betrothed, and, shortly afterwards, delivered up, to be educated. On the ratification of this alliance, Count de la Marche bravely overcame and beat back the French invaders; and John, flushed with success, returned to England, where, by further acts of aggression and despotism, he drove the barons to demand from the crown concessions which no one, in those days of stern feudalism, would have dared to ask from a valiant, politic sovereign.

It was shortly after his return to England, in 1214, that John endeavoured to invade the honour of the unfortunate Matilda the Fair, daughter of the brave Lord Fitz-Walter. Both the maiden and the father very properly rejected his suit, which so enraged him, that he banished Fitz-Walter, despoiled his castles, and afterwards caused Matilda the Fair to be poisoned.

This felon act completely maddened the already greatly-exasperated barons. They flew to arms, drove the recreant John to sue for mercy, and, on the 18th of June, 1215, wrested from him that key-stone of English liberty, *Magna Charta*.

Being now overcome both by the clergy and the laity, John's rage knew no bounds. Shutting himself up in his fortress at Windsor, where many a deed of hell had been perpetrated by his bidding, he gave vent to his maniacal fury in detestable maledictions. He cursed himself, cursed his friends, cursed his foes, tore the tapestry into shreds, smashed the furniture, and bit and gnawed his own clothing, and gnashed his teeth at everything that came in his way.

As soon as his hot passion had subsided, he wrote to the Pope for aid, and after dispatching agents to the continent for mercenary troops, and taking other not over-wise or prudent steps, secretly retired to the Isle of Wight, where he amused himself in making

piratical excursions against his own subjects.* Here he tarried so long that the barons thought him dead, and deemed his loss a good riddance. However, on the arrival of the mighty army of mercenaries for which he had quietly waited for a long three months, he emerged from his concealment, and landing at Dover, carried fire and sword into the towns and villages throughout England; marking the track of his onward march with blood and ruins, and each morning eagerly firing with his own hands the house that had sheltered him on the previous night.

At this period, Isabella spent a short time at her dower castle on Savernake Forest. But by the desire of John, she, to avoid falling into the hands of his enemies, retired to the better-fortified palace at Gloucester, where her children had already been placed.

The barons now despaired of making a good king of a bad man, and being greatly straitened, they ventured on the unpatriotic and dangerous course of inviting over the heir of France as a competitor for that crown which they solemnly declared John unworthy to wear.

The Pope in this instance had found it expedient to side with John, but the barons, having the whole nation on their side, snapped their fingers at the thunders of the Vatican. Prince Louis of France, as little daunted as the English by the anathemas from the Holy See, landed with powerful forces, and John was fast being beaten, when suddenly a report was spread abroad, that the French intended to murder the English nobles as soon as the King was vanquished. This report, true or false, once more turned the scale in favour of John, and he was rapidly collecting an army to drive out the French, when, on crossing the wash at Lynn, in Norfolk, to Swineshead Abbey in Lincolnshire, the tide unexpectedly rushing up the

* This account is taken from Matthew Paris; but Rymer and other authorities assure us, that John was at Runnymede on the nineteenth of June, at Winchester on the twenty-eighth, at Oxford in July, and at Dover in September. It therefore may be questioned if he left England at all.

river Wellstream, suddenly overflowed the marsh lands, and swallowed up part of his army and all his baggage. His splendid regalia, his jewels, and his treasures, were all swept away by the rushing waters, and he himself, after a narrow escape from drowning, arrived in the dead of the night at Swineshead Abbey, so overcome by fatigue and vexation at his irreparable loss, that he fell into a violent fever, of which he shortly afterwards died.

Some historians assert that the King's death was caused by poison. They state, that whilst taking his dinner in Swineshead Abbey, John, on hearing it said how cheap corn was, spleenishly exclaimed, "that he would ere long make the penny loaf cost a shilling;" which so exasperated one of the monks, that he went and put the poison of a toad into a cup of wine, and after first partaking thereof himself, as the King's taster, presented the cup to John, who, little suspecting harm, drained it of its venomous contents. When the sorely-sick John was told the monk who had partaken of the poisonous draught was dead, he answered, "God have mercy upon me! I expected as much."

According to another narrative, the King had defamed the sister of the monk, who, to be revenged, placed before the offending monarch, at the dessert, a dish of fine pears, all of which, excepting three, he had poisoned. The King desired him to taste the pears, which he did by eating the wholesome fruit, whilst the King partook of the others and died.

However, whether through poison or disease, certain it is, that John was attacked with a fatal illness at Swineshead Abbey, whence, sick as he was, he caused himself to be conveyed on a litter to Newmark, where, perceiving death at hand, he sent for the abbot and monks of Caxton. Before these ecclesiastics, he named Pope Honorius as guardian to his children; willed his crown to his eldest son, Henry; confessed his sins—a terrible task to one so deeply guilty—took the eucharist, pronounced forgiveness to his enemies, and on the eighteenth of October, 1216, ended his earthly career,

after a wretchedly wicked reign of seventeen years, seven months, and ten days.

In compliance with his own wish, he was buried in Winchester Cathedral, close to the burial place of the canonized Saxon, Bishop St. Wulstan, and afterwards a stately marble tomb, with his effigy as large as life, was erected to his memory over his grave. This monument remains to this day in a tolerable state of preservation.

Although during the reign of John, the Pope laid the nation under interdict, and excommunicated the King, who afterwards became so bitterly embroiled with the barons, that the French were invited over, and for a period became the masters of the land; the onward progress of the people appears to have been but slightly, if at all, checked. Not only did trade and commerce advance during the rule of the ruthless tyrant, but by the edict of Hastings, in 1200, the naval supremacy of England was for the first time asserted, all the ships of foreign power being ordered to strike their topsails to the British flag, under penalty of seizure and confiscation. Shortly afterwards, many privileges were granted to the Cinque Ports. Standard money was for the first time coined. The building of the Old London Bridge was completed. The great ditch which surrounded the City of London walls was commenced. London, Liverpool, Newcastle, Yarmouth, and other cities received a confirmation and extension of their rights and privileges. The laws and customs of England were established in Ireland, and several churches and religious houses were erected, and numerous schools established.

Queen Isabella was in Gloucester when her husband died. Her first measure, on learning the sad news, was, in conjunction with the Earl of Pembroke, to cause Prince Henry, then in his tenth year, to be crowned King. The coronation was solemnized in Gloucester, only ten days after the death of John, by the legate Gualo, assisted by the Bishops of Winchester, Exeter, and Bath, who, as the regalia belonging to John had been lost in the Lincoln washes, and the crown of Edward the Confessor was in London—

then possessed by the French—placed on his head a circlet formed out of his mother's gold throat collar.

At first the claims of Henry the Third were but very partially recognized, the greater part of England being possessed by Louis of France, and garrisoned by French soldiers. But the energy and wisdom of the Earl of Pembroke, who had been proclaimed Protector or Regent during the King's minority, and the bravery of Hubert de Burgh and other nobles, in a short time drove these intruders from the kingdom.

Queen Isabella was offered no share in the government during the minority of her son, Henry the Third, and she henceforth ceased in any way to superintend the education of her English bred family. Indeed, many of the English declared they abhorred her, "for," said they, "it is notorious, that our late vile monarch, from the hour of his union with her, became a wicked man and a worse King."

In June 1216 Isabella quitted England, and took up her residence in Angoulême, a city not far from Valence, the capital of her former lover, Count Hugh de la Marche, from whom she had been abducted when a mere girl to be married to John, and to whom her eldest daughter, Joanna, had been betrothed. Shortly after her arrival in Angoulême, Count de la Marche returned from a crusade, and although his betrothed—then seven years old—was residing in his castle for purposes of education, he put her aside, and again wooed his false love, her mother, with such success, that in 1217, Isabella became the bride of the valiant Marcher.

As the Dowager Queen had contracted her marriage without asking permission from the Council of Regency in England, that body greatly enraged Count de la Marche, by withholding her dower from her. However, shortly afterwards, the Council promised the King of Scotland, in a treaty of peace, the hand of the Princess Joanna in marriage; but the promise was easier made than performed, for when they applied to Count Hugh, who still retained his daughter-in-law, he, despite entreaties and threats,

peremptorily refused to resign her till his wife's dower had been paid; and on King Henry's appealing to the Pope, the sovereign Pontiff took so little interest in the matter, that the thunders of the Vatican availed not. At length, however, after much negotiation and a resolute refusal of the Scotch King to be pacified without Joanna for his bride, the matter was settled by Henry paying the arrears of his mother's dower, and in return, receiving his sister Joanna from the dauntless Count.

The high-spirited Isabella ill brooked the humiliating change from queen to countess. To behold her husband doing homage to his liege lord, the King of France, greatly ruffled her temper; and when Jane of Thoulouse, a lady she utterly despised, became the wife of the French King's brother, Prince Alphonso,—who, being created Count of Poitiers, required De la Marche to do him homage for French Poitou,—her wrath so kindled, that she prevailed on her son, King Henry, to attempt the conquest of French Poitou, and persuaded her own husband to break allegiance with King Louis, and fight under the banner of England.

Although the warfare raged for several years, it terminated abruptly. The weak-minded English King, on losing the battle of Taillebourg, fled with cowardly precipitancy from the scene of strife; when, overcome by defeat after defeat, Isabella, who had caused all the mischief, and her husband, De la Marche, were forced to sue for mercy, at the feet of King Louis, who generously restored them to favour on the easy condition, that De la Marche gave up some of his possessions, and did homage for others to Prince Alphonso.

After slumbering for about ten years, the proud spirit of Isabella again burst forth in the horrible guise of assassination. The life of King Louis was twice attempted, and the crime being brought to her door by the confession of her hirelings, she fled from vengeance to the nunnery of Fontevraud, where, beneath the religious garb, she securely secreted herself in a concealed chamber.

As Isabella was no where to be found,

her husband and her eldest son were seized and accused of the poisoning, when the redoubted Count De la Marche declared his wife was belied, and made appeal to battle by challenging his accuser, Prince Alphonso, to single combat. But Alphonso, being not over-brave, excused himself, on the plea that he never fought with treason-polluted felons. Then the son of De la Marche offered to fight in the place of his father; but this challenge was met with the same refusal as the former.

Meanwhile Poitou rose in insurrection, and when, shortly afterwards, the sad tidings of these troubles reached the ears of Isabella, now called the wicked Jezebel by the French and Poitevins, who to her base influence attributed their disastrous warfare, she, overcome by misfortune, poverty, and a consciousness of her many misdeeds, sunk into a decline, which terminated her existence in 1246. "She died," says Matthew Paris, "in her secret chamber, at Fontevraud, much in need of the spiritual benefit to be derived from the alms of the poor."

Her remains were interred without pomp in the churchyard of Fontevraud. About eight years afterwards, her son, Henry the Third, on visiting the abbey, was so shocked on beholding his mother, even in death, cast off from the fellowship of his royal ancestors, that he had her remains removed to the choir of the church, where he erected for her a noble

tomb, which has since been destroyed: all that now remains being her mutilated statue, which, thanks to Mr. Stothard, has been removed by the French government from the prison cellar where he found it in 1816, and thus preserved from total destruction.

After the death of Isabella, Count de la Marche became reconciled to Louis of France, afterwards styled St. Louis, and with him set out in 1248, on a disastrous crusade in the Holy Land, where, on reaching Damietta, the Count was slain in a fierce encounter with the Saracens.

What family Isabella had by Count de la Marche is not known. Speed says, "by this marriage she had divers children," and from other sources we learn that her eldest son succeeded to his parent's patrimony as Hugh the Eleventh, Count de la Marche and Angoulême, and that shortly after their mother's death, four of the sons and one of the daughters came to England, and were loaded with favours by their half-brother, Henry the Third. Of these, Guy de Lusignan, a knight of some renown, was killed at the battle of Lewes; William de Valence was married to Joanna, the rich heiress of Warin de Muntchesnil, and became Earl of Pembroke; Ethelmar, who was in holy orders, was, after much opposition from the clergy, elevated to the rich see of Winchester; Geoffrey de Lusignan was created Lord of Hastings, and the Lady Eliza was espoused to the powerful John, Earl Warrenne

ELEANORA OF PROVENCE

Queen of Henry the Third.

CHAPTER I.

Parentage and beauty of Eleanora—Her talents—She sends a poem, written by herself, to Earl Richard—The Earl advises Henry the Third to marry her—Henry's unsuccessful efforts to procure a consort—He agrees to marry Eleanora without a dowry—Her journey to England—Marriage—Coronation—Dress—Jewels—The Pope approves of her marriage—Extravagance and early difficulties of Henry the Third—His partiality for foreigners—Doings of Italian ecclesiastics—Henry's religious devotion, and extravagant liberality to Eleanora's foreign relations—The Earl of Leicester marries the Countess of Pembroke—Earl Richard advises the King to discard his foreign councillors.



ELEANORA OF PROVENCE, surnamed La Belle, from her exquisite beauty, was the second of the five fair daughters of the illustrious Raymond Berenger, Count of Provence. This Count Raymond was alike celebrated as a poet and a warrior, but being fond of battle strife, he, by continual wars, had so wasted his money, that his poverty had become proverbial. His consort, Beatrice, daughter of Thomas, Count of Savoy, was remarkable for beauty, wit, and high accomplishments.

Born in that land of sunshine and song, the south of France, the birthplace of the most renowned troubadours of the middle ages, and where the language spoken was remarkable for its grace, elegance, and superior fitness for poetical composition, Eleanora imbibed a spark

of the poet's fire, and whilst scarcely yet in her teens, penned that really creditable heroic poem on the love adventures of Blandin of Cornwall, which is still preserved in the royal library of Turin, and which, singular to relate, won for her the crown matrimonial of England.

The poem completed, she, by the desire of her father, who, it appears, was counselled to the course by his far-seeing confidant, the poet Romeo, sent it with many compliments to King Henry's brother, Richard, Earl of Cornwall. Earl Richard was then at Poitou, preparing for a crusade; but feeling flattered by this mark of respect from the peerless maiden, and being himself already married to a fair daughter of the Earl of Pembroke, the Protector, he wrote on the instant a long epistle to his brother Henry the Third, in which, after lavishly praising her beauty, her accomplishments, and, above all, her romantic rhymes, he concludes by earnestly entreating the King

to lose no time in bringing about the match, as not in all Christendom could so fair, so sweet, so well-gifted a young bride be found, as this beautifully beautiful Eleanora.

With what joy this messenger of love was received by King Henry, may be imagined, when we remember how his previous endeavours to enter the holy pale of matrimony had all failed. In the courts of Brittany, Austria, and Bohemia, he had sued in vain for a bride. Nor were his efforts more successful when directed towards Scotland. The Scotch Princess, Margaret, on being told that he was lewd, squint-eyed, deceitful, weak-minded, and more faint-hearted than a woman, rejected his suit, and married his justiciary, Hubert de Burgh; and when, after this, he, in 1231, resolving not to be out-Cæsared by his own chief minister, paid court to Margaret's younger sister, the English barons, dreading an increase of the already kingly power of Hubert de Burgh, prevented the alliance from taking place; which so dispirited him, that, believing himself doomed to a life of single blessedness, he made no further efforts in the matter till 1235, a period of four years, when he demanded for his Queen, Joanna, daughter of the Count of Ponthieu. His proposals were now favourably received both by the lady and her friends. The marriage contract was signed, and they being fourth cousins, ambassadors were dispatched for the Pope's dispensation. But, before the ambassadors reached Rome, he sent secret orders to them to return home with all haste and secrecy, as he had changed his mind. This change of purpose was occasioned by the letter from his brother Earl Richard, which painted the beauty and accomplishments of Eleanora in such brilliant colours, that he henceforth overlooked the claims of the disappointed Joanna, for the more captivating charms of the fair maid of Provence.

Henry exerted his utmost energies in prosecuting this, his seventh purpose of marriage. After writing in June, 1235, to the Earl of Savoy, brother to Eleanora's mother, requesting his friendly assistance in bringing about the nuptials,

and learning, through a secret messenger—Richard, prior of Hurle—that the parents of his lady-love were favourable to the match, he made known to his nobles that he had broken his engagement with Joanna of Ponthieu; and they, says Hemmingford, most considerably advised him to marry the very lady he wished for, Eleanora of Provence. Indeed, the alliance presented prospects of political advantages, as her eldest sister, Marguerite of Provence, was married to the good St. Louis of France.

As an embassy to the court of Count Raymond, King Henry, with great judgment, dispatched the Bishops of Ely and Hereford, the prior of Hurle, and the brother of Robert de Sandford, Master of the Knights Templars. When these sober-minded ecclesiastics reached Provence, the needy Count, desiring above all things that his daughter Eleanora should wear the crown matrimonial of England, received them with great honour and respect. But on opening the negotiation, a rather formidable difficulty presented itself. The embassy had been instructed to demand twenty thousand marks as Eleanora's marriage portion. This sum it was beyond the power of Count Raymond to raise; and being too proud to own his poverty, he, with the astuteness of a clever diplomatist, met the obstacle by objecting to the paltriness of the dower which Henry would be able to fix on Eleanora during the lifetime of his mother, Isabella.

On this, Henry desired his procurators to reduce his demand to fifteen thousand marks, and if, continued the money-grasping sceptre-bearer, this sum is unobtainable, get ten thousand, seven thousand, five thousand, or even three thousand marks. But the haughty Count expressed great indignation at this mode of proceeding, and declared that his daughter was not to be bargained for like a beast; which so alarmed Henry, that, fearing to lose the lady, he wrote in haste to the ambassadors, telling them if they could not obtain money, at any rate to procure the infant, and conduct her to him in England without delay. Accordingly the marriage contract was signed, and the young, but portionless

Eleanora, ceremoniously delivered to the embassy.

On her journey to England, the royal bride was attended by a magnificent train of nobles and knights, including her uncle, the Bishop of Valentia, and the Count of Champagne. Thibaut the Seventh, the poet King of Navarre, whose songs are still remembered with fondness in the province over which he bore sway, attended her in person as a guide, whilst she and her company passed through his dominions. The journey occupied five days, and although the retinue consisted of more than three hundred horsemen, besides a bevy of ladies, and a host of minstrels, jongleurs, and other more humble followers, he generously feasted them right royally, and himself paid all the expenses.

At the French frontier she was hospitably welcomed by St. Louis and his consort, her sister Marguerite, and the French Queen Dowager. After passing through France, she embarked at Wis-sant, and making a speedy passage, safely arrived at Dover, whence she and her stately train proceeded to Canterbury, where, on the fourth of January, 1236, she was married to Henry the Third, by St. Edmund, Archbishop of Canterbury, assisted by the bishops who had accompanied her.

Immediately after their marriage, the royal party proceeded to London with great pomp, when, on Sunday, the twentieth of January, it being the feast of St. Fabian and St. Sebastian, the coronation of the Queen was solemnized, with extraordinary splendour, at Westminster Abbey.

Previous to the performance of the magnificent ceremony, King Henry, with the taste of an artist and the affection of a lover, caused the palace at Westminster to be improved and beautified for the reception of his charming bride. The Queen's chamber was decorated with historical paintings and ornate works of art, whilst both the King's chamber and wardrobe were painted in imitation of green curtains, emblazoned with elegant devices, and rich borders.

Nor were the good Londoners backward in demonstrations of loyalty to the

young Queen. After cleansing their thoroughfares from mud, dirt, sticks, and everything offensive—a purification which, difficult as it might be to effect in those days, when sewers were unknown, must, in a sanitary sense, have proved a blessing to the inhabitants—they adorned their city with banners, hangings, candles, lamps, marvellous devices, and unheard-of costly pageantry, on which Eleanor, as she passed by, gazed with astonishment and delight. At one spot, where the display was remarkably profuse and gorgeous, the young Queen paused, and, after feasting her dazzled eyes, exclaimed: "Oh, London, thou art indeed the world's centre of riches and greatness!"

On the coronation day, not a citizen was within his house; every street and lane was crowded with gay, countless throngs; and there was assembled such a host of nobles of both sexes, such numbers of ecclesiastics, and such a variety of minstrels and players, that London, with its capacious bosom, could scarcely contain them.

The citizens of London performed the duties of butler to the King—an office acknowledged to belong to them of ancient right—at the coronation. Mounted on swift horses, to the number of three hundred and sixty, they rode forth to accompany Henry and his consort from the Tower to Westminster. Dressed in silken garments, with long graceful mantles, skilfully worked in gold, their horses trapped with glittering new spurs and costly saddles, they moved in procession, such as London had never before witnessed, each rider bearing in his hand a skilfully-wrought cup of gold or silver for the king's use. Thus arrayed, with the king's trumpeters sounding martial music before them, they proceeded to the coronation banquet, where they served the noble company with wine.

The duty of crowning was performed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, with the usual solemnities, assisted by the Bishop of London, and the other bishops, who took their station according to their ranks. The coronation procession was magnificent. The King, clad in royal

robes, and wearing his crown, was preceded by the Earl of Chester, bearing the sword of St. Edward, called "Curteyn," in token that, as Earl of the Palace, he had the power of restraining the King, should he act wrongfully; whilst the Bishop of Chinchester, the chancellor, carried that ancient coronation ensign, the cup of precious stones; and Hugh De Patishull, the King's treasurer, robed in a rich Dalmatica, walked before, with the paten. These were preceded by Sir Richard Siward and Sir Nicholas De Molis, carrying the royal sceptres. The Grand-Marshal of England, the Earl of Pembroke, went before, and with a wand cleared the way for the royal train, both in the church and in the banquetting-hall, and arranged the guests at table. A rich silken pall was carried over both the King and the Queen; each pall was adorned with four silver gilded bells, and supported by four curiously-wrought silver lances, borne by the wardens of the Cinque Ports.

At the banquet the Earl of Leicester supplied the King with water in silver basins, to wash before his meal. At the King's table the archbishops, bishops, and a few favoured abbots, sat at the right of the King, whilst the left was occupied by a few privileged nobles. Much jealousy and ill-will appears to have been occasioned by defective and unjust arrangements at the banquet. Many persons seated at the lower tables considered that their rank and station entitled them to a place nearer to the King, whilst others endeavoured to fill offices that of right did not belong to them. However, as the decision of these matters was put off to a more fitting opportunity, the festivity was clouded with but one dispute worthy of mention. This dispute, which arose from Andrew Buckerele, the Mayor of London, who came with his good citizens to serve in the buttery, claiming the honour of holding the King's wine-cup, and replenishing it whenever needed, was decided by the King ordering that only Master Michael Belot, the deputy of Albini, the Pincerna, or grand butler of England, had a right to fill that office.

Accordingly, the chagrined mayor bowed to the royal will, and served the two bishops at the King's right hand. After the banquet, the earl butler received the cup out of which the King had drank as his right, and Master Michael received the earl's robes as his perquisite; indeed, with few exceptions, all the articles and trappings used at the coronation were apportioned out to those who served on the festive occasion.

Thus, the citizens of Winchester superintended the cooking of the feast, and the head cook in the royal kitchen received the steward's robe as his right. Gilbert De Sandford was door-keeper of the Queen's chamber on that day, and obtained as his right the Queen's bridal-bed and furniture. The cloth that hung behind the King at table was claimed as a perquisite both by the door-keepers and the scullions, whilst the knives, dishes, saltcellars, and other articles, even to the cloth on which the King walked in the church and the banquetting-hall, were all similarly appropriated.

After declaring that the scene was too magnificent to describe, and the splendour of the dresses of the ladies, the nobles, and the clergy too dazzling to behold, Matthew Paris remarks: "Why should I name those who, as their duty wanted, performed the offices of the church? Why describe the abundance and variety of meats, fish, fruits, wines, and dishes of delicacies on the tables, or mention the sweet voices, the fantastic antics of the gleemen, or the comeliness and gaiety of the waiters? For whatever the world could produce for magnificence or delight, was there brought together from every quarter."

Like his father, King John, Henry was the greatest fop of the age. But although he himself was the first Prince who wore garments of sparkling gold-tissued baudekin, he liberally ordered for his Queen apparel the most choice and costly. Dresses, robes and mantles of satin velvet, cloth of gold, ermine, and other superb texture filled the wardrobe of Eleanor. Her magnificent jewellery, consisting of richly-jewelled chaplets of fillagree gold, to wear over the hair, splendid girdles, clasps, armlets,

and other rare golden ornaments, cost her loving lord a sum equal to about four hundred thousand pounds present money. Her great crown, which she wore on state occasions, was set with gems worth one thousand five hundred pounds (twenty-two thousand five hundred pounds), and, as a marriage present, she received from her sister, Margaret of France, a large peacock, beautifully formed of gold and silver, with a train set with pearls and sapphires. This splendid piece of plate was used as an ewer, the water being forced out of the beak into a richly-carved silver basin, the rim of which was set with emeralds.

The father of the injured Joanna of Ponthieu no sooner heard of Henry's marriage with Eleanora, than he applied to the Pope for redress. But as Count Raymond had early in life eagerly fought against the reputed heretics of Languedoc, and given other proofs of devotion to the Roman See, the shrewd Pontiff judged that the union would greatly strengthen his already almost kingly power over England, and therefore setting at defiance all moral considerations, he, on receiving a princely bribe, published two bulls, expressing his approbation of King Henry's marriage, and declaring that as Henry and Joanna were fourth cousins, they could not have been united together in holy wedlock without injury to their fame, and peril to their souls.

Henry the Third was a most extravagant King. To gratify his love of display and liberality, he drained his coffers, without heeding how they could be filled again. Poor as he was when he married, the expenses of the nuptials and Eleanora's coronation were enormous, and to defray them, he spent nearly all the sum voted by parliament as the portion of his sister, Isabella, just married to Frederic the Second, Emperor of Germany. But even this unjust measure did but reduce his difficulties. The demands against him were still considerable. He, therefore, called a parliament of all the lords of the land, and told them that his own and his sister's marriage had quite exhausted his treasury, and requested a thirteenth part of all the

moveable property in the kingdom; but they replied, that they had already granted him sums sufficient for both the marriages, and as he had squandered the money away, he must now do the best he could.

In truth, his partiality for foreigners, as well as his extravagances, had greatly offended the nation. In the early years of his reign, he had lavished wealth, place, power on his Provençal relations and friends, and since his marriage, he had showered favours on the Italians, and the relatives and followers of his beloved consort. It was, therefore, only after a solemn promise to hold inviolable the great charters of the land, and to reform his conduct generally, that he, in 1237, obtained from the reluctant parliament a compliance with his earnest request.

The hope of the Pope, that Henry's marriage would increase his power, proved no vain conceit. Three hundred Italian ecclesiastics had been sent over to England, and armed with bulls from the Holy See, they recklessly crushed the liberty of the church, and trampled religion under foot. Supported by the tacit consent of the King, they plundered the revenues left by pious men for the poor, and thundered anathemas against all who dared to oppose them in their wickedness.

"Behold," says the indignant chronicler, "England, but yesterday the mistress of nations, the mirror of the church, the pattern of holy religion, has fallen a prey to debased, immoral, cunning agents of Rome, degenerate men, living on the patrimony of Christ, and robbing the righteous and the simple-minded! Oh, it were better to die than look upon the sufferings of our people and our saints!"

The weak-minded King paid little regard to this state of matters. As he obeyed the Pope's commands to the letter, and devoutly observed the ceremonies of religion, he believed himself steered from harm, and disregarding the people's murmurs and his own repeated promises to the assembled nobles, he pertinaciously adhered to his foreign counsellors, and inviting over more of Eleanora's relations and friends, conferred

on them wealthy estates and rich benefits, greatly to the prejudice of the English nobility.

The most distinguished of these royal favourites was the talented Simon de Montfort, created Earl of Leicester in February, 1239, the third son of Count de Montfort, the energetic leader of the crusades against the Albigenses. This Simon so contrived, that in 1238, Henry, as an act of expediency, bestowed his widowed sister, Eleanor, Countess of Pembroke, upon him in marriage. The ceremony was privately performed in St. Stephen's chapel, and although the bride had taken the ring as a nun, the King in person gave her away, and Earl Simon afterwards paid a high sum to the Pope for a dispensation for the marriage. Doubtless there was an imperative necessity for haste and privacy in the matter, as immediately afterwards, on being

told by some of his nobles that the marriage was illegal, Henry tartly answered, "Why now object? how can the knot be untied, the Princess is enceintè?"

Earl Richard, the King's brother, and the then heir presumptive to the throne, roundly rated Henry for his persistence in surrounding himself with Eleanor's foreign kindred and friends. After reminding him of the probable consequences of his unconstitutional doings, he bade him follow the example of those discreet monarchs, the Emperor, and the French King, both of whom, at their marriages, sent back their consorts' whole train of followers without bestowing on one of them either lands or money. But these endeavours of Earl Richard were productive of no permanent benefit to the country. After a while, the easy-minded King squandered his revenues on his foreign favourites as lavishly as heretofore.

CHAPTER II.

Birth of Prince Edward—Visit of the Count of Flanders—Downfall of the Count of Provence prevented by the intercession of King Henry—Birth of the Princess Margaret—Peter of Savoy and Bishop Boniface, two of Eleanor's uncles, arrive—The Jews mulcted to pay for their entertainment—Isabella procures the elevation of Boniface to the primacy—Death of the Empress, and of Eleanor of Brittany—The Queen accompanies the King in his expedition against St. Louis—Gives birth to the Princess Beatrice—Returns to England—Is visited by her mother—Her sister married to Earl Richard—The Jews oppressed—Illness and death of Count Raymond—Marriage arranged between the Scotch King and Eleanor's eldest daughter—Unjust extortion by Henry—Birth of Prince Edmund—The Barons banish the Pope's nuncio—The Queen Dowager dies—Eleanor succeeds to her dower, and lavishes it on her relations—Earl Raymond's will—Count Hugh's children arrive—Henry sells his plate and jewels—Oppresses the Londoners—In conjunction with Eleanor, begs alms—Becomes miserly—Eleanor exhibits a dwarf—Further expedients for filling the royal coffers.



On the night of the sixteenth of June, 1239, Eleanor presented her royal lord with a heir. The boy was born at Westminster, and christened Edward, in honour of the sainted Saxon King, Edward. At this event the people rejoiced, and all the nobles of the land offered costly presents to the infant

prince. The covetous Henry, however, marred the rejoicing, by sending back the presents of least value, with injunctions to the donors to immediately forward articles of more intrinsic worth, on pain of the King's displeasure. On this account, the nobles wittily remarked, "God gave us this boy, but the King sells him to us."

In 1239, Henry and Eleanor kept their Christmas at Winchester. Towards the close of the following year, 1240,

the Count of Flanders paid a short visit to the Court of England, and did homage to Henry for a pension of five hundred marks, when, being loaded with rich gifts from the King, he returned to his own possessions, and waged an unsuccessful war against the Emperor of Germany. In this strife, the Count of Toulouse supported the cause of the Emperor, and to revenge an old injury, marched against the Count of Provence with such success, that he doubtless would have made himself master of Provence, but for the intercession of King Henry, who, at the pressing instance of his consort, wrote several friendly epistles to the Emperor, on behalf of Count Raymond, his father-in-law.

On the fifth of October the Queen gave birth to a daughter, who was named Margaret, after her aunt, the Queen of France.

In 1241, Peter, Count of Savoy, on whom Henry bestowed the Earldom of Richmond, and Boniface, Bishop-elect of Basil, both uncles to the Queen, came to England to better their fortunes; and Henry, influenced by the entreaties of his beloved Eleanora, welcomed them with such splendour, that he exhausted his treasury, and to disburse the expenses of his profusion and dishonest liberality, forced the Jews to pay him twenty thousand marks, almost two hundred thousand pounds present money, under penalty of banishment, or perpetual imprisonment.

So great was the influence of Queen Eleanora over her royal lord, that for a period, Henry permitted the Earl of Richmond to fully control all church and state matters, and bestowed on him that part of London known as the Savoy, besides other princely presents. Nor was the plastic-minded King unmindful of the interests of Boniface, St. Edmund, Archbishop of Canterbury, having a few months previously breathed his last. Henry by force and stratagem procured the election of Boniface to the valuable vacant see. Queen Eleanora took great interest in her uncle's election. She gained over the Pope by writing to him with her own hands a humble and complimentary letter, and

prevailed on Henry to draw up a paper to be signed by all the bishops and abbots, commending the young, inexperienced Bishop of Basil as a worthy candidate for the primacy. By these and other coercive measures, the Queen obtained for her uncle the Archbishopric of Canterbury.

On the first of December, the pangs of parturition closed the life of King Henry's sister, the Empress Isabella; and about the same time, Eleanora of Brittany, sister of Arthur of Brittany, who fell a victim to the treachery of his uncle, King John, died of dejection, after a captivity of more than forty years in Bristol Castle. She was buried in the church of Ambresbury, to the nunnery of which she gave the manor of Milleshams.

After many entreaties, Isabella of Angoulême* prevailed upon her son, King Henry, to assist the Count de la Marche, her second husband, in his unjust war against the pious St. Louis. With this view, the English King equipped a fleet with military stores, and thirty casks of money, with which he sailed from Portsmouth, in May, 1242, accompanied by his beloved Queen, his brother, Earl Richard, and other nobles. The expedition reached the continent in safety, but as Henry lacked the skill, courage, and energy of a warrior, he was defeated in every encounter. Many of his warlike nobles, disgusted at his weakness and cowardice, forsook him and returned home, and he at length fled with his queen to Bourdeaux, where Eleanora gave birth to a daughter, who was named Beatrice, after the Countess of Provence.

Regardless of the heavy loss he had sustained at the disastrous battle of Taillebourg, Henry, after signing a truce for five years, on terms as discreditable to himself as they were honourable to the noble-minded King of France, remained at Bourdeaux for several months, where he and his consort recklessly passed the time in feasting and pageantry, and when at length they returned to England, on their landing at Portsmouth, in September, 1243, orders were

* See the preceding Memoirs.

issued, that the cities through which the royal train would pass on its route to London, should be adorned with hangings, garlands, and illuminations; and that when the procession approached, the bells should ring with joy, and the principal inhabitants ride forth in their best array to testify their loyal affection; "and thus," says Matthew Paris, "Henry and Eleanor were received with superstition and pride, as ostentatious as it was splendid."

On the first of December, Queen Eleanor's mother, the Countess of Provence, visited England, with her third daughter, Sancho, who came to be united in marriage with the King's brother, Earl Richard, now a widower. The wedding was solemnized at Westminster, on St. Clement's day, with great pomp and rejoicing. During the festivity, London was filled with splendour and conviviality. The houses were decorated with silken curtains, emblazoned banners, and fantastic devices. Every kind of vanity and glory was displayed in the wonderful performances of the gleemen, the costly garments of the feasters, and the gorgeousness of the pageants; whilst, at the wedding dinner, the edibles were so abundant and various, that the tables were garnished with thirty thousand dishes. But although these doings delighted the gay and the profligate, the thoughtful and the sober-minded beheld in them only future bitterness. "Alack! alack!" said they, "this union fixes the yoke of the greedy foreigners more firmly on our shoulders, and strengthens Queen Eleanor in her evil purposes."

As on other similar occasions, Henry, who was always in poverty, raised the funds for this festivity by muleting the Jews. Indeed, that ancient people suffered severe spoliation in this reign. During a period of seven years, one Jew alone, Aaron of York, to avoid imprisonment, had paid the enormous sum of fourteen thousand marks, and ten thousand in gold, whilst numerous others paid in proportion. It must, however, be borne in mind, that the Jews, being usurers and withal not over-honest, were so greatly despised by the people, that

they probably would have been expelled the kingdom, but for the protection of the King, who was absolute lord of their persons and property, and that he might himself rob them at his pleasure, granted them certain rights and privileges, and permitted no one to do them wrong.

Early in 1244, the Countess of Provence quitted England, after receiving from the King rich presents, and a loan of four thousand marks. Just prior to her embarkation at Dover, news arrived of the severe illness of her husband, Count Raymond, which so grieved Henry and Eleanor, that they ordered masses to be said for the Count's recovery, and distributed alms to the poor. He, however, died in the following year, and Henry, out of affection to Eleanor, performed his obsequies with great splendour.

In this year (1244), Alexander the Second, of Scotland, whose ties to the English court had been severed by the death of his Queen, Joanna, in 1238, and who had lately married the daughter of Engelram de Coucy, a potent French noble, and mortal enemy to Henry, threatened England with war, which was only averted by a marriage being agreed upon between Alexander, the Scotch King's eldest son, and Margaret, the eldest daughter of Henry and Eleanor.

In November, the extravagant King summoned a parliament, and demanded pecuniary aid from them; but the irritated nobles flatly refused it, and told him he was already so deeply in debt, that he could scarcely shew his face amongst the people, and moreover, every mark he obtained only went to enrich crafty foreigners, seeking their own personal gain. Nothing daunted by this refusal, and being determined to compass his end by fair or foul means, he succeeded in extorting one thousand five hundred marks from the citizens of London, under pretence that twenty years back they had sheltered one Walter Buckerel, whom he had banished; a charge which the citizens proved to be erroneous, Henry, on receipt of a costly present, having forgiven Buckerel, as the King's rolls testified. This, however, is but one of the many illegal and danger-

ous expedients to which the reckless Henry frequently resorted, to replenish his emptied coffers, as will be shewn further on.

In the beginning of the year 1245, Eleanora gave birth to her second son, Prince Edmund. This year, the barons, without waiting for the King's consent, took upon themselves to curb the tyranny of the court of Rome. After meeting in council and solemnly pronouncing that Martin, the Pope's nuncio, was unlawfully grasping the money of the kingdom, and remitting it to the Holy See, they sent a knight to him, commanding him to quit the kingdom before the expiration of three days, at the peril of his life. On receiving this unpleasant message, Martin hastened, breathless with alarm, to claim the King's protection; but Henry, being annoyed at the wholesale plunder committed by him under the guise of religion, angrily replied, "May the devil take you, and carry you to hell and through it!" However, when the King's courtiers had appeased his anger, he granted the nuncio a passport and safe conduct to Dover, being only too glad to rid the country of such an avaricious rival. The Pope, then on terms of hostility with Germany, France, and Aragon, on hearing of these doings, wrathfully exclaimed, "I must make terms with the English, that I may humble these petty princes, for when the great dragon is crushed, the little serpents will be easily trodden under foot." This saying was soon published abroad, and excited great indignation against the Sovereign Pontiff.

In 1246, the Queen Dowager Isabella died, and Eleanora was put in possession of all her dower. To a prudent Queen this event would have proved a blessing; but Eleanora, being not a whit less extravagant than her royal lord, the princely income she now received from broad lands, fees, fines, &c., was all lavished on her foreign relations. When, in 1248, her mother, the Countess Beatrice, then a widow, visited England, she loaded her with wealth, and prevailed on the already impoverished King to entertain her with extraordinary splendour, and on her departure to make

her princely presents. A proof of the irresistible influence of Eleanora over her royal lord; he, at the time, being much annoyed at Count Raymond having, by the following will, disposed of all his wealth and possessions to his youngest daughter:—

"Dear daughter—To you, at your marriage, I give and bequeath the whole of my land, together with my money, castles, and all my possessions; for your sisters, Eleanora and Marguerita, being exalted by marriage in a high degree, do not need that the inheritance should be divided, in order for a portion of it to be given to either one of them."

To add to the nation's disgust to foreigners, three sons and a daughter of Isabella, by the Count de la Marche, arrived, and by the connivance of the King, their half-brother, were speedily enriched, or married to wealthy English nobles. Inddèd, Henry again so impoverished himself, to serve his own or the Queen's relations, that the parliament refused him more money, and to shut the mouth of his many clamorous creditors, his courtiers advised him to sell his plate and jewels; "For," said they, "as all rivers flow back to the sea, so the treasure now sold will, in time, return to your majesty in remunerative gifts." The Queen approved of the measure; but although the royal riches were offered for their worth, as old gold and silver, not a noble nor an Italian merchant could buy them, so scarce was money; and greatly to the annoyance of the King and his favourites, the citizens of London raised the stipulated sum, and, cash in hand, purchased the profitable prize. "Ah!" exclaimed Henry, petulantly, "if the treasures of Octavian were for sale, those churlish Londoners would find money to purchase them; their city is an inexhaustible treasury. However, I will not let slip an opportunity to replenish my emptied coffers from their overflowing wells of wealth."

Having resolved to act as he had spoken, Henry, with his consort, kept Christmas at Westminster, where he established a fair to last for a fortnight, and, to annoy the citizens of London, he ordered them to close their shops, and

cease their traffic during that period, under penalty of heavy forfeitures. Nor was this the extent of the King's tyranny over London, for immediately afterwards he, by harassing letters, demanding pecuniary aid, extorted from the richest men there presents to the amount of two thousand pounds (thirty thousand pounds present money), whilst his emissaries, armed with royal authority, seized all meats, drinks, and vendible articles they could set their eyes upon, for the use of the King and Queen. Indeed, to such an extent were these extortions and legal robberies carried, that the terrified citizens concealed their goods, and in the bitterness of their hearts, exclaimed, "Woe to us! Woe to us! for the liberty of London, so often bought, granted, guaranteed, and sworn to be respected, is trampled to the dust by our rapacious rulers! Oh, it were wiser to starve in idleness, than to be robbed of the just reward of our toil, by these hungry foreigners!"

The money extorted from the Londoners was gone in a trice, and in 1249, Henry and Eleanor degraded themselves by soliciting gifts from all who entered their presence. The Queen, in modest whispers, told the ladies of her court, "It would be greater charity to bestow alms on her, than on the wretches who begged from door to door." The King proceeded more boldly in the matter; sending for the nobles one by one, he told them his poverty compelled him to claim their assistance, which he claimed, not as a right, but as a favour. "Behold," said he, "I am indebted by my charters in a sum of thirty thousand marks, and yet, for the honour of England, must wage war with France. In the name of Heaven! help me, and I will hereafter help you." Neither did Henry lose an opportunity of asking money from the clergy. To the Abbot of Ramsey, whom he chanced to meet, he whispered, "For God's sake! give me—I mean lend me—a hundred pounds, for I am in need, and must have that sum without

delay." The astute Abbot, deeming it unwise to deny the King's request, answered, "I will give you the money as you are in poverty, but I never lend."

These mean devices, however, but poorly answered their intended end, for both the nobles and the clergy, knowing the war with France to be a fiction invented to filch them of their money, resolved not to be outwitted, and meeting craft by craft, told the beggar King they had so impoverished themselves to supply his previous demands, that although they now had the will, they had not the means to alleviate his poverty.

These unpleasant rebuffs dejected the King and Queen, who, leaping from one extreme to the other, were next seized with a fit of miserly economy. Dispensing with royal hospitality, they diminished the number, and reduced the pay of their household servants, ceased to wear their royal robes, refused to give alms and gratuities of every kind, and to save the expense of keeping a table and line their purses to boot, daily invited themselves and a select few of their foreign friends to dine with one or the other of their wealthy subjects, from whom they invariably extracted a proof of loyal affection, in the form of a costly present at their departure. Possibly these presents were obtained by Eleanor for exhibiting the renowned Tom Thumb of the thirteenth century; as, according to Matthew Paris, a well-proportioned dwarf, not more than three feet high, was this year found in the Isle of Wight, and the Queen, to excite the astonishment of beholders, took him about with her as a natural prodigy.

Another of the King's expedients to raise money was the punishment of all who committed the most trifling trespasses on the royal forests, by heavy fines and confiscations. For killing a stray deer, or a hare, on the highway, an estate would be confiscated, and if any one muttered against the unjust proceedings, the inquisitors imprisoned him for his impudence.

CHAPTER III.

Base doings of Archbishop Boniface—The land infested with banditti—The judges are afraid to commit the criminals—The King himself sits on the bench of Justice—Eleanora and her children narrowly escape death by lightning—The clause of Non Obstante first used in secular cases—Eleanora's daughter Margaret married to the Scotch King—The journey—The marriage festivity—Quarrels between the King and Leicester—Money levied on the clergy—Henry insults the Bishop of Ely—Is reproved by the Countess of Arundel—Raises money for a pretended crusade—Is accused by the parliament of extravagance and misrule—Ratifies the great charter, and receives an aid—Henry proceeds to Gascony to quell a revolt—Eleanora Regent during his absence—Birth and death of the Princess Catherine—The Queen's private expenses.



N 1250, Eleanora's uncle, Boniface, Archbishop of Canterbury, proved himself altogether unworthy of the primateship of England. After making visitations to the monasteries and other religious houses within his own see, he obtruded himself in the dioceses of other bishops, and with pretended anger at the misdoings of the ecclesiastics, extorted large sums from them as fines. The monks of Feversham and Rochester feared to oppose his base doings, but in London he met with determined opposition. The canons of St. Paul's dared him to pay them a visitation, and dispatched an account of his infamous conduct to the Pope. Nothing daunted by this defeat, the bold Boniface went on the following day, May the fourteenth, to the priory of St. Bartholomew, where, although an unwelcome visitor, the monks, bearing lighted tapers in their hands, met him in solemn procession amidst the ringing of bells.

On perceiving this, the Archbishop angrily exclaimed, "I came not to receive honour, but to pay the canons an ecclesiastical visitation."

"But, holy primate," answered one of the canons, "we have a learned bishop of our own, and ought not, nay, will not, be visited by any other, lest we should appear to hold him in contempt."

On hearing this, the primate became so enraged, that he dealt several violent blows on the sub-prior's face, exclaiming

fiercely, "Thus it becomes me to deal with your English traitors!" and with a volley of unutterable oaths, he tore the sub-prior's valuable cloak to shreds, trampled it under foot, and pushing him with great violence against a pillar of the church, did him mortal injury.

The canons flew to the rescue of their sub-prior, when, on forcing the Archbishop back, they threw aside his robes, and discovered that he was clothed in armour. "Mercy on us!" exclaimed the horror-stricken canons, "the primate has come hither, not to visit nor to correct errors, but to excite a battle!"

Upon this, the Archbishop's attendants, who were all fellow-countrymen of his, rushed upon the unarmed canons and severely maltreated them. Bruised, disordered, maimed, and burning with rage, the canons went and complained to their bishop, who bade them go and tell their wrongs to the King. The only four who were well enough to get as far as Westminster, went to the palace, in their miry, blood-stained garments; but the King would neither see them nor hear their tale of woe. The populace of London, however, heaped reproaches on the Archbishop, and declared if they caught him they would tear him to pieces. The crowds, who were in search of him, pursued him in his flight to Lambeth, loudly crying out, "Where is this robber, this pillager of priests, this money extortioner? He is no gainer of souls, but an illiterate, black-hearted foreigner, unlawfully promoted to his dignity. Down with him! down with him!"

From Lambeth, Boniface secretly went

to the palace, where, through the influence of his niece, the Queen, he justified himself to the King, who, believing his crafty tale, told the canons of St. Bartholomew they richly deserved the chastisement they had received.

At this period, the kingdom was inundated with bands of ruffians, who, imitating the example of the court, lived by rapine and plunder. In Hampshire this state of things so prevailed, that no jury would find a bill against a robber, and the King, unable to persuade a single judge to peril his life by committing the criminals, himself sat on the bench of justice, in Winchester Castle. Some of the cases determined by the King in person present a striking picture of the misrule and depravity of that period. In one instance, about thirty of the royal household were convicted of theft and murder, and, when about to be hanged, they declared that the King, by having so long withheld their pay, was the chief cause of their death: "For," said they, "we were obliged to rob or starve"—a difficult dilemma truly, and a spot of infamy on the heart and honour of their royal master. However, all the freebooters of this period were not goaded to the life of crime by sheer want, as it was soon discovered that many of the nobles, and even the judges themselves, belonged to the banditti. One of these, Lord Clifford, on being summoned to appear before the tribunal of justice, not only refused to do so, but actually forced the King's messenger to eat the summons, seal and all.

In the summer of 1251, a terrific thunder-storm burst forth at Windsor. The lightning struck Windsor Castle, where Eleanor and the royal children were staying. After throwing down the chimney of the apartment where the Queen was, the subtle fluid entered the royal bed-chamber, threw the bed on the floor, and crushed it to powder. Fortunately, the Queen and her children were not hurt. Ere the fury of the elements was spent, much damage was done in the forest and the surrounding country. Trees were uprooted and torn limb from limb, houses and mills were crushed to the earth, whilst hus-

bandmen, shepherds, travellers, and hundreds of cattle, sheep, and swine, were washed away by the deluge of waters.

About this time, the detestable claim of *non-obstante* (notwithstanding), long before used by the Pope in his bulls, was, for the first time, inserted in a royal order. The Bishop of Carlisle had a law-suit with a baron in his diocese, and being obliged to go to France, obtained an order from the King to stay proceedings till his return; but scarcely had he embarked when the baron obtained—it is believed by a large bribe—a second order from the King, setting forth that, "*notwithstanding* the former order, the suit should not be delayed." After this, writs or orders, with that unjust addition of "*non-obstante*," became very frequent, which, being observed by the discreet justiciary, Roger De Thurkeby, he exclaimed, with a deep sigh: "Alas! in what a corrupt age do we live! Behold, the civil court is tainted by the example of the ecclesiastical, and the river is poisoned from that fountain!"

This year closed with the marriage of Henry's eldest daughter, Margaret, who had seen but ten summers, with her cousin, Alexander the Third, King of Scotland, then in the eleventh year of his age.

The nuptials were celebrated with great magnificence, at York, whither the royal bride was conducted by Henry and Eleanor, accompanied by a numerous train of nobles and clergy. Early in November, the royal party reached Nottingham Castle, where they tarried for several weeks, and where great preparations had been made for their reception. According to the liberate rolls, new wooden seats had been erected in the Queen's chamber, and in the walls, which were re-whitewashed, iron candlesticks placed. Over the altar, in the Queen's chapel, two pictures had been painted—the history of St. William and that of St. Edward; whilst for the chapel were provided censers, cups, crosses, vials, a set of religious books, and many other needful things.

From Nottingham the royal party proceeded by slow stages to York, where, on the twenty-second of December, they

had the pleasure of greeting the bridegroom and his train of Scotch nobles.

On Christmas day, Alexander was knighted by the English King, and at an early hour on the ensuing morning, the marriage was solemnized, Henry agreeing to pay, before the lapse of four years, five hundred marks of silver, as the bride's wedding portion.

Matthew Paris was present at the gay scene, "which," says the worthy chronicler, "was indescribably gorgeous. There was collected such a host of English, French, and Scotch nobles, and such crowds of gaily-dressed warriors, that it would be tedious to describe the elegance of the clothing—the worldly vanity of the scene. There was a thousand English, clad in rich silken *guaintes*—robe-like garments, bordered with ornamental vandyking, and adorned with the coat of arms of the wearer, or some other quaint device—which they changed on the morrow, thus presenting themselves at court in a new robe each day, whilst sixty Scotch knights, with nearly all the gentry of Scotland, were present, and excited universal admiration by the richness of their dresses and their manly bearing."

The marriage feast was profuse; every variety of flesh, fish, fowl, fruit, and wine was in abundance; sixty fat bullocks forming the first course at table. The guests alternately dined with one or the other of the Kings or the Archbishop of York. The latter provided homes for the guests, food for the horses, provisions for the table, fuel for the fires, and other necessities, which together cost him about four thousand marks. "This heavy sum," the chronicler remarks, "the prelate was forced to sow on a barren soil, that his good name might be preserved, and the mouths of evil-speakers closed."

Ere the conclusion of the festivity, Alexander did homage to Henry, for his possessions in England. After which, the English King demanded the so-often contested homage for the kingdom of Scotland; but the young Prince, although taken by surprise, in a moment of joyous excitement, spiritedly answered: "I came to York to marry the English

Princess, and not to treat of state affairs. Besides, being a minor, I cannot take so important a step without the concurrence of the national council." Finding the Scotch king so resolute, and being unwilling to throw a cloud over the peaceful festival, Henry dissembled his feelings, and let the matter drop. This conditional homage, however, led to a fierce war between England and Scotland in the subsequent reign.

At the early part of the year 1251, the King had a bitter quarrel with Simon De Montfort, Earl of Leicester, which was occasioned by his own base conduct. About twenty-seven years previously, he had ceded Gascony to his brother, Earl Richard, which he, some years afterwards, confirmed to him by a royal charter. However, on Eleanora giving birth to an heir, he forcibly took back Gascony, to bestow it on his eldest-born, Edward; and as the Gascons very naturally rebelled against this injustice, he appointed Leicester as their governor, with strict injunctions to crush their rebellious pride, and treat them with all possible severity. Leicester did his royal master's bidding so effectually, that the Archbishop of Bourdeaux and other Gascon nobles came to England, and complained to the King of his tyranny. "We will choose another liege lord than the King of England," said they, with an oath, "rather than obey that detestable, exterminating Earl!"

On hearing of these proceedings against him, Leicester hastened to England, and, accompanied by Earl Richard and other of his friends, went before Henry, and refuted and silenced his Gascon foes. Still, however, the King spoke against him, and at length both parties grew warm, when, on the Earl of Leicester calling upon the King to reward him for his services, as he had promised to do, Henry sharply replied—"I am not bound to keep my word with a traitor."

"By the image of death, thou liest!" retorted the angry Earl; "and wert thou not a King, I would make thee eat thy words! I a traitor, indeed! Did not I rescue thee from the snare of the French at Santonge? Have not I impoverished my earldom for the sake of thy honour?"

and yet for these acts I am called a traitor, forsooth! Oh, after this, it were difficult to believe that thou art a Christian, or ever confessed thy sins!"

"Yes, I am a Christian, and have often been at confession," answered the King, who was so greatly enraged at the Earl's boldness, that he would have had him seized on the spot, had he not been well assured that the nobles present would not permit such a proceeding.

"What signifies confession without repentance?" replied the Earl, with a look of defiance.

"I never repented of any act," said the insulted King, "so much as I now repent of having bestowed my favours on one possessing so little gratitude and so much ill-manners."

At this crisis the friends of both parties interceded, and abruptly terminated the dispute.

Shortly afterwards, deeply wounded as the King was by the insolence of Leicester, he, to rid himself of his presence, sent him again as Governor of Gascony. "For," said Henry, addressing the Earl, in tones of sarcasm, "as you are such a fomentor of wars, you will doubtless there find enough of them, and also a reward answerable to your merits, as your father did of old."

"Cheerfully will I go thither," replied the Earl, boldly, "nor hence return, till I have reduced to subjection the rebellious subjects of an ungrateful prince."

Henry now, with his usual indiscretion, offended the clergy, who had already suffered greatly from the extravagant exactions of the Holy See, by demanding of them a tenth of their revenues for three years, to aid him in the pious design of a crusade against the infidels of Palestine.

On finding he could obtain nothing from the assembled clergy, Henry sent for the conscientious Bishop of Ely, and endeavoured, by soft words and bland smiles, to secure his interest. But on the prelate attempting to expostulate with him on the folly and tyranny of his conduct, Henry reddened with rage, and after angrily answering, "I did not invite you here to deliver me a sermon," called loudly to his attendants, "Turn this ill-bred fellow out, nor let him ap-

pear before me again, since even he denies me aid and consolation."

Nor did the King come off better, when, a few days afterwards, he gave audience to the Countess of Arundel, who waited on him to plead her right to a certain wardship, the charge of which he claimed to himself, by reason of a small portion of it belonging to him. As Henry turned a deaf ear to her entreaties, the Countess boldly retorted, "My lord the King, why do you turn your face from justice? One cannot now obtain what is just or right at your court. You are placed to mediate between our Heavenly King and us, but you ill-govern both yourself and us. Are you not ashamed of your tyrannical conduct both to the clergy and the nobles?"

"What mean you, lady Countess?" asked the King, with a derisive smile. "Have the nobles of England given you a charter to be their advocate?"

"Indeed, my lord," rejoined the Countess, "I have received no such charter from prelate or baron; but you have broken that charter which you and your father granted and swore inviolably to observe, and for which you have so often extorted money from your subjects. Therefore, I, although a woman, in the name of the mighty nation over which you reign, appeal against you before the tribunal of the awful Judge of all. May the Lord, the God of vengeance, avenge us!"

Dumbfounded and shame-stricken at this truthful accusation, the King, after a brief pause, said, in a gentle voice, "My lady Countess, did not you ask a favour because you were my cousin?"

"Since you have denied me my rights," replied the Countess, "how can I expect a favour?"

The King, thus reproved, remained silent, and the Countess departed, without any satisfaction save that of having freely spoken her mind.

At this period, Louis of France and many of his nobles were lingering in captivity in the Holy Land, and although Henry had strictly forbidden the English nobles to hasten to their succour, ere he was ready to lead them forth in person, and Eleanor had expressed a

desire to accompany her royal lord in the crusade, he delayed making preparations for the undertaking, and pretending that he had not raised a sum sufficient to cover its expenses, extracted twenty marks of gold from the city of London, and convoking a parliament, demanded aid from them. But as both the clergy and the barons viewed the crusade as a fiction, invented by him to filch them of their money, they sent a deputation of the bishops to remonstrate with him upon his extravagance and misrule.

Having listened to the lecture with politeness, Henry answered, "True, I have been in error. I have made improper promotions. I obtruded you, my lord of Canterbury, upon your see. It was only by employing threats and persuasions, my lord of Winchester, that I procured your election; and irregular, indeed, was my conduct, my lords of Salisbury and Carlisle, when, from your lowly stations, I exalted you to your present dignity. However, my lords, you may tell the parliament, that I am ready and willing to assist them in redressing the wrongs and grievances of which they so bitterly complain."

On receiving this message, the parliament granted the King a tenth of the ecclesiastical benefices, and a scutage of three marks upon each knight's fee; and on the eighteenth of May, 1253, the reluctant monarch, for the third time, ratified the great charters with the solemn ceremony of bell, book, and candle.

The ceremony was performed in the palace at Westminster. All the lords spiritual and temporal were present, and bore in their hands lighted tapers. The King emphatically agreed in the awful curse invoked by the Archbishop of Canterbury upon any violation of his oath. The two charters were then read aloud and confirmed by Henry, who placed his hand on his heart, in token of the sincerity of his intentions, after which, every one flung his taper upon the ground, and loudly exclaimed, "May whoever violates the charters thus smoke in hell!"

The solemn farce ended, Henry resolved to expend the money his hypocrisy had obtained, in quelling the Gas-

cons, who, taking advantage of the recall of Leicester, and the misrule of his successor, the youthful Prince Henry, had raised the standard of revolt.

Prior to his embarkation for Gascony, at Portsmouth, on the sixth of August, Henry conferred the regency of the kingdom on his beloved Eleanora, and his brother, Earl Richard. The regal power was vested in Eleanora, but her royal lord charged her to follow the discreet council of her brother-in-law; and although the great seal was delivered to the custody of the Queen, it was sealed up in its casket with the King's privy seal, and Earl Richard's signets. It is worthy of remark, that besides exercising the functions of a sovereign, Eleanora took her seat in the King's Bench as a judge. "The Queen," says Madox, "*was custos regni, and sat vice regis.*"

On the twenty-third of November, Eleanora gave birth to her daughter, Catherine, in Westminster Palace. The Princess, who was born deaf and dumb, was extremely beautiful, but being delicate, she died in the fourth year of her age. Her remains were interred in Westminster Abbey, close to those of her brothers, Richard and John, the third and fourth sons of Henry and Eleanora, who had died in their infancy. Her parents performed her obsequies with great splendour, and as a memorial of their affection for their beloved little dumb girl, erected over her tomb her effigy in silver.

The following amusing items are extracted from the entries of the Queen's private expenses. For making a dress for Eleanora, eightpence; one ornamented with six dozen gold buttons, for the Princess Beatrice, then about ten years old, fourpence; a pair of gloves for Prince Edmund, sixpence; a pair of boots for the Prince, one shilling; two pairs of shoes for Beatrice, tenpence. About this time, the Queen presented Beatrice with a mirror, which cost sevenpence, a knife entered at three shillings, and a well-trained palfrey, which cost the extravagant sum of six marks. The Queen's household expenses were about eight marks per day, with an additional seven or eight shillings for alms.

CHAPTER IV.

Eleanor's despotic rule—She oppresses the City of London—She sends the King a New Year's gift—The Jews fleeced by Earl Richard—Eleanor goes to the continent—Prince Edward's marriage—The feast of Kings—The King and Queen return to England—The Londoners fined—The Tower menagerie—The Regents of Scotland imprison their King and Queen—Eleanor accompanies her lord to the north—Her illness at Wark—Royal fêtes at Woodstock and London—Severe famine—The King and Queen's unpopular conduct—Folk-motes—Crusade in Sicily projected—The Pope's unjust doings—The Oxford statutes—Tyrannical conduct of the barons—Henry and Eleanor proceed to Paris—Marriage of the Princess Beatrice—Alarming report—King and Queen return to England—Illustrious guests at court.



BEING invested with the sovereign power, Eleanor endeavoured to rule the nation with the stern rod of despotism; and that Earl Richard might not curb her tyranny, she made common cause with his wife, the Countess of Cornwall; in fact, the Queen and her sister-in-law laughed at the good Earl's advice, and ruled, or rather misruled the realm after their own fashion. The weight of this misrule first fell upon the city of London; nor is this surprizing, as feelings of ill-will had long subsisted between the good citizens and the Queen. Besides other acts of injustice, Eleanor had ordered that all richly laden ships entering the port of London should discharge their cargo at Quecnhithe, the heavy dues from that wharf forming part of her income. This oppression had scarcely been suppressed by Earl Richard buying the Queen's right to the quay and farming it to the Mayor of London, when Eleanor reverted to other arbitrary modes of filching the Londoners. She insisted they owed her a considerable sum for *Queen's gold*, and that too on the heavy amounts which the King had so unjustly wrested from them. For non-compliance with this vexatious demand, she, in 1254, committed Richard Picard and John de Northampton, Sheriffs of London, to the Marshalsea prison, where, a few months afterwards, she imprisoned Richard Har-

dell, the Mayor, for arrears of an aid towards subduing the rebellion in Gascony.

At the commencement of 1254, Henry, pretending to fear the attack of the Castilians, sent instructions to the Queen to summon a parliament and demand an aid. But as Leicester had returned to England, and brought intelligence that Henry, having agreed upon a marriage between his eldest born, Edward, and Eleanor, sister of Alphonso, King of Castile, only wanted the money to squander at the nuptials in feasting and pageantry, the parliament refused the grant. Eleanor, therefore, sent the King five hundred marks from her own private purse as a new year's gift, and immediately afterwards, Earl Richard, in compliance with Henry's orders, fleeced the money for the wedding festival from the Jews with such rigour, that they petitioned to leave the country, a request which was peremptorily refused, and followed by further extortions as a punishment for their boldness in daring to make such an application.

Immediately the preliminaries of Edward's marriage were arranged, Eleanor, at the bidding of her royal lord, resigned the regal reins to Earl Richard, and in May set out for Bourdeaux, with her sons, Edward and Edmund, and a courtly train of ladies and nobles. After the solemnization of the marriage, at Burgos, Eleanor, accompanied by the bride and bridegroom, returned to Bourdeaux, where Henry awaited their arrival, and whence the wedding party

proceeded to Paris, where St. Louis, who had purchased his freedom in the Holy Land, entertained them with all attainable pomp and magnificence.

At this "feast of kings" were present Eleanora's four sisters, and her mother, the Countess of Provence. Henry and Eleanora were attended by one thousand horsemen, well mounted on spirited chargers and docile palfreys. After a sojourn of eight days, they quitted Paris and its giddy scenes with regret, and, embarking with their courtly retinue for England, landed at Dover in safety, on the fifth of January, 1255, and on the twenty-seventh of the same month, entered London with extraordinary pomp. The citizens presented the King with one hundred pounds, a sum they usually gave on such occasions; after which, they, to better satisfy Henry, presented him with a rich piece of plate, of exquisite workmanship; but even these gifts were not sufficiently valuable to stay the greedy longings of the wealth-grasping monarch, who, a few days afterwards, extorted from them a fine of three thousand marks, under a pretence that they had assisted a priest, accused of murder, to escape from Newgate, although it was well known that the bishop's officers, and not the citizens, had favoured the flight of the prisoner.

At this time, Eleanora again pressed upon the Londoners her unjust claims for *queen's gold*, and Henry forced the good citizens to provide food and necessities for the white bear which he received from the King of Norway, and which he kept in the Tower of London. There is a precept, still extant, ordering the sheriffs of London to provide this royal bruin with a muzzle, an iron chain, and a long, stout rope, to hold him whilst fishing in the Thames. Henry possessed a decided taste for zoology. By him was formed the so-long-celebrated menagerie in the Tower. The collection commenced with three leopards, sent to him by the Emperor of Germany, then followed the white bear, and in 1254 the first elephant seen in this country was landed at Sandwich, and hence conveyed to the Tower, where the animal's strange and huge propor-

tions excited the wonder of the gazing throng.

Just as Eleanora's ambition had been delighted by the Pope's offering to invest her second son, Edmund, with the crown of the two Sicilies, and whilst Henry was about recklessly to rush into an expensive and unpopular war, in support of the hollow pretensions of his youthful son to the Sicilian throne, rumours reached the English coast that the Regents of Scotland were harshly treating their King and Queen. The truth of these rumours was confirmed by Master Reginald of Bath, Eleanora's trustworthy physician, who, having been sent to enquire into the matter, on reaching Edinburgh Castle, found the Scotch King and Queen both imprisoned therein, in separate apartments. He gained a private interview with the Queen, and from her lips learned how her health had been impaired and her spirits broken by the cruelty of her jailor.

"Oh, for the love of God," she said, "do tell my father, Henry, how I have been cruelly torn and separated from my poor Alexander, who, like myself, is made sick and infirm by the cruelties and miserable confinement we are forced to endure! Say, good sir, we are not permitted to take any part in the government—we are treated like felons, and in hourly peril of our lives!"

This appeal greatly excited the paternal feelings of Eleanora and Henry. They hastily despatched Earl Richard and John Maunsell to rescue their daughter, if possible, from her torments. On reaching Edinburgh, the trusty Earls with their followers entered the castle in disguise, and bore off the Scotch King and Queen in triumph.

Eleanora's anxiety for her daughter's welfare impelled her to prevail on her royal lord to proceed to the north, and, if needs be, to second the efforts of Earl Richard by an appeal to arms. Eleanora accompanied Henry in this expedition, and as days passed on, her anxiety for the Scotch Queen's safety so preyed upon her mind, that, on reaching Wark Castle, on the Scottish border, she became seriously indisposed. However,

as her mind was soon relieved from anxious suspense by the arrival of the young King and Queen of Scotland, her health daily improved, till at length she became convalescent.

After formally deposing the former Regents, and placing the government in the hands of those on whom he could rely, Henry drew up a treaty, by which he was nominated "councillor in chief" to the Scotch King during his minority, which was signed with due solemnity by Alexander, on the twentieth of September, at Roxburgh Castle, whither, after a short stay at Wark, he, to please his nobles, had repaired.

Shortly after the signing of this treaty, Margaret and Alexander returned to Edinburgh Castle, there to enjoy each other's society in unrestrained freedom; whilst Eleanora, being sufficiently well, returned into England with her royal lord, where the affairs of Sicily demanded their earnest attention.

Serious business, however, was not Henry's forte; and as both he and his Queen mutually delighted in "light pleasures and vain-glory," they, in the August of the following year, invited the Scotch King and Queen to celebrate with them the Assumption of the Virgin Mary. The fête was celebrated at the palace of Woodstock, with unheard-of pomp and gorgeousness. The guests were so numerous that the palace, extensive as it was, could not contain them; and after they had procured every possible accommodation in the neighbouring villages and Oxford, it became necessary to erect tents for their reception in the surrounding parks and fields.

At length the merry feasters exhausted the pleasures and stores of Woodstock and its vicinity, and proceeded to London, where they made their public entry on the twenty-seventh of August, and where they tarried till the close of September, when Alexander and his bride, accompanied by his mother, Mary De Coucy, and his train of Scotch nobles, turned their face to the north, and recrossed the border.

This royal fête had terminated but a few brief months when Earl Richard went to Aix-la-Chapelle, to be crowned

King of the Romans, carrying with him the enormous sum of seven hundred thousand pounds sterling (ten million five hundred thousand pounds present money). This sudden draw on the specie, together with the extravagant sums extracted by the Pope for the intended crusade in Sicily, caused a famine so severe, that a contemporary writer declares he himself saw the common people fighting to eat hogs' wash, and, like hungry wolves, voraciously devouring the carrion carcasses of dogs, cats, rats, and other filthy creatures.

Meanwhile, Henry's fondness for his half-brothers and Eleanora's relations greatly increased. Besides again beggaring himself by draining his coffers into their capacious purses, he, by forbidding the chancellor to issue any writ to their prejudice, permitted them the exercise of unrestrained tyranny over his subjects. By this conduct he increased the number of his enemies amongst the barons and knights; whilst Eleanora added to her unpopularity with the Londoners by renewing her oft-repeated unjust demands for queen's gold, the sheriffs being forced, by writs of Exchequer, to seize the chattels of the citizens for the same. At this period, Henry, experiencing the disloyalty of the Londoners, revived the ancient custom of convoking folk-motes. Assembling the citizens at St. Paul's Cross, he there attended in person, and told them that all the male population above twelve years of age should take an oath before the aldermen of their particular ward to be faithful to the King and his heir; which was accordingly done, although with an ill grace.

Whilst these matters were in progress, Eleanora, who fondly believed her son Prince Edmund already King of the two Sicilies, and never for a moment doubted the Pope's sincerity in the matter, unceasingly urged her royal husband to do the bidding of the Holy See, and terminate her anxiety by securely seating their youthful Prince on the Sicilian throne. Henry being himself greatly delighted at the preference shown by the Pope to his favourite son, required no urging forward by his beloved consort; his own

anxiety blinded his reason, and he at once became the Sovereign Pontiff's pliant tool. By a bull from the Holy See, his vow to fight the Painim in the Holy Land, was changed into that of undertaking the conquest of Sicily, after which the English were fleeced most unmercifully by the cunning agents of Rome. At one time the clergy were ordered to pay towards the projected crusade in Sicily a tenth of their revenues, by a bull containing the artfully worded phrase, that "Notwithstanding any former letters, indulgences, privileges, exemptions, or other grants under any form, or for what cause soever, and notwithstanding all objections which could be devised." There was no cavilling at these terms; it was either submit or rebel. The clergy chose the former. Emboldened by this success, the Pope shortly afterwards endeavoured, to prevail on the bishops, Abbots, and Priors, to each sign a note, acknowledging himself to have received from a merchant in Italy the sum of five hundred, six hundred, or seven hundred marks, for the use of his church, and binding himself to repay it in a certain time. This measure, however, miscarried; the Bishop of London boldly declared, "He would die rather than submit to such tyrannical oppression." And when King Henry, who was no less exasperated than the nuncio at the bishop's opposition, told him he should quickly feel the effects of his insolence to his King and the Pope, he undauntedly answered, "Truly, the King and the Pope are more powerful than I; but if I lose my mitre, I can clap a helmet in its place."

Matthew Paris, in alluding to these extortions, says,—“The sacred privileges of churches signify nothing, and though the Pope has a power only for the instruction and enlightenment of the nation, and not for destruction; yet the tax upon the clergy, which was granted at first but for three, is now changed into five years; and, formerly, laymen paid tithes to the clergy, but now, even the prelates are compelled to pay tenths to the laity. An aid was granted to succour the Christians in the Holy Land, and we are compelled to pay it

to fight against the Christians of Apulia. A tenth was also granted by us to the King for the observation of the great charter, which notwithstanding is not kept, besides many other grievances then done to the clergy and the church by the Pope's means, though with the secret concurrence of the King himself.”

Finding it impossible to collect sums sufficient to quench the Pope's greedy thirst for money, Henry, in a fit of despair, exclaimed,—“Was the ocean filled with wealth, by the Gospels! his Holiness would drink it dry! I must renounce this grant of the Sicilian diadem, or there will not be a mark left in the country.” However, on recovering from his despondency, he again made a strenuous effort to fill his coffers, and urge the discontented barons to embark in the chimerical crusade to Sicily. Attiring Prince Edmund in the costume of a Sicilian monarch, he presented him before the assembled parliament, with the following oration: “Behold, generous nobles, my young son, Edmund, whom the King of Kings has called to an earthly throne! Oh, hard-hearted, indeed, must be they, who would deny so beautiful, so worthy a prince either money or advice to secure his regal dignity.”

This dramatic device failed of its purpose. The barons appeared at Westminster, clothed in armour, and with so formidable an armed attendance, that Henry, in alarm, demanded if he was their prisoner.

“No, sire,” answered the Earl of Norfolk, “but we are resolved to preserve our rights, even at the hazard of our lives.”

The King having no power to resist them, complied with their desire, by shortly afterwards calling another parliament, when twenty-four barons were chosen, twelve by Henry, and twelve by the parliament, who drew up certain articles, which the King, on meeting them at Oxford, solemnly swore to observe. These articles, known in history as the Oxford statutes or provisions, owe their origin chiefly to the Earl of Leicester. They had for their object the transfer of the regal authority from the crown to the barons, and although the step was a

dangerous one, it cannot be denied that measures beyond the ordinary course of the constitution were necessary to control so prodigal and injudicious a sovereign.

No sooner had Henry sworn to resign all the real power of the crown into the hands of deputies, than he wished, as on former occasions, to break his oath. This, however, is not surprising, considering what a little value the monarch attached to vows, and how, at this crisis, the barons showed themselves equally capable with their sovereign of playing the tyrant. On Henry, son of Earl Richard, titular King of the Romans, declaring the Oxford statutes could not be in force till his father, then in Germany, had consented to them, the Earl of Leicester haughtily replied, "If your father refuses to join with the barons, he shall not enjoy one foot of land in England." Shortly afterwards, when William de Valence, the King's half-brother, refused to deliver up the castles of which he held possession, the haughty Earl sent him the laconic message, "We will have the castles or your head."

This threat being supported by the rest of the barons, the King's half-brothers fled to Winchester in alarm, where being surrounded and threatened by some of the more violent of the barons, King Henry, to save them from destruction, agreed to banish them.

Having thus driven the foreign favourites from the kingdom, the barons swore to defend the Oxford statutes with their lives; and after dismissing the judiciary, treasurer, and other chief ministers, and filling the important posts with their own partizans, enlisted London on their side, and administered an oath to all the lieges to obey and execute the mandate of the baronial council, under pain of being declared public enemies; and such was the power of this council, that the powerful Earl Warenne, and Prince Edward, the heir to the throne, were not exempt from the obligations to take this oath.

However unwillingly the mortified monarch was compelled to bow to the will of the obnoxious barons, to their

astute leader, his energetic brother-in-law, Earl Leicester, he entertained the greatest animosity. "One day," says Matthew Paris, "as he was going to the Tower by water, there suddenly burst forth a violent thunder-storm, which so terrified him, that he ordered the oarsmen to push for the nearest stairs, forgetting, in his fright, that they led to Durham House, where Leicester then resided. On landing, the Earl received him with extreme courtesy, and told him to suppress his fear, as the storm was spent."

"I am beyond measure afraid of thunder and lightning," replied the angry King, with a look of defiance; "but by the head of God! I fear thee more than all the thunder in the world."

"Believe me, my lord," answered Leicester, in tones of gentleness, "you wrong your sincerest of friends, when you thus speak. Earl Simon has ever been your faithful liege, and even now is staking his wealth, his life, his all, to save your realm from ruin, and yourself from the downfall which the doings of your deceitful courtiers are urging on."

Leicester being the head of the baronial and church party, Henry placed no reliance in his soft words, but taking the earliest opportunity retired to the continent, to seek aid from Eleanor's foreign relations. Accompanied by his consort, and their daughter, Beatrice, Henry embarked at Dover, and landing at Witsand, proceeded to Paris, where they were joyously received by the good St. Louis, and where, according to previous arrangements, the Princess Beatrice was married to John de Dreux, Duke of Brittany.

The return of the royal party was greatly delayed by a report that Prince Edward, taking advantage of the disaffection of the nation, was in league with Leicester, and plotting to supplant his father on the throne. This report so alarmed Henry and Eleanor, that their suspicions were only assuaged by the receipt of a letter, signed by Earl Richard and numerous other nobles, declaring the rumour to be without foundation. Being fully satisfied of the

innocence and filial affection of his eldest born, King Henry, accompanied by his Queen, and the Princess Beatrice and her husband, quitted the shores of France, and landing at Dover, made their entry into London, on the first of May, 1260.

In the following autumn, the King and Queen of Scotland arrived in London on a visit to Henry and Eleanora, who received them with great affection. The court now was very numerous, but as the King had no funds to support his

dignity, the baronial council did honour to his royalty, by providing for the magnificent entertainment of the illustrious guests.

On the conclusion of the festivals held at Westminster, in honour of their visit, the ladies Margaret and Beatrice retired with their mother to Windsor, where they passed the winter and early spring in quiet retirement, and where the Queen of Scotland gave birth to a daughter, who was named after herself, Margaret.

CHAPTER V.

The Tower and Windsor Castle stored and garrisoned—Henry violates the Oxford statutes, and assumes the government—Leicester retires to the continent—Prince Edward returns to England—The King goes to Gascony—In his absence the power of the barons increases—The treasury of the Knights' Templars robbed by Prince Edward—Riots in London—The Queen pelted by the mob—Escapes to Windsor—The King of France vainly endeavours to arbitrate between Henry and the Barons—Civil war commences—The King defeats the Oxford students at Northampton—Battle of Lewes—The King and Prince Edward taken—Edward escapes—Eleanora raises troops in Flanders—The King's opponents excommunicated—Battle of Evesham—Death of Leicester—Release of the King—Clemency of the King and Queen to the vanquished—London fined—The estates of the rebel barons confiscated—Leicester and his followers excommunicated—Prince Edward defeats Adam Gordon—Defection of the Earl of Gloucester.



HE threatening aspect of affairs at this period cast a gloom over the minds of Henry and Eleanora, so severe, that fearing for the personal safety of their daughters, they hurried them out of the country, after which, to secure themselves from the dreaded attacks of the hostile barons, they well stored and garrisoned the fortresses of Windsor and the Tower of London, and made them their principal residences, the Queen usually being at Windsor, and the King at the Tower.

Henry having, to avoid the charge of perjury, secretly applied to Rome, and procured absolution from the oath he had made, to support the barons in their authority, called a parliament in London,

and suddenly appearing before them, told them that when he signed the Oxford statutes, they bound themselves to augment his revenues and pay his debts, but as they had not done so, neither should he abide by his word. "Moreover," he declared, "he was determined to free himself from the fetters of a faction, who treated him more like a slave than their King, and in his own person assert the dignity of his prerogatives."

This declaration astounded the barons, but before they had time to reply, Henry retired, and shutting himself up in the Tower, seized all the money in the Mint, and issued a proclamation to the effect that the barons, not having performed their part of the Oxford statutes, the Pope had absolved him from his oath to observe them. That he was ready to do justice to all men in his courts, and strictly observe the articles of the great

charters, and therefore, in duty to himself and his people, he should henceforth use his royal authority without diminution or participation by any one. In accordance with this proclamation, the King changed all the chief offices of state, and of his own household, as also many of the castellans and sheriffs of counties.

About this period, the barons of the Cinque Ports, to whom the chief guard of the kingdom by sea was invested, turned their warrior fleets against the King, declaring that as Henry had separated his interests from those of the nation at large, they could no longer serve him as their King, for the King and the state could only be viewed as an indivisible body, whilst the royal prerogatives belonged rather to the office than the person of the sovereign.

In 1261, Henry's cause became so strengthened, that Leicester deemed it prudent to retire to the continent, and Prince Edward returned to England with foreign troops, pretending that it was necessary to chastise the turbulent Welsh, although his real motive was to keep the rebellious barons in subjection during the absence of his royal father, whose presence was needed in Gascony, and where, being attacked with a quar-tan ague, he was detained during the autumn.

In the absence of the King, the barons became united, and the formidable Leicester, perceiving this, returned from France in 1262, and appearing at a great council, held by Philip Basset, the justiciary, produced a brief from the time-serving Pope, confirming the Oxford statutes, recalling the King's absolution, and declaring his Holiness was deceived when granting it. This brief was publicly read in the council, contrary to the will of the justiciary. A civil war appeared inevitable; Henry hastened to England, but his presence did not check the growing strength of the baronial party, who now required him to confirm the Oxford statutes, a measure alike repugnant to himself and Eleanora.

Prince Edward, perceiving the barons were buckling on their armour in earnest, became anxiously desirous to

strengthen his father's cause by retaining the troops he had, for want of funds, been employing with such little success against the turbulent Welsh. Lacking the means to pay this warrior band, the heir-apparent resorted to an expedient which strikingly exhibits how all law and justice were trampled under foot by the high and mighty at that period. Quitting Wales suddenly, he hastened to London, and at once proceeded with an armed force to the New Temple, where he plundered the treasury of the Knights Templars of the valuable jewels which his mother, Queen Eleanora, had a short time previously pledged with that fraternity for a large sum, besides ten thousand pounds sterling, belonging to the city of London and other opulent merchants, who had placed their money for security with those military monks, they, in that age, being the wealthiest bankers and money brokers in Europe. This treasure he safely lodged in Windsor Castle, and a few months afterwards the Queen pawned these same jewels to her sister's husband, the King of France; a transaction neither creditable to herself nor her sainted brother-in-law.

This year, Henry, notwithstanding Eleanora's opposition, confirmed the Oxford statutes, and peace would probably have ensued, had not the ultra-reformers of that period been more eager for bloodshed and plunder, than order and justice. The rabble of the great towns, urged on by deluding demagogues, sided with Leicester, whose cause and liberty to plunder they coupled. In London especially, the very dregs of the population rose in insurrection, and after mercilessly attacking the Jews, the Lombards, and other wealthy bankers and money-brokers, plundered and murdered every person of wealth that came in their way. The rapacious mob was headed by John Fitz-John, a powerful baron, and Stephen Buckwell, the Marshal of London; and they committed such serious outrage, that the Queen became alarmed, and endeavoured to escape from the Tower—where she was residing at the time of the outbreak—by water. But just as she was shooting the bridge, the maddened mob, by whom

she was not without some reason detested, observed the royal barge in the Thames, and instantly rushed to the bridge, pelting her in eager earnestness with stones, dirt, rotten eggs, and other vile muck; at the same time shouting, "There goes that wicked woman! she is no queen, but an old witch! drown the hag! drown her!" This attack was so fierce and formidable, that Eleanora certainly would have been drowned, had she not, after great difficulty, escaped the fury of the rioters, by hastening back to the Tower; where, however, she deemed herself in such danger that, when night closed in, she sought shelter in the episcopal palace near St. Paul's, whence she privately fled to Windsor Castle, which was strongly garrisoned by Prince Edward and his fighting men. Neither the King nor Prince Edward ever forgave the Londoners for this insult upon the Queen, which, indeed, hurried forward the civil war.

When the barons had consented to refer their grievances to the arbitration of the French King, Henry took Eleanora and her family to the court of France, where he left them in security in October, 1264, and himself returned to England, where he braved the storm of rebellion with more than his characteristic courage and energy.

The decision of St. Louis, although a just one, produced no satisfactory result. The barons and the royalists flew to arms, and "there was now a taking of towns and prisoners on all hands." The baronial party, supported by the church, gave a religious character to the war, and urged the nation to take up arms in the cause of religion and righteousness. Solemn service was performed in the battle-field before commencing action. The students of Oxford, numbering fifteen thousand, fought for the barons at Northampton, where, on the third of April, they boldly advanced, under a banner of their own, against the King, and annoyed him more than the rest of the barons. On gaining the victory—a most decisive one—Henry was eager to inflict a severe vengeance on them, but his councillors, in alarm, reminded him

"that most of these turbulent students were sons of the great men of the land, and many of them his own adherents' heirs, who had been excited to opposition by the popular clamour for liberty, and if he slew them, their blood would be terribly revenged, for even the nobles who now fought in his cause, would then take up arms against him."

The country now bristled with arms, and was lit up with the flame of civil war. Victory favoured the royal cause, and Henry exercised a clemency and humanity to the vanquished, that does honour to his heart. At the castle of Tunbridge, having made prisoner the wife of his deadly foe, the Duke of Gloucester, he immediately released her, again remarking, "that he did not war against ladies."

Whilst encamped within six miles of the royal army, near Lewes, in Sussex, the barons, disheartened by repeated defeats, sued for peace, offering the King thirty thousand marks in consideration of the damages done by them in the kingdom, provided he would at the same time confirm the provisions of Oxford. But Prince Edward, animated by an eager desire to revenge the insults offered to Eleanora, his mother, by the rabble of London, replied by a letter of defiance; whilst the King told them that it was not he, but they, that had caused the war and ruin which had befallen the nation; that their acts and professions did not agree, and therefore he deduced them as rebels and traitors.

On receiving these replies, Leicester and his friends renounced their allegiance, and after being formally absolved of their sins by the Bishop of Chichester, and each man wearing a white cross on his breast and back, to shew that he fought for justice, boldly marched against the royalists.

The battle of Lewes, fought the fourteenth of May, 1264, was lost through the ardent desire of Prince Henry to revenge the insults which the Londoners had offered his mother. Having speedily broken the ranks of the disloyal citizens, who to the number of fifteen thousand had mustered under the banner of the rebel Leicester, the head-

strong heir of England and his well-mounted cavalry pursued them with great and merciless slaughter for nearly five miles from the battle-field, all the time vehemently shouting, "The devil's curses on the traitors that dared to menace their Queen! cut them down! cut them down! kill the cowardly rebels!" The carnage was terrible; three thousand Londoners were slain, and many more wounded. But when the wearied victors returned from the pursuit, both armies had disappeared. After traversing the field, bestrewn with the dead and the dying, Prince Edward learned, to his sorrow, that the royalists, deprived of the support of his cavalry, had suffered a complete defeat, and his father, together with his uncle, Richard, King of the Romans, and other mighty personages were taken prisoners. This victory prostrated the royal power at the feet of Leicester; and Edward, having no other resource, signed the "mise of Lewes" and surrendered himself to his mighty foeman.

Eleanor, who during her husband's captivity ostensibly resided in France, but paid occasional visits to England, lavished her wealth and exerted her utmost energies against Leicester and his supporters. On learning that Wallingford Castle, where Prince Edward was confined, was but feebly guarded, she sent word so to the royalists, who immediately attacked it by surprise, with a view to release the Prince. For a time the besieged boldly braved the attack, but being greatly worsted, they at length called out to the assailants, "If you do not instantly raise the siege, we will shoot Prince Edward to you from the mangonel!" This murderous purpose of his captivators so alarmed the Prince, that he obtained permission to address his friends, and mounting the wall, begged of them, for his very life's sake, to desist and retire, which they accordingly did, but with great vexation, as they had made sure of victory.

Unsuccessful in this effort, the Queen found a woman whose wit accomplished what manly valour had failed to effect. The wife of Lord Mortimer sent through a third party a swift steed to Edward,

with secret instructions to make his escape. Accordingly, having feigned illness, Edward obtained permission to take the air on horseback without the walls of Hereford. Attended by his keepers, he rode to Widmarsh, and passed the afternoon in riding races and other sports. At eventide a horseman appeared on Tullington Hill, waving his cap. The prince knew the signal, mounted the steed presented to him by Lady Mortimer, and galloped off at full speed, shouting, "Hoe, fellows! commend me to my sire, the King; say I go to fight for his liberty and rights, and to bow to the dust the usurper Leicester!"

The keepers followed in all haste, but the Prince's horse outdistanced theirs, and soon Mortimer, with a band of armed followers, issued from a copse, received Edward with acclamations of triumph, and conducted him safely to his castle of Wigmore, where

"There was joy and bliss enough when he came thither,
To the lady of that castle, Dame Mand de Mortimer."

Meanwhile, Eleanor collected together a powerful army at Damme, in Flanders, "which," says Matthew of Westminster, "was commanded by so many dukes and earls as seemed incredible, and those who knew the number and strength of that army, affirmed that if they had once landed they would certainly have subdued the whole kingdom. But God in his mercy ordered it otherwise;" for whilst the Queen and her foreign forces were detained by adverse winds in the vicinity of Damme, Leicester was slain, and his power crushed at the decisive battle of Eversham, won by her brave son, Prince Edward.

During his captivity, Henry wrote several letters to Eleanor, assuring her of his happiness and well-being, and desiring her not to interfere with the existing state of matters, and exhorting her to prevent her heir from opposing the baronial party against his will. These letters, evidently dictated by the ambitious Leicester, did not deceive the affectionate Queen. Like a good and true wife, she, in this hour of trouble,

left no stone unturned to obtain the liberation of her royal partner. By her earnest request, the Pope sent Cardinal Guido to England with bulls in favour of Henry; and although a fear of assassination if he crossed the sea detained Guido at Boulogne, he there served the Queen by solemnly excommunicating the King's opponents.

Although Leicester was actuated solely by motives of selfish ambition in his unconstitutional doings, the nation gave him credit for high disinterested honour, and believed to the full in the truthfulness of his pretensions. After the nuncio had excommunicated him, preachers made his virtues the theme of their sermons, and loudly proclaimed him the unflinching friend of the poor, the reformer of abuses, and the avenger of the church. His fall, however, was most rapid and complete. After having surprised and routed the army commanded by his son, Simon de Montfort, Prince Edward, aided by Mortimer and the Earl of Gloucester, who had seceded from the alliance, marched against Leicester with such haste, that the barons mistook the royalists for Simon's defeated army. On discovering the mistake, Leicester exclaimed, "The Lord have mercy on our souls! for our bodies are Prince Edward's."

After, according to his custom, offering up prayers for victory, and receiving the Sacrament, Leicester commenced the engagement by endeavouring to force his way through a division of the royalists, occupying a hill commanding the road between Evesham and Kenilworth. Foiled in this attempt, and surrounded and overborne by numbers, he drew up his men in a circle, so as to oppose the enemy on every side. Fearing to let the King out of his sight, he exposed him to the murderous weapons of his own friends in the front of the battle. The terrified Henry was slightly wounded, and as he fell from his horse, would doubtless have been killed, had he not cried out, "Slay me not! I am Henry of Winchester, your King!" Prince Edward knew the voice of his father, flew to his rescue, and led him to a place of safety. Shortly afterwards, Leicester's horse was

killed under him, and as he valiantly fought on foot, he demanded of his foes, "If they gave quarter?"

"Not to traitors," replied a voice.

"Then your victory shall be dearly purchased," rejoined the haughty earl.

Henry de Montfort, his eldest son, after fighting bravely by his side, at length fell dead at his feet, and the body of the son was soon covered by that of the father. This engagement, known as the Battle of Evesham, was fought on the fourth of August, 1265, scarcely fifteen months after the defeat and capture of Henry at Lewes. Whilst the work of carnage was raging, a singular darkness overshadowed the battle-field. "This," says Robert of Gloucester, "I saw, and I was sore afraid." The victory obtained by the royalists was complete, but sanguinary. Of Leicester's friends, nearly all the barons and knights were slain. The mangled remains of Leicester were found on the battle-field, and by the King's orders buried in the abbey of Evesham.

By this victory the royal reins were replaced in the hands of Henry. The barons, relinquishing their cause as hopeless, spontaneously liberated their prisoners, and endeavoured, by every means in their power, to conciliate the King. Henry, however, with all his faults and weaknesses, was tender of human life. Remembering that mercy is the noblest prerogative of the crown, he satisfied his vengeance by fines and confiscations, the triumph being unmarked by the shedding of a single drop of human blood.

Neither did Eleanora take a deadly vengeance against one of her foes. Henry, however, made the Londoners pay a good price for the pelting they had bestowed on her at London Bridge. Calling a parliament together of his own partisans, he, through this assembly, deprived London of its ancient charters, took away its posts and chains, and after compelling the mayor and the leading citizens to sign the instruments of their own degradation, subjected them to rigorous confinement till the enormous sum of twenty thousand marks was paid for their ransom, when he restored the citi-

sent to royal favour, and granted them a charter of remission, acquittance, and forgiveness for their crimes and misdemeanors against the Queen, himself, his son Edward, and his brother, the King of the Romans.

None of this heavy fine went into the King's exchequer, the whole of it being paid, by the Queen's desire, to certain persons on the continent, who had supplied her need during her exile from England. As to the King, his obliging parliament, reckless of the consequences, confiscated the estates of the rebel barons, and granted them to him for his own use. The harvest was a rich one; but the beggared barons having nothing but their lives to lose, and urged by want or prompted by revenge, again resorted to the sword, under the generalship of Leicester's ruined heir, Simon de Montfort.

This rebellion was, however, greatly checked in its uprising by the arrival of the Queen, in October, 1266, quickly followed by that of the Pope's legate, Cardinal Ottoboni, who immediately on landing, solemnly excommunicated Leicester and all his adherents, both dead and alive. "The Queen and Ottoboni together made a great cursing," said the democratic chronicler of the period;

"they anathematized our champion of civil and religious liberty, and hurled the thunders of the Vatican against the supporters of his just and holy cause."

Early in 1267, Prince Edward marched against Leicester's powerful adherent, Adam Gordon, the most athletic man of the age. Encountering the outlaws at Alton Wood, in Buckinghamshire, the Prince unhorsed and conquered their leader in a personal encounter. Then having, in reward for his valour, granted Gordon his life, the Prince conveyed him before the Queen at the palace of Guildford, who took compassion on him, and prevailed on the king to grant him his liberty.

In December, when nearly all the rebellious barons had, by persuasion or force, been reduced to loyal subjection, the Earl of Gloucester, who, without the talents, aspired to the fame and power of his predecessor, Leicester, suddenly marched with a considerable army to London, which he entered without opposition. The malcontent citizens joined his standard, and took possession of the Tower, the royal palace at Westminster, and other buildings, breaking and destroying every thing they could not steal, and either killing or drowning in the Thames all those they suspected.

CHAPTER VI.

Consecration of Westminster Abbey—Prince Edward journeys to the Holy Land—Marriage of Prince Edmund—Death of his Wife—Eleanora's income increased—The King's death—Will—Burial—Tomb—State of the nation during his reign—Death of Eleanora's daughters, Margaret and Beatrice—Eleanora takes the veil—King Edward's kindness to her—Her death—Burial—Character—The first Post Laureate—Doings and death of Ribald the Rhymer.



On the fourteenth of October, St. Edward's Day, 1269, Westminster Abbey, which had taken upwards of forty years in rebuilding, was consecrated with great pomp, after which the remains of the sainted Edward the Confessor were borne

by Henry and his brother, the King of the Romans, assisted by his two sons, Edward and Edmund, in solemn procession and in view of the whole church, and deposited in the splendid shrine constructed for their reception by Pietro Cavallini, in that chapel which still bears the Confessor's name. Eleanora offered a beautiful silver image of the Virgin, and a considerable sum in gold at the

shrine, whilst Henry presented rich silken robes to the choristers, and gave full credence to a tale, which declared that devils had been cast out of two men the instant the Confessor's coffin was raised.

Peace and order were scarcely restored to the country, when Prince Edward, followed by the Earls Warwick and Pembroke, and other adventurous and turbulent spirits, undertook a crusade to the Holy Land. Edward, accompanied by his wife and his brother Edmund, proceeded to Palestine at the close of the year 1270. Previous to his departure, Prince Edmund married the fair Aveline, heiress of William Fortibus, Earl of Albemarle. Aveline died before the return of her husband. She had been a wife but a few months, when a painful disease closed her eyes in death. Her remains were interred with solemn obsequies close to the altar in Westminster Abbey, where a stately tomb and her effigy were erected to her memory.

In 1270, Eleanora, by the death of her uncle, Peter of Savoy, was put in possession of the honour of Richmond, which she forthwith resigned to her son-in-law, the Earl of Brittany, retaining only a small annuity of fifty marks. This same year the Pope, in consideration of her having but just emerged from a sea of troubles, confirmed to her use the tenths of all ecclesiastical benefices in Ireland, and in the subsequent year, his Holiness assigned to her some broad lands in France. The valuable jewels which Eleanora had pledged in Paris, were redeemed in 1272, and conveyed to England by the Queen's express desire.

But the death of the more weak than brave monarch, Henry, was now at hand. The loss of his brother, the King of the Romans, who died of paralysis at Berkhamstead, on the second of April, 1272, preyed upon his mind, and hastened the dissolution of his decaying constitution. Whilst returning from Norwich, where he had been in person to quell a riot, occasioned by a quarrel between the citizens and monks, in which the cathedral and monastery adjoining were reduced to ashes by the towns-

people, he was seized with an alarming illness at Bury St. Edmund's, whence, although seriously sick, he proceeded by short stages to London. A message had been dispatched some time previously, urging Edward to immediately return, but ere that Prince reached England, the King had ceased to breathe. On finding himself at death's door, Henry summoned the Earl of Gloucester into his presence, and made him swear to preserve the peace of the country during the absence of the heir to the throne, Prince Edward; when, after confessing his sins and receiving spiritual comfort, he expired at Westminster, surrounded by the most exalted prelates and barons of the land, on the night of the sixteenth of November, 1272, in the sixty-seventh year of his age, and the fifty-seventh of his reign.

By his will, which he made in the year 1253, prior to embarking for Gascony, he left no pecuniary bequests of importance. He evinced his affection for Eleanora, and the confidence he reposed in her, by naming her as the guardian of his children and of his kingdom and lands, till they were of age. A gold cross, a silver image of the Virgin, and a white embroidered vestment, he bequeathed to the abbey church at Westminster; whilst to his son, Prince Edward, he left another gold cross, a highly finished golden image of the Virgin, and a vestment richly adorned with precious stones.

In compliance with this will, Eleanora caused the council to assemble at the New Temple, on the twentieth of November, the feast of King Edmund the Martyr, where, by her desire and consent, Robert Kilwardby, Archbishop of Canterbury, the Earl of Gloucester, and other peers and prelates, proclaimed Prince Edward King of England, Lord of Ireland, and Duke of Aquitaine, by the style of Edward the First.

King Henry's remains, arrayed in royal apparel, were, in accordance with his own express desire, placed in the very coffin which had formerly contained those of Edward the Confessor, and buried near the shrine of that sainted king in Westminster Abbey. The care

and expenses of the magnificent funeral were, by the Queen's consent, borne by the Knights Templars. Ere the body was consigned to the tomb, the assembled nobles advanced one by one, and placing their hands upon it, swore fealty to Prince Edward. Shortly after his burial, an imposing altar tomb, with his effigy in brass, was erected to his memory. The following is a translation of the Latin inscription on this tomb :

"Beneath are interred
The clay-cold remains
Of Henry the Third,
Whilom England's King,
Who appeared this church,
And who was indeed
A friend to the poor,
And all such as need.
God grant that his bones
Rest in peace below,
That his soul to the saints
In heaven go."

During the reign of Henry the Third, the nation grew more rapidly in wealth and prosperity than it had done in the preceding century. Literature progressed, the arts advanced, and trade and commerce were invigorated by wise and salutary enactments. The numerous English merchant ships trading with nearly every port from the north to the south of Europe, were increased in number and improved in build. Acts were passed to advance the social condition of the community, and add to the security of life and property. Every village was guarded between sundown and sunrise by from four to six stout, well-armed men, between the feast of St. Michael and Ascension. Boroughs were guarded by companies of twelve, and cities by six at each gate. Strangers attempting to enter after the watch was set were arrested and confined till the next morning. If a travelling merchant counted his money in the sight of the mayor or bailiff before leaving a town, and was afterwards robbed, he could demand the reimbursement of his loss from the town, and he might require the mayor or bailiff to furnish him with a guard to shield him from the attacks of banditti.

The clergy endeavoured to legitimatize bastard children, but the barons and

earls, after solemn consultation, returned the oft-applauded answer, "We will not change the old and approved laws of England." Although the clergy failed in this instance, they had previously succeeded in procuring the abolition of trial by water and fire ordeal, and in its stead the question of fact was determined by an inquest of jurors, as in civil cases. Hence arose the establishment of trial by jury in criminal cases.

The privileges of many of the chief towns were confirmed, or extended by charter. London, notwithstanding her heavy fines, advanced with considerable rapidity. Many of the nobles and prelates erected handsome commodious stone buildings in the neighbourhood of Westminster, and other suburban districts. The wealthy drapers of Candlewick, the enterprising mercers of Westcheap, and the renowned wine-merchants established on the Vintry quay, resided in tall stone mansions, and in almost princely state, whilst even the Jews, mercilessly mulcted and persecuted as they had been, built an elegant synagogue, and many neat and convenient houses in Old Jewry, the district especially assigned to them.

In this reign, water was first conveyed to London in leaden pipes. It took nearly fifty years to lay down these pipes, which extended from Tyburn to the conduit in Westcheap, and were six inches in diameter; the operations being commenced in 1237, and not completed till 1285. About the same period the London night-watch, so long the pride and boast of the citizens, was established.

The Dowager Queen was present at the coronation of her son, King Edward, but the festivities on that occasion were scarcely concluded, when she received the melancholy tidings of the death of her two surviving daughters, Margaret, Queen of the Scots, and Beatrice, Duchess of Brittany. Ever since the imprisonment she suffered in her childhood, Margaret's health had been delicate. On returning from the coronation of her brother, the King of England, she sunk into a rapid decline, of which she died at Cupar Castle, in Fife county,

on the twenty-seventh of February, 1276. Her remains were ceremoniously interred in Dumfermline church, near to those of King David of Scotland. Beatrice, who, with her sister, had been present at King Edward's coronation, had scarcely reached Brittany, when death put a period to her existence. She died on the twenty-fourth of March, 1276, in the thirty-first year of her age, and in compliance with her desire, her remains were brought to England, and buried in Christ's church at Newgate, London. Her heart was taken out, and deposited by her deeply dejected husband in the Abbey of Fontevraud.

From this period, Eleanora appears to have retired from public life. She resided at Guildford, Waltham, and other places till 1280, when she retired to Ambresbury, where she took the veil in 1284, or, according to some writers, in 1287. Previous to taking the veil, she obtained permission from the Pope to retain her valuable dower as Queen Dowager of England.

From King Edward she received all the attention of an affectionate son. He paid her frequent visits, and on one occasion, when going to France on a friendly visit to the French King, and advanced as far as Canterbury on his journey, he, on hearing she had been suddenly seized with an alarming illness, desisted from his purpose, and hastened to alleviate her sufferings, by all the aid and comfort his presence could afford.

Eleanora's uncle, Philip, Count of Savoy, who died childless, named her and her son, King Edward, his executors, to nominate his successor, and divide his personal effects between his nephews and nieces. When Philip died, Eleanora and King Edward chose Amautius, son of Thomas of Savoy, as his successor.

Eleanora of Provence, after devoting the closing years of her life to devotion and charity, breathed her last about Midsummer, 1291, nineteen years after the death of her royal lord, Henry the Third. When King Edward, who was then in the north fighting the Scotch, returned to England, he went to Ambresbury,

where he arranged the imposing obsequies, and with a sorrowing heart superintended the intombing of his mother in the church of Ambresbury nunnery, on the second of the following September. Edward had the heart of his mother enclosed in a golden case, carried to London, and buried with becoming solemnity in the church of the Friars Minors, now known as the Minorites. Leland asserts she was interred in the Monastery of the Grey Friars, whilst other authors name Westminster Abbey as her last home; but it is now generally believed that these writers are mistaken, as Ambresbury is named as her burial place in the chronicle of Dunstable, and by other contemporary authorities.

Few Queens of England were more detested by their subjects than Eleanora of Provence. Her partiality to her foreign relations, and her desire to enrich the kindred and friends of herself and her feeble-minded husband, at the expense of the nation at large, engendered and fostered in the minds of the clergy, the barons, and the people, a contempt towards her which soon grew into hatred. But although not a perfect model of queenly perfection, her vices were neither great nor many, and her unpopularity may be attributed more to the unsettled times in which she lived, and to the unfitness of herself and her beloved husband to fill the station of royalty, than to any real atrocity or baseness of character. Tradition has impugned her conjugal fidelity. In an ancient ballad, which represents her on a sick bed, confessing to her husband, disguised as a friar of France, she is made to declare that the most beloved of her offspring were the children of the Earl Marshal and other nobles. These black imputations, cast against the character of the Queen, are, however, without foundation, and doubtless originated in the detestation in which she was held by the nation at large.

The first instance of a Poet Laureate is met with in this reign, in the person of Master Henry, the versificator, whose appointment was probably procured by Eleanora. About the year 1240, another

<p>poet, known as Ribald the Rhymer, who, it appears, was also a knight and a gentleman, went mad, and stealing into the King's bed-chamber, secreted himself beneath the bed, amongst the rushes, till midnight. Fortunate it was for Henry that he passed that night in the Queen's chamber, as Ribald rose up in the dead of the night, stabbed the bed in several places, and finding his victim absent,</p>	<p>roared out, "Where is he who has robbed me of my crown? the usurper Henry! Tear out his heart! kill him, lads! kill him!" The noise disturbed the royal household, Ribald was seized, and for the offence executed at Coventry, and drawn asunder by horses. From the name of this rhyming lunatic, the expression of ribald rhymes was probably derived</p>
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ELEANORA OF CASTILE,

First Consort of Edward the First.

CHAPTER I.

Henry the Third's purpose in proposing a match between Edward and Eleanora of Castile—Henry's overtures favourably received by the King of Castile—Terms of the marriage treaty—Eleanora's parentage—Marriage—Journey to England—Dower—Banquet at Tothill—She goes to France—On her return to England, gives birth to the Princess Eleanora—Visits the most venerated shrines in the country—Gives birth to Prince Henry—Goes with her husband to the Holy Land—Edward takes Nazareth—Is wounded by an assassin, whom he kills—The wounds threaten to be mortal—Eleanora bewails his misfortune—He recovers—His will—Eleanora gives birth to Joanna of Acce—She embarks with her husband for Europe—At Sicily hears of the death of Prince John and Henry the Third—Entertained by the Pope at Rome—Tarries in France—Prince Alphonso born—Narrowly escapes death by lightning—The little battle of Chalon.



HEN King Henry the Third, favoured by more than his ordinary good fortune, had quelled the rebellion in Gascony, in 1253, he, to silence some obsolete claims which Alphonso the Tenth, King of Castile, laid to that province, resolved on a matrimonial alliance between Eleanora of Castile, Alphonso's half-sister, and his own heir, Prince Edward.

As the Castilian monarch had supported the rebellious Gascons, and agreed, in the event of success, to accept them as his lieges, Henry was desirous to bring about the marriage with all speed and privacy. He accordingly despatched from Bourdeaux, as ambassadors to the Castilian court, his special

chaplain, the Bishop of Bath, and his secretary, John Mansel. These discreet personages, on making known the object of their mission, were honourably received by Alphonso, who sent them back with letters patent, sealed with the golden seal, containing his approval of the match, his renunciation of all claim or title to Gascony, his counsel that Henry would be kind and gentle as a lamb to his subjects, and fierce and savage as a lion to his enemies, and, in conclusion, a stipulation that, if the proposed marriage was not solemnized by, at the latest, five weeks before Michaelmas day, 1254, the contract should be invalid. This stipulation was inserted to prevent the ill-convenience suffered by the bride's mother and grandmother, to both of whom English Princes had broken their long-pledged troth-plights.

Eleanora of Castile, the first consort of our first Edward, was the only daughter of Ferdinand the Third, King of Castile and Leon, and Joanna, Countess of Ponthieu—that lady with whom Henry the Third had so heartlessly broken his marriage engagement. Ponthieu and Aumerle descended to the Countess Joanna from her mother, Alice of France, whose betrothment with the lion-hearted King, Richard the First, led to an European war.

The marriage preliminaries being settled, Prince Edward, accompanied by his mother, the Queen of England, set out from Bourdeaux, crossed the Pyrenees, and reaching Burgos in safety, was married to the Infanta, Eleanora, with great pomp and rejoicing, in August, 1254. At the period of their marriage, the heir of England was just fifteen, and his girl-iah bride about three years younger. The marriage festival was graced by the leading nobles of Spain, and King Alphonso celebrated the occasion by giving a tournament, at which he knighted Prince Edward.

The marriage rejoicings ended, Edward, accompanied by his bride and his mother, returned to Bourdeaux, where King Henry received them with joyous feastings and pageantry, and settled on his heir Gascony, Ireland, Wales, and the towns of Bristol, Stamford, and Grantham.

From Bourdeaux the young Donna Eleanora was conducted by her husband and the other members of the royal family of England through France, on their route to Britain. At Paris, King Henry the Third presided at the "feast of kings," mentioned in the preceding memoirs. On this and the other festivals which he gave in honour of the marriage of his daughter-in-law, Eleanora, he expended the enormous sum of three hundred thousand marks, which so annoyed his English nobles, that one of them censured his prodigality, when he answered with a penitent voice:

"Oh, for the head of God! say no more of it, lest the very relation thereof should make men stand amazed, and curse the hour that gave birth to royalty!"

On landing in England, Eleanora was

welcomed with great feasting and rejoicing. The most magnificent of these banquets was given by King Henry's secretary, John Mansel, to the royal families of England and Scotland, whose noble retinues were so numerous, that John Mansel's house, at Tothill Fields, Westminster, was crowded with royal and distinguished personages, whilst hundreds were lodged in tents and booths erected for the occasion.

Edward, by the sanction of his father, dowered his bride with the towns of Stamford and Grantham, the castle and village of Tickhill, and the village of Peak, with an understanding that the dower should be proportionately increased when she became Queen.

For several years subsequent to her marriage, we find no important notice of Eleanora of Castile. Probably she spent much of her time with her mother-in-law, Eleanora of Provence; although she appears to have had a private residence, as, shortly after her marriage, Henry the Third ordered apartments to be fitted up for her in the castle of Guildford, with glass windows, a dais, a chimney, a wardrobe, and an adjoining oriel.

In 1260, Eleanora accompanied her lord, Prince Edward, when he proceeded, along with John of Brittany and other illustrious nobles, to display his chivalric skill at a tournament, held at Paris, in honour of the nuptials of the French King's youngest son, Robert of Artois, with Amicia De Courtenay. Whilst tilting at this tournament Prince Edward heard of the violent dissensions which had burst forth between his father and the English barons; and believing that his presence might possibly avert a civil war, he and his faithful consort hastily recrossed the channel, in the spring of 1261. On reaching England, Eleanora of Castile took up her residence with her mother-in-law, the English Queen, at Windsor Castle, which Prince Edward had strongly garrisoned with foreign troops, and where, a few weeks after her arrival—the precise date is not known—she was delivered of her eldest-born—a Princess—christened after herself, Eleanora.

When Henry the Third and Prince Edward were taken prisoners at the battle of Lewes, fought on the fourteenth of May, 1264, Eleanor of Castile resided at Windsor Castle; but as that fortress had fallen into the hands of the ambitious Leicester, she, by the desire of King Henry, removed with her offspring from thence to the Palace at Westminster, where she remained till the victory of Evesham restored the royal family of England to their former dignity, when she returned to Windsor Castle, and, in July, 1266, gave birth to her eldest son, John.

Peace being restored to the kingdom, Prince Edward, who was ever forward at a tilting match, led the life of a knight errant, wandering from county to county to display his chivalric powers and skill at the numerous tournaments given by the English barons. He, however, was soon induced to exchange the gay trappings of the tourney-tilter for the cross of the Crusader. Hopeless as was the cause of the Christians in the Holy Land on the preaching of the ninth and last crusade, in 1268, St. Louis of France, the heir of England, and numerous others of royal and noble lineage, answered the summons of the Sovereign Pontiff, and proceeded against the *Painim* in Palestine. Being impoverished by the previous civil wars, Edward mortgaged the revenues of Bourdeaux to the French King for thirty thousand marks, which are set down in his agreement as being for "ships, horses, provisions, our passage, and all other matters which this our expedition against the infidels in the Holy Land may require."

Having resolved to take with him his loving consort, he assigned the guardianship of his children, the care of the succession, and the administration of the kingdom, in the event of King Henry's death during his absence, to his uncle, Richard, King of the Romans. As governors of his castles, and protectors of his lands, he named the Archbishop of York, Roger Mortimer, and Philip Basset.

Previous to leaving England, Eleanor, accompanied by her mother-in-law, the Queen, paid a visit to the most ve-

nerated shrines in the country. To that of St. Peter she gave a rich altar-cloth of *baudekin*, in gratitude for the recovery of her children from a severe illness; and, on her return to Westminster, the barons swore fealty to her infant son, Prince John, as successor to the English crown, should Edward die in the ensuing crusade.

The friends of Eleanor endeavoured in vain to prevail on her to relinquish the idea of accompanying her husband on his hazardous enterprise to the death-doing coasts of Asia.

"Nothing," said the faithful Princess, "should part those whom God hath joined: besides, the road to heaven is as short and smooth from Palestine as from England, and I should little, indeed, deserve to be the wife of the brave Prince Edward, did I desert him at such a time."

In 1268, Eleanor's second son, Prince Henry, was born. The place of his birth is nowhere recorded, but as, at that period, Windsor Castle was the nursery of the infant hopes of England, it doubtless took place there.

Early in 1270, Eleanor embarked for Bourdeaux, where she superintended the preparations for the crusade. About a month later, Edward, who had wisely tarried in England to distinguish his departure by acts of grace and popularity, sailed from Portsmouth, and joined his consort at Bourdeaux, whence they journeyed together to Aigues Morte, where the Duke of Brittany, Edward's brother-in-law, awaited their arrival with a powerful *Preton* fleet. Having arranged with St. Louis of France, in the first onset, to make a simultaneous attack on the Bey of Tunis, who had refused to pay the customary tribute to the King of Sicily, Edward embarked with his wife and a host of brave warriors for that coast, in May, 1270.

On reaching Tunis, Edward and Eleanor found that St. Louis had already arrived there, and reduced the Moors to subjection; they, therefore, retired to Sicily, to spend the winter. Here they had scarcely landed, when they received the mournful intelligence of the death of St. Louis, by a deadly epidemic which had broken out in the French army, and

raged with such fury, that neither age nor rank were spared; and Philip, the French King's eldest son, and the remnant of the pestilence-smitten warrior-host, thought only of returning to France—a step which they took with all possible celerity.

Whilst in Sicily, anxiously awaiting the return of spring, Edward received a message from his father, requesting his presence in England, which the Sicilian monarch strenuously advised him to obey, declaring that, as the French had returned, his army was far too insignificant to afford really serviceable succour to the Christians in the East. But devotion and curiosity overcame duty and interest, and, smiting his breast, Edward vehemently exclaimed:

“By the clouds of heaven! though all should desert me, I would go to Ptolemais, and fight the infidels, if attended only by Fowen, my groom!”

Edward and Eleanor landed at Acre in April, 1271, and although the Prince mustered an army of only about a thousand strong, his arrival elated the Christians, and struck terror into the camp of the infidels, who expected that he would equal the fame of that renowned hero, his great uncle, the “lion-hearted Richard.” Bondoca, the Sultan of Egypt, who had already prepared to assault the city, retired with his mulmicks across the desert into his own territory, and Edward, having reinforced his little band with about six thousand Latin chivalry, laid siege to Nazareth, totally defeated the garrison, entered the city, and mercilessly slaughtered every man, woman, and child, that could be found there.

The other victories obtained by Edward during his sojourn in the Holy Land were insignificant. The capture of two small castles, and the surprise of a caravan, are alone worthy of notice. But although he failed to win the laurels of a conqueror, the treachery of the Sultan of Egypt invested him with the glory of a martyr. The Emir of Joppa, counselled to the course by Bondoca, and under a pretence of embracing Christianity, sent a messenger with friendly letters and costly presents to the English heir. This messenger was one of the

secret society known as Assassins, or agents of the Old Man of the Mountains, a body of fanatics, pledged by solemn oath, at all hazards, to murder every person doomed to death by the tribunal of their blood-stained band. Having, by frequent friendly visits, gained the confidence of the English Prince, this crafty envoy arrived on the Friday in Whitsun week with letters and presents from the Emir, when the vigilance of the guard being relaxed, he was incautiously permitted to enter the royal chamber, where Edward, overcome by the heat of the climate, was reposing on his couch, bareheaded, and clad only in a loose mantle. The infidel gave the Prince some kindly-worded letters to read, and as they touched upon the Emir of Joppa's conversion to Christianity, the conference was a private one, secrecy being imperative. Whilst Edward was reading the epistles, the assassin, pretending to search his belt for another letter, watched his opportunity, suddenly drew forth a poisoned dagger, and aimed a desperate blow at the heart of the Prince, who, perceiving the treachery, received the blow on his arm, sprung to his feet, and grappling with the assassin, threw him on the ground, and despatched him with his own weapon, or, according to some authorities, dashed out his brains with a stool that stood by the couch-side. The Prince then called in his attendants, and ordered them to hang the body, with a live dog tied to it, over the wall of the city.

The wounds on Edward being several in number, and inflicted with a poisoned dagger, threatened to be mortal. Mortification commenced, a skilful English surgeon was consulted, and he at once pronounced that life could only be saved by immediately paring away the sides of the wounds. Eleanor, who was present, on hearing her husband express his determination to submit himself to the surgeon's knife, lost all self-command, and bewailed his misfortune with a flood of hysterical tears. Edward, however, cut short her anguish by ordering her removal from the room. Whilst Prince Edmund and John de

Vesci were conveying her in their arms from the apartment, she shrieked and struggled violently, which so annoyed her brother-in-law, Prince Edmund, that he told her, in tones of anger, "It was better that she should cry her eyes out for the anguish about to be suffered by her husband, than that all England should mourn for his death."

Although fifteen days after undergoing the painful operations, Edward was sufficiently well to take a short ride on horseback, it was only through the attention of an affectionate wife, and the aid of a robust constitution, that he was restored to perfect health. The pleasing story of Eleanora having on this occasion sucked the poison from Edward's wounds is without foundation, as contemporary chroniclers, by whom the scene has been minutely detailed, have made no allusion to it.

Whilst yet in delicate health, Prince Edward made his will. His fellow-crusader, John of Brittany, he named as guardian to his children and to their inheritance, should he die before they were of age. He richly dowered Eleanora, and named her "our dearly beloved wife," but he neither nominated her as guardian to the realms, nor her children.

During her tarry at Acre, Eleanora gave birth to two daughters. One was born in 1271, of whom nothing whatever is known excepting that she was born and died. The other, Joanna of Acre, was brought into the world in the spring of 1272.

As Edward's army was greatly reduced by sickness and desertion, and no other crusaders arrived to his aid, he concluded a truce with the Sultan for ten years, ten months, ten weeks, and ten days, and returned to Europe with honour. At Trapani he received a pressing invitation to visit Rome, from Gregory the Tenth, that Pope who, with the title of Archbishop of Liege, had attended Edward and his consort in their crusade, but whom the Cardinals at Viterbo had recalled to fill the papal chair.

Whilst the royal pair were travelling through Sicily, where Edward was re-

ceived with all the honour due to a champion of the Cross, they received the sorrowful tidings, that their promising heir, Prince John, who had just entered his seventh year, had, after a short illness, died on the first of August, 1272. Immediately after this unpleasant news had reached them, another messenger brought them word that Henry the Third had breathed his last. Edward and Eleanora bore the loss of their little prince with firmness and resignation, but the mournful news of the death of his royal sire so affected the Prince, that overcome by bitter anguish, he wept like a child, and remained in deep dejection for several days. When asked by his uncle, the King of Sicily, why he bore the loss of his boy with calm resignation, and yet gave way to overwhelming grief for the death of his aged parent, he replied:—

"God may replace the loss of a child by another, but the loss of a good father is final and irreparable."

From Sicily, Edward and Eleanora proceeded to Rome, and were affectionately received and entertained with great pomp by their friend, Gregory the Tenth. In their journey through Italy, they were everywhere hailed with joyous welcomes; the enthusiastic inhabitants beholding in Edward the champion of Christianity, and the martyr of the cross. In the neighbourhood of Savoy, a body of English prelates and nobles met them and hailed them as the King and Queen of England.

On reaching Paris, Edward did homage to the French King for the lands he held by right of the crown of France. From Paris he found it expedient to hasten to Guienne, to put an end to some disorders that existed there. Having heard that all was peaceable in England, he and his consort did not hasten home, but passed about a twelvemonth in France. Whilst in Gascony, Eleanora gave birth to her third son, Alphonso, on the twenty-fourth of November, 1273.

About the same time, Edward and Eleanora narrowly escaped death by lightning. During a terrific thunderstorm, the electricity struck the palace

at Bourdeaux, entered the apartment where the Prince and his consort were reclining on a couch, and killed two nobles on the spot, who were standing by their side, without doing the least injury to the royal pair.*

When in Burgundy, Edward was challenged to a tournament by the Count of Chalons, who, under a pretence of doing him honour, concealed a design against his life. It was in vain that the Pope and other of Edward's friends advised him of the Count's treachery, and urged on him the impropriety of accepting a challenge from a less personage than a monarch. His love for chivalric sport overcame every other consideration. At the appointed time he rushed to the tourney, accompanied by one thousand followers, some on foot and some on horseback. His antagonist met him with two thousand Burgundian chivalry,

and so fierce was the spirit of rivalry, that the "play of lance" was soon changed into a deadly battle. The English fought right bravely, unhorsed their opponents, and secured them as prisoners. The athletic Count of Chalons tilted against Edward, and when his lance shivered, he threw his arms round the neck of the Prince, with a view to unhorse him. At this moment Edward's steed bounded forward, and the Count fell to the ground, and became incapable of exertion. On his suing for mercy, Edward, indignant at his unknighly conduct, belaboured him with the flat of his sword, and forced him to surrender to one of the foot champions. This contest, commenced as a trial of prowess and skill, but which ended in a bloody fray, wherein the English gained the victory, is known in history as the Little Battle of Chalon.

CHAPTER II.

Edward orders the preparations for his coronation—Settles the claim of the Countess of Flanders—Returns with Eleanor to England—Their coronation—Prince Henry dies—Edward's person and character—Conjugal fidelity questioned—Eleanor's dower increased—Edward invades Wales—Captures Llewellyn's betrothed—Llewellyn sues for mercy—Peace—Edward's generosity to him—Eleanor assists at his marriage—Princess Margaret born—First sheep rot—Birth of three of Eleanor's daughters—The coinage—Statute of Mortmain—Statutes of Quo Warranto—War with Wales renewed—Edward visits his mother—Her credulity—The Princess Elizabeth born—Llewellyn killed in battle—Death of Prince David—Wales completely subjugated—Eleanor gives birth to Edward, Prince of Wales—The King and Queen return to London—Their family court and servants in Wales.



EDWARD now resolved to return home, and that his coronation might not be delayed, he issued orders for the preparations to be immediately proceeded with. One of these orders directs, "that three hundred and eighty

head of oxen, four hundred and thirty sheep, four hundred and fifty pigs, eighteen wild boars, two hundred and seventy-eight fitches of bacon, and nineteen thousand six hundred and sixty fowls be collected for our use without delay."

Having proceeded to Montreuil, and settled a long-pending difference with Margaret, the reigning Countess of Flanders, who claimed forty thousand marks as a balance of a sum which she represented was due to her for arrears of annuities purchased by her predecessor.

* Walsingham and Stow refer this incident to the year 1288, but the above may be considered the most probable period of its occurrence.

sors for military services, but which had really terminated with the lives of the Flemish Counts, who had served the English monarchs, he and Eleanora landed at Dover, on the second of August, 1273.

On reaching London, Edward and his consort were received with the highest honours. Both houses of parliament assembled to congratulate and welcome them on their return, and as the royal cortege passed under the windows of the Cheap, the wealthy merchants there saluted them with deafening shouts of joy, and showered a profusion of gold and silver upon them.

The coronation of Edward and Eleanora took place at Westminster, on Sunday, the nineteenth of August. Robert Kilwardby, Archbishop of Canterbury, presided; and surrounded by the Queen Dowager, Prince Edmund, the Duke of Brittany, the King of Scotland, the Earl of Gloucester, and all the powerful prelates and nobles of the land, anointed and crowned King Edward with his virtuous consort.

The coronation service was performed amidst deafening acclamations, the best of order prevailed, and every one viewed the auspicious commencement of Edward's reign with feelings of delight. Previous to the commencement of the sumptuous banquet, Alexander, the Scotch King, and the hundred Scottish nobles that attended him, on arriving at the banqueting hall, dismounted from their horses, and turned them loose, to be the prize of any persons who had the good fortune to catch them. This example of generous liberality was followed by the King's brother, and by the Earls of Gloucester, of Warenne, of Pembroke, and about one hundred other English knights and nobles. The good luck of the spectators into whose hands these two hundred or more horses fell, may be conceived, when it is known that each horse was worth from about two hundred to three hundred pounds present money, exclusive of their costly trappings.

That there might be no lack of hospitality on this festive occasion, the whole of the Old and New Palace Yards

were covered with temporary wooden erections, where, for a fortnight, was held one continuous banquet, at which all comers, from the highest to the lowest, were welcomed, feasted, and right-royally entertained, gratuitously.

In the autumn succeeding her coronation, Eleanora beheld with the deepest dejection the decline of her son, Prince Henry's health. Every means that could be devised were resorted to for his recovery; to propitiate the saints, his measure was taken in wax, and burnt at the neighbouring shrines, and vigils were performed, and prayers offered up for his recovery, by a number of hired poor widows. Meantime, his body was wrapped in sheep's skins, and other absurd remedies, then supposed to be efficacious, were resorted to, but all in vain, for towards the close of November, the little sufferer breathed his last, at Merton. The exact date of his death is unknown, but there is an order in the issue rolls for a marble tomb for him, dated December the seventh, 1274; and there still exists authentic documentary evidence that incontestably proves him to have been the constant companion of his sister Eleanora to the day of his death, which must have occurred about the time we have named, as in one of the Wardrobe Rolls his funeral is mentioned as being performed in December, 1274; therefore the generally received account that he died before the return of his parents from the Holy Land, must be deemed one of the errors into which previous biographers have fallen, and which it is our unbounded duty to correct.

Edward had now attained his thirty-sixth year. In person he was remarkably tall and well proportioned. Being strong, muscular, lithe in limb, and long in the arm and leg, he was an adroit swordsman, and so good a horseman, that when once fairly seated on his saddle, nothing in reason could dislodge him again. His left eyebrow had an oblique fall, similar to that of his father's. He was hot in temper, impatient of injury, and utterly reckless of danger. But by submission his anger might be disarmed, and sentiments of generosity aroused. His natu-

rally hot irascibility was greatly softened by his gentle consort. And singular as it may seem, although too frequently inexorably ruthless to his foes, he was the best of husbands and kindest of fathers. Wherever he journeyed, be it to the battle-field or the festive board, his greatest delight was to be accompanied by his beloved Queen and their family. By some writers his conjugal fidelity has been questioned; and before his campaign in the Holy Land, his conduct, if not criminal, was, to say the least of it, greatly to be condemned; for, according to Stowe, in 1269, "A great discord was raised between Edward, the King's son, and Gilbert de Clare, Earl of Gloucester, because of the overmuch familiarity which Edward was said to have with the wife of the said Earl. And shortly afterwards the Earl of Gloucester took a man at Cardiff who went about to poison him." But it must be remembered that censurable as this intrigue, if such indeed it was, might be, it commenced in 1254, before Edward shared bed and board with his beloved spouse, from which period he became the truest and fondest of husbands.

On his accession to the throne, Edward resolved to increase the dower of his affectionate consort. With this view, he shortly after his coronation enjoined that the "Queen's gold" should be collected from every fine for which it was due, and gave lands for her use to the value of four thousand five hundred pounds. In the tenth year of his reign, he further testified his affection for his "dearest wife Eleanor," by assigning her Rugby Chase, Longwood Chase, and Chute Forest, with the right of selling the oaks that grew there. In the year following, he granted her all the forfeited property of the Jews; and seven years afterwards, he gave her the manors of Cookham, Havering, and Kingston, with the income from the fairs held thrice in the year at Sandwich.

Edward passed the early years of his reign in subjugating the Welch, and annexing Wales to England. Llewellyn, Prince of Wales, had refused to attend his coronation to do him homage; and after the coronation the Welch Prince,

under various pretences, had eluded three successive summonses to do fealty to his liege lord; in fact, he believed in the possibility of asserting the independence of his country, and being brave and powerful, and withal having lately reconquered from the English all the territory which they had taken from the Welch since the commencement of the eleventh century, he resolved not to acknowledge a superior unless forced so to do.

As Llewellyn had powerfully aided the Earls of Leicester and Gloucester in their opposition to the crown in the preceding reign, Edward the First resolved to crush him on the first fitting opportunity. This opportunity had now arrived. Having first called a parliament at Westminster, after Easter, who granted him a fifteenth upon the clergy and laity, issued orders for the strict observance of the Charter of Liberties and the Charter of Forests, and pronounced a judgment of felony against Llewellyn, he declared war against Wales.

Whilst Edward was preparing for the first campaign, Llewellyn's betrothed was captured by some Bristol seamen, who, having seized the vessel in which she was passing from France to Wales, carried her prisoner to the King. But although she was the daughter of the late Earl of Leicester, Edward's deadly foe, she was also the child of his aunt Eleanor, sister of King Henry the Third, he therefore received her courteously, treated her kindly, and permitted her to reside on terms of amity with his consort at Windsor.

In 1277, Edward, by cutting a road through a dense forest, opened a passage into the very heart of Wales. He then took and strongly fortified the castles of Flint and Rhuddlan, made himself master of Anglesea, forced the Welch to seek refuge amongst the mountains of Snowdon, and with a considerable fleet stopped all communication between that district and the sea. Being thus hemmed in by sea and land, Llewellyn, after suffering the privations of famine, threw himself at the mercy of the victorious Edward. The conditions granted him were severe, and certainly justify a be-

lief that the Welch at that period were more wealthy than some historians would have us suppose. He was to pay a fine of fifty thousand pounds, yield to the English crown the whole of the country between the county of Cheshire and the River Conway, hold Anglesea in fee of the English crown, at an annual rent of one thousand marks, do homage to Edward at Rhuddlan and in London, and give ten hostages for his future fidelity.

On Llewellyn agreeing to these terms, Edward, having gratified his ambition by exhibiting his superiority as a conqueror, gave way to an impulse of generosity. First, he forgave the fine of fifty thousand pounds, then remitted the rent of Anglesea, and lastly resigned to Llewellyn his betrothed. The Lady Eleanora de Montfort was accompanied to Worcester by Queen Eleanora, where King Edward gave her away with his own hands, and graced the nuptial banquet with the presence of himself and his Queen. From Worcester the King and Queen proceeded, with the Prince and Princess of Wales, and their Welch barons, to Westminster, where Llewellyn and his retinue swore fealty to Edward.

On the eleventh of September, 1275, Eleanora gave birth to the Princess Margaret, at Windsor Castle. This Princess, although the seventh child of Edward and Eleanora, was the first born since their coronation, the others having entered the world whilst Edward was only heir to the throne.

In 1275, the first instance of sheep-rot occurred in England. "A wealthy man of France," says the chronicler, "brought into Northumberland a large Spanish ewe, which, being rotten, so infested the country, that it spread over all the realm. This plague of murrain continued twenty-three years ere it ended, and was the first rot that ever was in England."

In 1276, the Princess Berengaria, the fifth daughter of Edward and Eleanora, was born at Kennington. Of this Princess nothing further is known, save that she died the same or the following year, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, by the side of her departed brothers John and

Henry. Eleanora's sixth daughter, christened Mary, was born in 1284. According to several of her contemporaries, her birth took place at Windsor on the eleventh of March; but as other authors assure us she first saw the light on the twenty-second of April, at Woodstock, we, if possible, to clear up the matter, instituted a diligent search through both the Chancery and Exchequer rolls. Our investigation, however, produced no satisfactory results, for nowhere amongst those valuable state records could we find the desired information. In the subsequent year, Eleanor gave birth to her seventh daughter, of whom nothing more is known, save that she died in the year of her birth, and was entombed in the chapel of St. Edward, at Westminster, by the side of her infant brothers and sister.

In 1279, Edward directed his attention to the state of the coinage. At the commencement of his reign the coin had been greatly debased by clipping. The mutilation was attributed to the Jews, and by the King's orders, all who were found to possess clipped coin were seized, and after a strict inquiry, two hundred and eighty Jews and others, of both sexes, were found guilty and hanged in London, besides about as many more in other parts of the kingdom. Previous to this period, "the silver penny," says the chronicler, "had a double cross in such sort, that the same might be easily broken in the midst, or into four quarters, and so to be made into halfpence or farthings, which order was taken in 1106, the seventh of Henry the First." This rude plan so invited the moneyers to clipping, that the half of the coin became a quarter, and the quarter a sixth. In the new coinage, therefore, halfpence and farthings were coined round like the pennies, and the old cut money called in, whereupon Robert Brane wrote as follows:—

"Edward did smite round penny, halfpenny farthing,
The cross passes the bond of all throughout the ring,
The King's was his head, and his name written
The cross side what title it was coined in and smitten,

To poor man we to priest the penny fraynes
nothing.
Men give God aye the least they feast him
with a farthing.
A thousand two hundred four score yeeres
and mo,
On this money men wondered when it first
began to go."

In the same year, the prodigious increase of the property of the church, arising from the bequests of the wealthy, excited the indignation of the barons. They declared that as the law stood, the church never dying, always acquiring, and never alienating, would, in the end, be possessed of all the riches and lands in the kingdom. Edward had long cherished a desire to destroy the abuse; he therefore gladly complied with the wish of his peers, and called a parliament, by whom a law was passed, called the Statute of Mortmain, forbidding all persons from disposing of their estates to ecclesiastical or secular societies, that never die, without the King's express consent, on pain of forfeiture.

The impoverished state of the royal revenues when Edward ascended the throne, induced him to devise new means of supplying his exchequer. By instituting a commission of enquiry into the state of the fiefs held of the crown, he obtained many valuable forfeitures. Shortly afterwards, he caused the Statutes of Quo Warranto to be passed, by which it was enacted that all persons holding contested estates, should produce their titles before the judges, to be examined. During the revolutions in the two preceding reigns, many families had appropriated to themselves lands which did not belong to them, whilst others, who were the rightful possessors of estates, had lost their title deeds. The King seized upon the possessions of the former, and the judges compelled the latter to pay heavy fines. These vexatious proceedings excited such general indignation, that when the powerful Earl Warrenne was called upon to prove the validity of the title by which he held his estates, he drew a family sword he had purposely brought with him, and exclaimed, "My ancestors, coming to England with William the Conqueror, won these lands by the sword, and by the

sword I will maintain them! for that King did not conquer for himself alone, neither did my ancestors assist him for that end!" This spirited declaration, which, indeed, was consonant to the feelings of all the old English nobility, induced the King to mitigate the rigour of his former instructions; and an undisturbed possession of an estate, from any period prior to the reign of Richard the First, was pronounced a legal title thereto.

The peace with the Welch was but of short continuance. Llewellyn's wife died shortly after the birth of her only child, a daughter, named Guendolen; and although Llewellyn had strictly observed the condition of the treaty, yet Edward's officers had committed so many acts of violence upon the Welch, to whom a deadly hatred of the English had been bequeathed, as a sacred legacy, by their forefathers, that they implored the protection of their prince against their insolent neighbours. Llewellyn made strong remonstrances to Edward, but without effect; for, despite the King's orders to the contrary, the Lords of the Marches referred in tones of arrogance, to the undisputed conquest they had now made, and continued to connive at, or encourage, numerous insults and depredations. Exasperated at these outrages, the proud impetuous Cambrians determined to die rather than longer endure the tyranny of their haughty victors. David, brother to Llewellyn, had long and faithfully served the crown of England; but, exasperated at the oppressions of his countrymen, he forgot his personal wrongs, joined his brother, and offered to head the army, and venture his life to retrieve the liberties and independence of his country. The generous proposal was joyfully accepted; and stimulated by their bards into a belief that as Edward had lately issued a new coinage of round half-pennies and farthings, the period was arrived for the accomplishment of the prophecy attributed to the renowned Merlin, that a Prince of Wales would be acknowledged King of the whole British Island, and ride through London with a crown on his head, when the English money should become

circular, the patriotic Welch flew to arms, poured from the mountains into the marches, and severely retaliated on the English the miseries they had so long suffered from their unprovoked cruelty. Their success compelled Edward to advance against them. Whilst his troops were marching towards the Welch borders, he visited his mother at the convent of Ambresbury. During his stay there, the Queen Dowager shewed him a man who pretended that he had recovered his sight through the miraculous interposition of King Henry the Third, whilst praying at his tomb. Edward, however, treated the fabrication with the contempt it merited, and, to his mother's surprise, told her to spurn the wicked impostor, declaring that a prince of his father's piety and justice, did he possess the power, would rather have punished the hypocrite with loss of speech for his falsehood, than have restored his eye-sight, which, indeed, to all appearances, he had never lost.

Eleanora, like the true wife of a warrior, accompanied her royal lord in all his campaigns. In June, 1282, they were at Chester, whence, at the close of the month, they proceeded to Wales, attended by a numerous train of nobles, and a powerful army. After a rough, wearisome journey, such as few ladies of modern times would have the nerve to encounter, she at length reached her appointed head quarters, Rhuddlan Castle, in Flintshire, where, in August, she gave birth to her eighth daughter. The name of the Princess is variously given. One historian uncouthly styles her *Waliniania*, others name her *Isabella*; but she was evidently christened *Elizabeth*, as in all state records she is so designated. As this princess was born in Wales, and the first of the royal family of England who bore the name of *Elizabeth*, the Cambrians may boast that a royal-born native of Wales was the first to introduce to our notice a name which, in after ages, became famous in the annals of England's Queens.

The disastrous death of Llewellyn is well known to every reader of history. Urged on by temporary success, and a

staunch belief that the prophecy of Merlin was about to be accomplished in his own person, he, with a handful of brave followers, quitted his mountain fastness, descended to the plains, and at *Bluit*, in Radnorshire, was surprised, defeated, and killed by the English under Mortimer. Adam Frankton, the knight who slew him, forwarded his head to Edward, who, to verify, or, what is more probable, to ridicule the prediction of Merlin, and strike terror into the Welch, ordered it to be crowned with a wreath of ivy, and exposed to the public gaze on the walls of the Tower of London. The golden coronet taken from the head of the unfortunate prince after the battle of *Bluit*, was offered at the shrine of St. Edward, by Prince Alphonso.

Such was the end of the brave Llewellyn, and with him expired the so long and so bravely maintained independence of Wales. Immediately his death became known, the despairing Welch magnates tendered their submission to Edward, whose policy received them with kindness. David alone held back, for he dared not throw himself on the mercy of the foe he had so notoriously offended. Seeking an asylum in the mountain fastness, he eluded the searching vigilance of the English for about six months. But at length, after being hunted from rock to rock, he was betrayed by the perfidy of his own countrymen, who, having made him prisoner, with his wife and child, carried him in chains to Rhuddlan. He being the last of his family, Edward resolved to secure his conquest by his death. Accordingly he was sent to *Shrewsbury*, where he was tried by the English peers, and condemned to be hanged, drawn, and quartered, a sentence which, considering the times and the circumstances, will ever be a foul blot on the character of Edward; for, although David had acted with treachery and ingratitude, he had committed the crimes but to secure his country's independence. Besides, David is the first example in English history of a traitor—if traitor he can be called—being executed in this manner; and surely it was most horrible to practise such unheard-of barbarity upon a

prince who will ever be remembered as a great but unfortunate patriot.

Wales being now completely subjected, it was by parliament inseparably united to the crown of England; and that the intractable Cambrians might view their conqueror as the protector of their rights, Edward permitted them to retain their lands, subject to the same services by which they had been held of their native princes. At the same time, to curb their roving propensities, and restrain their habits of barbarism, violence, and bloodshed, he divided the country into shires and hundreds, introduced the jurisprudence of the English courts, issued new forms of writs, adapted to the manners and customs of the natives; established corporate bodies of merchants in the principal towns, and instituted many other wise regulations.

At the commencement of 1284, Edward conducted his Queen to his newly-built castle of Caernarvon, an impregnable fortress he had just completed, to overawe the fierce inhabitants of Snowdon. The abode of Eleanora in this stronghold was a dark apartment, about twelve feet long by eight feet broad, built in the wall of the Eagle Tower. It was in this dismal den, high up from the ground, without fire-place or other comforts, save some rudely wrought tapestry hung around on tenter hooks, that the faithful Queen was delivered of her son, Edward, on St. Mark's Day, being the twenty-fifth of April, 1284.

The King was at Rhuddlan Castle, arranging state matters, when Griffith Lloyd, a Welchman, brought him word that the Queen had made him father of a fine healthy boy. This pleasing news so elated him, that he knighted the Welchman on the spot, and afterwards conferred on him some valuable estates.

Edward next hastened to his Queen and infant at Caernarvon, where, a few days afterwards, the nobility of Wales came to implore him to appoint them a prince who was born in their own country, and could speak their native tongue, "for," said they, "we neither understand Saxon nor French."

"True," answered Edward, "you plead justly, and I will select you a

prince who cannot speak a word of the tongues that are foreign to you."

"Thanks, my lord paramount," rejoined the spokesman of the Welch Magnates, "and if his character is neither base nor weak, we will cheerfully accept and obey him."

Upon this, the King fetched his infant son, and holding him in his arms, exclaimed,—*"Cambrians! behold your Prince! pure in character, comely in person, a native of your own mountain land, and, if you desire it, the first words lisped by his infant tongue shall be Welch."*

As their conqueror uttered this harangue, an expression of angry disappointment darkened the features of the fierce mountaineers; but submission being their only alternative, they quickly dispelled the gloom from their brows, and with all possible grace swore fealty to the baby boy, Edward, who was several years afterwards, with their joyous consent, created by his father Prince of Wales, he being the first heir apparent of an English King to whom that title was given.

A few weeks after the birth of Prince Edward, the King returned to England with his consort and family. The route they took is no where clearly detailed. By one account, they journeyed through Flintshire and Chester to Macclesfield, and thence by the most direct roads to London. If, however, they travelled by this course, their tarry in London must have been short, as Walsingham says, "King Edward having settled matters in Wales, came about the middle of December to Bristol, where he kept his Christmas and held a parliament."

In his expedition into Wales, Edward was accompanied by his children as well as his Queen. That they held their court with some degree of state is evident, as in the Wardrobe Rolls of this reign mention is made of their chapel and the conveyance of the equipments of the same from England. Their servants too, appear to have been tolerably numerous, and many of them Welch. Eleanora's good sense induced her to employ Welch nurses, both for the Princess Elizabeth and Prince Edward.

The latter appears to have cherished, even to manhood, a kindly feeling towards Mary of Caernarvon, the woman who tended him in his early infancy, as after he ascended the throne, he presented her with twenty shillings for coming from the western extremity of Wales to see him.

CHAPTER III.

Death of Prince Alphonso—Misfortune of the King of Castile—The Princess Mary takes the veil—Life of a nun—Merry life of the nun Princess—Devotion of the royal family—Aquatic excursion—Eleanor accompanies her royal lord to the continent—Her children remain in England—The Jews—Edward's extortions from them—They are banished—Marriages of the Princesses Joanna and Margaret—Eleanor's jewels.



ON August, 1284, death deprived the King and Queen of their heir, Prince Alphonso, whose health had long been in a declining state. Being a prince of promising parts, and already betrothed to the only daughter of Florence, Earl of Flanders, his demise severely affected his parents, and cast a transient gloom over the English court. He breathed his last at Windsor, in the eleventh year of his age, and by the desire of his sorrowing mother, his body was conveyed to Westminster, where it was solemnly interred by the side of his brothers, John and Henry, and a statue erected to his memory. His heart, however, was taken out, and sent by Eleanor to her favourite order the Friars Preachers, who entombed it with pompous obsequies in their church in London.

Shortly after this sad event, Eleanor's beloved brother, Alphonso the Tenth, King of Castile, met with a severe reverse. By neglecting state affairs for the study of astronomy and mathematics, this learned Prince, and inventor of the celebrated Alphonsine Tables of Astronomy, so greatly offended his chivalric subjects, that they pronounced him a conjuror who dealt with the devil, and supported the pretensions of his unnatural son, Sancho the Brave, by whom he was deposed and imprisoned.

At the earnest request of Eleanor, King Edward interfered in his behalf, but to no purpose; Alphonso regarding his subjects as fools, quietly pursued his abstruse studies in prison, where he died, regretted by few save his learned assistants.

Although in matters of religion, Eleanor, like her royal lord, kept the happy medium between bold infidelity and blind fanaticism, she was compelled in 1285, to yield to the superstitions of her era. The dignitaries of the church had long implored her to dedicate one of her numerous flock to the cloister, and with a heavy heart she at length assented that her daughter, the Princess Mary, should be veiled a nun. The profession of the Princess, then seven years old, took place on the fifteenth of August, at Ambresbury convent, in the presence of the King, Queen, the whole of the royal family, and the leading prelates and nobles of the kingdom. Although pledged to a life of celibacy and piety, the future existence of the Princess Mary was neither a solitary nor a gloomy one. Indeed, in that age, when the only religion was the Roman Catholic, the monastic vow was in practice little more than one of perpetual chastity, and so long as the nun did not permanently absent herself from her convent, nor publicly violate her oath—then deemed the most sacred of pledges—she, if possessed of the affluence and rank, could take an active and a right merry part in the general affairs of life. For it was only

when the strong arm of Protestantism snatched the chain by which the Holy See had so long and so firmly fettered the faith and feelings of the people, that it became necessary to bolt and bar the convent doors, and confine with rigid personal restraint those who devoted themselves to the altar.

The Princess Mary lived right royally. On her profession as a nun, her father presented her with a life annuity of one hundred pounds, besides other considerable sums. But this being found insufficient to support her extravagance, her indulgent parent granted her several manors in Dorsetshire, Wiltshire, and Somersetshire. Her apartments in the nunnery were adorned with the most splendid furniture and appointments of that rude era. Her table groaned with luxuries; she was a lover of minstrelsy, a patroness of literature, passionately addicted to gambling—a propensity highly disgraceful to one of her rank and vocation—and passed much of her time in visits to her royal relations, when she commonly rode in her litter, or chariot, with a train of twenty-four horses, each horse being adorned with splendid trappings, and attended by a groom.

In February, 1285, Edward, in compliance with a vow he had made when in Wales, to visit the monastery of St. Edmundsbury, in Suffolk, made offerings at the six shrines in that abbey, his devotion being particularly directed to that of the royal martyr, St. Edmund. The King was accompanied by the Queen and their three eldest daughters, and they appear to have made a progress through several counties to present offerings at religious shrines. March saw them at St. Mary of Walsingham; in April they were at St. Alban's, and they celebrated Trinity Sunday at Westminster, where the relics of St. Edward the Confessor afforded ample scope for their devotion.

In April, 1286, the royal family made an aquatic excursion from London to Gravesend, this probably being the first pleasure trip from London to that now daily resort of the dingy denizens of the world's metropolis.

The kingdom being in perfect tranquillity, Edward and Eleanor embarked, on the twenty-fourth of June following, for the continent, where they spent three years, for the most part in Aquitaine. During this period, Edward did homage in general terms to Philip the Fair, of France, for his continental possessions, and mediated a reconciliation between the Houses of Arragon and Anjou, who fiercely contested for the throne of Sicily.

During the absence of the King and Queen, their children were left under the charge of Edmund, Earl of Cornwall, on whom Edward had conferred the regency of England till his return. The royal infants lived in great splendour. Langley was their principal residence. According to the Wardrobe Rolls, they were attended by nine armed knights and a large retinue of menials, and the cost of their establishment for one year was the then large sum of four thousand three hundred and sixty-four pounds. During their continental trip, the King and Queen kept up a constant communication with their offspring, to whom they occasionally sent tokens of affection in the shape of golden cups, jewels, and other costly articles.

Whilst in Gascony, Edward expelled the Jews from his continental possessions—a sacrifice which the powerful prejudice of the times doubtless forced upon the politic monarch. The Jews had long been a despised and persecuted race throughout Europe. In this reign they, after suffering severe spoliation, were all banished from Britain. A few words, therefore, concerning the Jews in England, in the thirteenth century, may not be uninteresting.

We have seen, in the preceding memoirs, that, in law, they were declared the chattels and slaves of the sovereign; * hence they were enrolled as the King's property, suffered to dwell only in certain quarters of certain royal cities, where they had their schools, synagogues, and burial-grounds, and were exempt from paying tolls or dues to inferior authorities. They were not permitted to intermarry with Christians, employ them as

* See page 106.

servants, nor harbour them in their houses; and they were compelled to wear a tablet on their breasts to denote they were usurers—lending money, for which they oft extracted most exorbitant interest, being their only occupation. It was unlawful for any one to molest the Jews without the consent of the King; but for this inadequate protection—the loan being frequently violated with impunity—they paid dearly, as by fines, forfeitures, tallages, relief, and other means, the monarch contrived to extract from them the greater part of their easily-gotten gains. Whilst the people, viewing them as foreigners and infidels, living by usurious extortion, and receiving protection from the crown often denied to the Christian subject, treated them as a race of fiends and robbers, and, in times of riot and sedition, murdered them with savage barbarity.

The hostility of the clergy aided the deadly hatred of the laity. Reports were ever and anon circulated, falsely accusing the despised Israelites of uttering blasphemies, conniving at the overthrow of Christianity, secretly aiding the Mahometans in retaining possession of Jerusalem and the Holy Land, and even of crucifying children, and other diabolical enormities.

From the commencement of his reign, Edward had endeavoured to stifle this hatred of the people against a race whom he felt certain were of infinite service both to himself and to the trading community; but all efforts to this end proved futile.

In 1280, he assigned to the Friar Preachers the task of converting the Jews to Christianity; but although marked favour was shown to every proselyte, and tempting boons offered to all who would embrace the Christian faith, the King promised, and the Friars preached, in vain, for neither by kindness nor harshness could the Hebrew race be weaned from their attachment to the law of Moses.

In 1286, they so greatly offended Edward—probably by attempting to evade the payment of a tallage—that all in the kingdom were apprehended in one day—the second of May—and, without ex-

ception of age or sex, thrown into prison, where they remained till they had appeased the royal wrath by a fee of twelve thousand pounds of silver. They, however, were not long suffered to remain in peace. The bitter jealousy and hatred of the people left Edward no alternative but to banish them from the land. Accordingly, on the twenty-seventh of July, 1290, they were ordered, on pain of death, to quit the country by the tenth of the following November. Their immoveable property was confiscated to the crown; but that the demands of justice might not be entirely disregarded, they were permitted to carry with them all their money and jewels. At the appointed time, they, to the number of sixteen thousand five hundred and eleven, proceeded to embark at the Cinque Ports, where the royal officers treated them with kindness, afforded them all possible shelter and protection, and provided the poor with a gratuitous passage. The seamen, however, in too many cases, acted towards them most harshly and cruelly. One captain put a number of Israelites on the sand at low water, and then refusing them to re-enter his ship, drowned them; whilst other mariners, when at sea, plundered the unfortunate passengers, and, after maltreating the men and grossly ill-using the women, threw them overboard. These wretches, however, did not escape with impunity, for, by the King's orders, they were apprehended and hanged. Thus terminated the first sojourn of the Jews in England. The whole nation rejoiced at their expulsion as a public benefit, and, in gratitude to the King, the clergy granted him a tenth of their revenues, and the laity a fifteenth of their moveables.

Returning to the subject of these memoirs, we find that Eleanora accompanied her royal lord on his voyage home from his protracted visit to France. At the commencement of autumn, in 1289, the royal pair, after a prosperous voyage, landed at Dover, where their family, arrayed in garments of the richest baudekin, anxiously awaited their arrival; and where, on beholding their daughters in the bloom and beauty of

healthful girlhood, and their heir, whom they had left an infant two years old, a rollicking, robust boy of five, the joy of the good King and Queen knew no bounds.

The year 1290 was an eventful one to the royal family. Before the summer's wane two of Edward's lovely daughters had entered the holy pale of matrimony; and whilst dreary November was yet belching forth its choking fog, Eleanora of Castile closed her eyes in death.

The Princess Joanna of Acre, when seven years of age, had been betrothed to Hartman, son and heir of Rudolph, King of the Romans. In 1282, Hartman was accidentally drowned in the Rhine, just as the marriage was about to be consummated. Shortly after this melancholy occurrence, Edward resolved to secure the goodwill of the premier peer of England, Gilbert De Clare, Earl of Gloucester and Hertford, who was surnamed the Red, by conferring on him the disengaged hand of the dark-eyed Princess Joanna in marriage.

The sober Earl Gilbert had long been divorced from his wife, Alice, daughter of Guy De Lusignan, and niece of Henry the Third, and fascinated by the sunny face, graceful figure, and wild recklessness of the warm, volatile Princess, he fell over head and ears in love—powerful, passionate love—with her. Edward perceiving the effects produced by his daughter's charms upon her mature suitor, arranged the marriage preliminaries greatly to his own advantage. After the doting Earl had placed his vast possessions in England, Wales, and Ireland at the disposal of Edward, and taken a solemn oath, in the presence of the leading prelates and nobles, to keep good faith with the King's heirs, and hold their rights of succession sacred, he was privately married to the Princess Joanna, then in her nineteenth year, at Westminster Abbey. The nuptials were solemnized by the King's chaplain, on Sunday, the thirty-first of April, in presence of the royal family, the royal wards, and other personages of high birth. The occasion was celebrated by mass offerings, a distribution of alms to poor widows, and a general scramble for

money, to the amount of twenty-eight shillings. At the wedding feast, the hilarity was such, that dishes were overturned, tables broken to fragments, and a scene of riotous carousal enacted.

The rejoicings occasioned by the marriage of Joanna of Acre had scarcely terminated, when Eleanora's fourth daughter, Margaret, was united in wedlock to John, the eldest son of John the First, surnamed the Victorious, Duke of Brabant. This union was negotiated as early as 1283, when Margaret was but three years old. At that period, great jealousy existed between the English and French courts, and as the territories of the Duke of Brabant bordered upon France, the politic Edward sought to strengthen his alliances by this match. Nor were his efforts unsuccessful.

About the year 1286, the youthful Duke, then in his fifteenth year, was sent over to England to be educated, where, with the exception of a few short visits to the home of his infancy, he remained, a valuable pledge of his father's fidelity. The preliminaries being arranged, Duke John the First of Brabant, with a train of nobles and ladies from the provinces, came to England, and being joined by the royal family, who had been spending their midsummer at the Tower, proceeded to Westminster, where, in the stately Abbey, the Princess Margaret, then fifteen, was espoused to John, afterward second Duke of Brabant, on Saturday, the eighth of July, 1290.

The magnificence of the espousals was heightened by feastings and pageantry, provided in honour of the accession by Edward at London. The grand banquet was graced by the presence of the King and Queen, Prince Edward, the mighty Earl of Gloucester, and a multitude of other magnates, accompanied by their ladies, and attended by hundreds of knights. After feasting to their heart's content, the brilliant assemblage were entertained by the performances of about five hundred minstrels, buffoons, harpists, violinists, and trumpeters, collected both from foreign parts, as well as from every corner in England; whilst a chorus of about seven hundred knights and ladies, after

chaunting "lays of gladness" in the palace of royalty, ushered forth and paraded the streets of London in procession, accompanied by about one thousand of the good citizens, who, joining them with voice and heart, made the welkin ring with their choruses of loyalty and joy.

Several of the contemporary, or nearly contemporary historians, describe with enthusiasm the dazzling display of plate and jewelry at this marriage; and certainly the list of gold and silver valuables used in the household, or to adorn the persons of Eleanora and her royal lord, brought to light by the research of Mr. Herbert, the learned librarian of the city of London, fully justify the encomiums. The plate, for the most part, was the work of Ade, the King's goldsmith, and comprised thirty-four pitchers of gold and silver, to hold either water or wines; ten gold cups from one hundred and forty-two to two hundred and ninety-two pounds value each; ten other cups of silver gilt and silver white, some having stands and enamelled, and more than one hundred cups of silver, from four to one hundred and eighteen pounds value each; also cups of jasper, silver plates, silver and silver-gilt dishes, gold and silver salts, alms bowls, silver gilt jugs, silver baskets, and numerous other vessels, all of the precious metals.

The jewels and trinkets mentioned in the Wardrobe Accounts of Edward the First, include gold clasps offered at the different shrines, jewels given by the King to the bishops, and restored after their deaths, rings remaining or given as presents, a large silver girdle with silver and precious stones, a large silver image of the King in a surcoat, and with a hood over his head, and a silver plate under his feet, enamelled silver jugs, round which were two figures of the King, and two figures of the Queen, pitchers of crystal, five serpents' tongues on a standard of

silver, and a large ewer set with pearls all over. The next articles enumerated are a pair of knives, with silver sheaths, enamelled with a *fork* of crystal, which renders it highly probable that if, as is generally asserted, forks were not in general use in this country till the queer Tom Coryate introduced them from Italy, in the reign of James the First, our Provençal Plantagenet queens, at any rate, did not eat with their fingers. After this comes another pair of knives, with ebony and ivory handles and studs, then a comb and looking-glass of silver gilt enamelled, and a bodkin of silver in a leather case, gold, silver, and crystal crosses, some set with sapphires, and enclosing relics. One of them is described as set with rubies, emeralds, and other stones, and enclosing a piece of the real cross of Christ, and as such, considered of inestimable value; a gold ring set with a large sapphire was also highly prized, as being the workmanship of the holy St. Dunstan, the patron saint of the city of London Goldsmiths' Company.

Of precious stones are enumerated amethysts, sapphires, topazes, rubies, emeralds, carbuncles, chalcedonies, jaspers, diamonds, garnets, and cameos. Amongst these latter were, doubtless, many of the antique sort, which we meet with in the abbatial and other rings. Four royal crowns are also mentioned as set with rubies, emeralds, and great pearls; another with rubies and emeralds; another with Indian pearls; and one great crown of gold, ornamented with emeralds, sapphires of the east, rubies, and large eastern pearls, used at the coronation of the King and Queen. Many other articles in gold and silver might also be enumerated, but as our space is limited, these must suffice to convey to the reader an idea of the variety and costliness of Edward and Eleanora's jewels and plate.

CHAPTER IV.

Edward desires to conquer Scotland—Proposed marriage of the Prince of Wales and the Queen of Scots—Death of the Scotch Queen—Edward hastens to the North—Eleanor follows—She is attacked with fever—Dies—Dejection of Edward—The nation mourn her loss—Her virtues—Slandered in a popular ballad—Her burial—Body embalmed—Tomb—Epitaph—Edward's alms for her soul—Crosses erected to her memory—Charing Cross—Lines on its demolition—Advancement of civilization and arts—Eleanor's children.



ALTHOUGH Edward's love of conquest was as great as that of any of his predecessors, his ambition aimed at a very different object.

Instead of endeavouring to enlarge his transmaritime possessions, which any fortunate neighbour might at any time too easily wrest from him, his greatest ambition was the union in his own person of the sovereignty of the whole island of Great Britain. His successful subjugation of Wales, urged him to grasp at the supremacy in Scotland. He, however, first endeavoured to secure the Scottish crown for his heirs. When the Scotch King, Alexander the Third, died, in 1286, the succession devolved on Alexander's infant grandchild, Margaret, usually called in history the "Maiden of Norway," daughter of Eric, King of Norway. Edward resolved not to forfeit so favourable an opportunity of uniting the two kingdoms, and at once negotiated the marriage of his son Edward, of Carnarvon, with the Queen of Scots. For this purpose the Pope's dispensation was obtained, and a treaty entered into, by which it was arranged that on the ascension of Edward of Carnarvon to the throne, Scotland should remain a separate and distinct kingdom—for then, as now, the Scotch were staunch patriots—and that the laws, rights, and customs of the Scottish people should be preserved inviolate. Whilst, on the other hand, that King Edward might not be supposed to resign his right to feudal superiority, a right always claimed by his predecessors, and sometimes ad-

mitted, sometimes eluded, and occasionally altogether denied by the Princes of the Scots, a clause was added that nothing in this treaty shall be construed into an augmentation or a reduction of the rights previously belonging to either king or kingdom.

Matters now appeared settled greatly to the satisfaction of all parties. The little Margaret was proclaimed Queen of Scotland, and it was agreed that she should be sent from Norway to Scotland, and thence proceed to England, to be educated at the English court, under the careful superintendence of Queen Eleanor. But the prospect, so flattering to the hopes, so essential to the advancement of the two countries, was, a few months afterwards, closed by the unexpected demise of the "Maid of Norway;" who, sickening on her passage to Scotland, landed in one of the Orkneys, when she recovered, relapsed again, and died on the seventh of October. Immediately her death became known northward of the Tweed, several competitors set up rival claims to the crown.

When Edward received intelligence of this misfortune, he had already sent to Scotland the Bishop of Durham, who, conjointly with six regents, executed the duties of the crown, in the name of Edward of Carnarvon and Margaret of Norway; but, deeming his own presence needful at such a crisis, he bade his Queen a fond farewell, directed her to follow him with all convenient celerity, and himself hastened to the scene of excitement.

Edward had scarcely reached the Scottish border, when he was overcome with the startling news that his dearly-

beloved consort, whilst travelling through Lincolnshire, had been attacked with a severe autumnal fever, and was now lying on the verge of death, at the house of one William Weston, in the little village of Hirdeby, near Grantham.

Relinquishing at once his expedition into Scotland, Edward, with an anxious beating heart, flew to the couch of his adored Eleanora, swift as hard horse-riding through a wild country would permit. But in those days good roads, not to mention railway trains, scarcely existed; when horses became exhausted, others could not be obtained on the instant. Inns were neither many nor commodious, and indeed speedy travelling, in the sense of the present day, was not dreamed of; so that at last, when the King, half mad with excitement, and worn out with fatigue, reached Hirdeby, and rushed into the house of the loyal William Weston, it was only to weep over the clay-cold remains of his adored Queen, who had expired on the twentieth of November, three days previous to the arrival of her sorrowing lord.

The dejection of Edward at the unexpected loss of Eleanora of Castile, was for a period alarmingly intense. He wept like a child for hours together, passed much of his time in gloomy meditation, and would neither attend to the affairs of Scotland, nor any other business, public or private, until after he had performed the last sad office to her breathless clay. The sorrow of her family at the sudden loss of so good a mother, was most acute; whilst, by the whole people, her death was viewed as a national calamity. Nor is this surprising, as, according to the writings of her contemporaries, "Her virtues were too numerous to mention: to the nation she was a loving mother, and, as it were, the column and pillar of the realm. She neither permitted the subject to be oppressed by regal extraction, nor weighed down by the domineering influence of foreigners, and therefore it was that there was great sorrowing, because she was the greatest comforter of the distressed, and the sweetest healer of discord in the land." It may be well to mention that the standards in the popular ancient

ballad, entitled "A Warning against Pride, being the fall of Queen Eleanora, consort to Edward the First, King of England," are quite untrue. The writer has evidently possessed little or no knowledge of history, and confounding Eleanora of Provence with the subject of the present memoir, has enlarged upon that Queen's extortion upon the city of London, attributed the same to Eleanora of Castile, and thus dished up an absurd heap of falsehoods, the accuracy of which too many of the common people have never once doubted.

In the bitterest grief Edward followed the remains of her who, for thirty-six years, had been his inseparable companion, throughout the whole distance from Hirdeby to Grantham, and thence along the ancient high north road by thirteen stages to London, bestowing gifts with a liberal hand on the various religious houses along the line of progress. At the end of each stage the "noble corpse" rested, generally in the heart of a town, till a bier was prepared, when being met by the neighbouring ecclesiastics, and accompanied by the chancellor and attendant nobles, it was conveyed with religious gravity and stateliness before the high altar of the principal church, where, through the whole night, it was watched by the holy fathers, who ceaselessly chaunted the imposing service. At each of these resting-places the royal mourner, to induce the passers-by to pause and offer up their prayers for the soul of his departed Eleanora, vowed to build up a cross to her memory, a vow which he religiously fulfilled. On approaching London, the solemn procession was met by the principal members of the city corporation, who, clad in deep mourning, escorted the royal corpse to its final resting-place, Westminster Abbey, where it was entombed at the foot of Henry the Third, in St. Edward's Chapel, on the seventeenth of December, with imposing obsequies.

The body of Eleanora of Castile was doubtless embalmed, as her heart and bowels were taken out, the former being sent to the church of her favourite order the Dominicans, whilst the latter were buried in the cathedral at Lincoln, where

Edward erected a cenotaph for her, on which is placed her figure, whilst the sides are adorned with the arms of Castile.

Over her grave in Westminster her sorrowing lord erected an elegant altar-shaped tomb of grey Petworth marble, having on the north side the arms of England, of Castile, of Leon, and Ponthieu, and surmounted with her reclining effigy cast in bronze, by Pietro Cavallini. This effigy is a beautiful specimen of art, and if, as it doubtless is, a true likeness, the kind-hearted Queen must have been a surpassing model of feminine beauty. Her form is elegant, her features regular, soft, and delicate, and the expression of her countenance a tender, languishing smile. No wonder the masculine monarch deeply deplored the loss of one so lovely in person, so amiable in temper, so virtuous in mind.

Previous to the Reformation, a tablet by the side of the tomb bore a Latin inscription, with the following translation, supposed to have been made by Skelton, poet laureate to Henry the Eighth:—

"Queen Eleanora is here interred,
A worthy noble dame,
Sister unto the Spanish King,
Of royal blood and fame,
King Edward's wife, first of that name,
And Prince of Wales by right,
Whose father, Henry III.,
Was sure an English wight,
He craved her wife unto his son.
The Prince himself did go
On that embassage luckily
As chief with many moe.
This knot of linked marriage
Her brother Alphonso liked,
And so 'tween sister and this Prince
The marriage up was striked.
The dowry rich and royal was,
For such a Prince most meet,
For Ponthieu was the marriage gift,
A dowry rich and great;
A woman both in council wise,
Religious, fruitful, meek,
Who did increase her husband's friends,
And 'larged his honour eke.
Learn to die."

In accordance with the custom of the times, Edward bestowed on the abbey of Westminster the manors of Hendon, in Middlesex, Birdbrook in Kent, Westerham in Essex, together with Langdon, Eaton Bridge, and lands in Warwickshire, Buckinghamshire, and other places, for dirges, masses, alms, and other holy

and charitable services, for the soul of Eleanora. Up to within a short period of the Reformation, thirty wax tapers perpetually burnt around her tomb. Fabian, who wrote in the early period of the sixteenth century, says, "Two waxe tapers are breannyng upon her tombe both daye and nighte, whiche so hath contynned syne the daye of her burynge to this present day."

The crosses erected to her memory were all beautiful specimens of art; but, singular to relate, history has nowhere recorded even the name of the artist whose genius so ably recorded the conjugal affection of the King. Thirteen of these memorial monuments once graced the land. According to Peck, they were situate at Hirdeby, Lincoln, Grantham, Stamford, Geddington, Northampton, Stoney-Stratford, Dunstable, St. Alban's, Waltham, Westcheap, and Charing Cross. Now, however, only three remain—those of Geddington, Northampton, and Waltham.

Of all the ornamental gothic crosses erected to conjugal affection by Edward the First, that of Charing, which occupied the site where the statue of King Charles now stands, and which commanded an imposing view of the abbey and royal palace at Westminster, was perhaps the finest. It was the one Eleanora's royal widower most frequently gazed upon with sad but fond emotion, and as French was his familiar tongue, he named it the Cross of his *chere Reine*—dear Queen—which was speedily corrupted into Charing, so that every time Charing Cross is mentioned, a tribute, unintentionally, is paid to the memory of Eleanora of Castile.

Like many other noble structures, this cross was demolished by the over-wrought zeal of the early Protestants. Regardless of its ornamental situation, the beauty of its structure, and the noble design of its erection, the House of Commons voted it down as popish and superstitious; and in August, 1647, it was levelled with the dust. This ruthless demolition occasioned the following not unhumorous sarcasm, occasionally met with amongst the popular sonnets of those times:—

"Undone, undone, the lawyers are,
They wander about the towne,
Nor can find the way to Westminster,
Now Charing Cross is down.
At the end of the strand they make a stand,
Swearing they are at a loss,
And chaffing say, that's not the way,
They must go by Charing Cross."

The parliament, to vote it down,
Conceived it very fitting,
For fear it should fall, and kill them all,
In the house as they were sitting.
They were told, God-wot, it had a plot,
Which made them so hard-hearted,
To give command it should not stand,
But be taken down and carted.

Men talk of plots; this might have been
worne,

For any thing I know,
Than that Tomkins and Challoner
Were hanged for long ago;*
Our parliament did that prevent,
And wisely them defended,
For plots they will discover still,
Before they were intended.

But neither men, women, nor child,
Will say, I'm confident,
They ever heard it speak one word
Against the parliament.
An informer swore it letters bore,
Or else it had been freed;
I'll take, in troth, my Bible oath,
It could neither write nor read.

The committee said that verily
To popery it was bent;
For aught I know, it might be so,
For to church it never went.
What with excise, and such devise,
The kingdom doth begin
To think you'll leave them ne'er a cross
Without doors nor within.

Methink the common-council should
Of it have taken pity,
'Cause, good old cross, it always stood
So firmly to the city.
Since crosses you so much disdain,
Faith, if I were as you,
For feare the King should rule again,
I'd pull down Tyburn too."

As may be supposed, civilization and the arts rapidly advanced during the period that Eleanora of Castile graced the English court. For the preservation of the peace, laws were passed to revive the ancient custom of requiring sureties from strangers, debtors, and lodgers; to more vigorously enforce the watch and ward, from sundown to sun-

* The plot referred to, is that entered into by Mr. Waller, the poet, and others, with a view to reduce the City and Tower to the service of the King; for which two of them, Nathaniel Tomkins and Richard Challoner, suffered death, July the fifth, 1643.

rise, in all cities, boroughs, and villages; to clear the highways of wood, excepting high trees, to the width of two hundred feet, that they might afford no shelter to banditti; and to enforce the hue and cry, by which every man, when called upon, was bound to arm himself and join the sheriff in pursuit of malefactors.

A statute was also passed, rendering it penal for people to roam the streets of London with swords, bucklers, spears, or other arms, after the tolling of the curfew bell at St. Martin's le Grand, and ordering all taverns to be closed before the same bell had ceased to toll; thus the despotic curfew was converted into an excellent institution of civil police.

In the arts, gothic architecture continued to advance in grace and beauty; sculpture, and casting in bronze, were brought to great perfection. In seal engraving, and in the beautiful illuminations, and the richly-wrought covers which adorn the manuscripts of this era, an elegance and surprizing degree of taste and finish are visible. Staining of glass, first introduced into England in the middle of the thirteenth century, rose rapidly into favour, and every edifice of importance, both ecclesiastical and domestic, was richly decorated with unique specimens of that truly English art, carving in wood.

About this period, the first clock in England was erected in a clock tower at Westminster, opposite the royal palace; and that best of fuel, coal, said to have been first discovered near Newcastle, in 1234, and first dug by a charter granted by Henry the Third, was first used for domestic purposes in England about the year 1280.

Eleanora of Castile left five surviving daughters and one son.

Eleanora, the eldest daughter, whilst yet an infant, was betrothed to Alphonso, son of Peter, King of Arragon; but a bitter political strife ensued between the houses of Arragon and Anjou, and the nuptials, for some reason, nowhere explained, were not consummated. However, in 1293, Eleanora was married by the Archbishop of

Dublin to Henry the Third, Duke of Bar. This Duke Henry ruled over an extensive province, which being situate on the boundary of France and Germany, the feudal superiority over it was claimed both by the French and Germans, and on that account Edward viewed its Duke as a valuable ally, as in times of war he could, with an appearance of consistency, side either with France or Germany, as circumstances suited. Shortly after her marriage, which took place at Bristol, Eleanor proceeded with her husband to the continent, where, after giving birth to a son, in 1294, christened Edward, followed by that of a daughter, named Joanna, she died in 1298. By the desire of her father, Edward the First, her remains were brought to England, and solemnly entombed in Westminster Abbey.

The Princess Joanna, whose marriage with the Earl of Gloucester has already been mentioned, brought her loving lord three children, Gilbert, Margaret, and Elizabeth. Her husband died on the seventh of December, 1295, and as her marriage had been one of policy, not choice, his loss occasioned her but little grief, and she shortly afterwards resolved upon a match dictated solely by the sentiments of her own heart. Amongst her numerous retinue was a young handsome chivalric esquire, named Ralph Monthermer. With this esquire she became deeply enamoured, and he, encouraged by her conduct, offered her his heart, an offer which she accepted with such eagerness, that the happy pair were privately married early in January, 1297, little more than a twelvemonth after the death of the Earl of Gloucester. This being the first instance of a clandestine marriage in the royal house of Plantagenet, the King, on hearing of it, became exceedingly wrathful.

"Can it be possible!" he exclaimed, bitterly, "a Princess, and the first Countess in England, wedded of her own free will to a simple esquire? By St. Mary! she has fixed a stain on her mighty family, too black for the hand of time to wipe out, should the world en-

dure for a million of centuries." Then ordering that the lands, goods, and chattels, of the too wilful Joanna should be instantly seized, and that her captivator, Monthermer, should himself be made captive, with Bristol Castle for his home, and a stern jailor for his partner, he rushed into his private chamber more mad than sane.

A few days afterwards, Joanna was permitted an interview with her deeply-offended parent; when, throwing herself at his feet, she, with an art such as only woman can compass, implored forgiveness for herself, and her despised husband. After many earnest appeals, she concluded,—

"True, sire, we have erred, grossly erred, but the knot cannot be untied. And oh, if you knew how sincerely we loved, and with what unbounded joy, what earnest gratitude we would welcome your smiles, your good heart would forgive the past, and cheer the future of your dejected, supplicating daughter, and the man of her heart's choice."

Edward, whose indignation was invariably dispelled by submission, was moved to tears by this appeal, and in half-forgiving tones, exclaimed:—

"What! overlook conduct such as never before disgraced the annals of European royalty! Countess, is your request reasonable?"

"Sire," replied Joanna, in gentle, persuasive accents, "I only ask that boon for a daughter which you would readily grant to a son. How many princes and great earls have taken to wife poor, mean women? Surely, then, a Princess, possessed with an abundance of wealth, might be permitted to honour, by marriage, a chivalrous youth, whose only crime is poverty?"

This answer so completely appeased the King's wrath, that the union of the loving pair was immediately recognized at court. Joanna was pardoned, and received back the lands and property which had been taken from her in the king's name, and Monthermer was released from imprisonment, permitted to live with his spouse, and to assume the title of Earl of Gloucester and Hereford,

and he afterwards, by deeds of arms, chiefly in the Scotch war, proved himself well worthy of the honour to which his gallantry and masculine beauty had so fortunately exalted him.

By her second marriage Joanna had two children, Mary and Thomas; the former entered the world in 1299, the latter in 1301. Joanna was a fond wife, but a thoughtless, neglectful parent. She lived on terms of great amity with her step-mother, Queen Margaret of France; and although in temper wild, fitful, and hot, she was sincere and open-hearted to her equals, generous and kind to her inferiors, and forgiving to her enemies. Her death took place rather suddenly, at Clare, in Gloucester, on the twenty-third of April, 1307. Her gorgeous funeral was attended by the King and all the leading nobles and prelates of the land. And to the Augustine Priory of Clare, where her remains were interred, her affectionate father made presents for the performance of masses and orisons for her soul.

The next in order of the surviving daughters of King Edward's first consort is the Princess Margaret. This Princess, after her marriage with the Duke of Brabant, proceeded with her husband to his native land, where she resided principally at Brussels, and lived in comfort and affluence. In 1300, she gave birth to her only child, a son and heir. This event appears to have highly gratified the English court, as the bearer of the glad tidings received a present of one hundred marks from the King, fifty from the Queen, and forty from Prince Edward. After being a widow for about six years, Margaret died in 1318. Her remains were interred, with becoming solemnity, by the side of her husband, in the church of St. Gudule, in Brussels.

Mary, the Nun Princess, led a gay life, making merry pilgrimages hither and thither throughout the land. After the death of her mother, she became strongly attached to her father's second consort, Margaret of France. Her general conduct, however, reflected but little credit on the holy sisterhood to which she belonged. One of her kindest acts was the undertaking the charge of

her half-sister Eleanora, who, when little more than two years old, was sent to Ambersbury Convent. In 1236, Mary prevailed on Isabella, the wife of Edward the Second, to make a pilgrimage with her to the shrine of Thomas à Becket, at Canterbury. These Canterbury pilgrims, however, had no notion of travelling with bare feet, or in coarse apparel—pleasure, and pleasure only, was their object; they, accordingly, undertook the journey with chariots, litters, more than a hundred horses, waggons for the conveyance of domestic utensils, a good store of edibles, and liquors to cheer the heart, and a numerous train of attendants. Wherever they halted on the road, they made offerings of cloth of gold, wax, and other costly articles, with which they had provided themselves; but the most costly of their offerings was made at the shrine of the sainted Becket. The journey occupied about two months, and, to cheer them on the road, which in some parts was wild and desolate enough, they had in their train several merry minstrels, whose blithe songs and jocund performances greatly amused and delighted them.

The Nun Princess, after outliving all her brothers and sisters, died about the year 1233, and was entombed in the church of the Convent of Ambersbury. This edifice, which, in the middle ages, was the home of more than one of the royal daughters of England, has, by the heavy hand of Time, been reduced to a mouldering ruin—

"Where owlets repose,
The wallflower blows,
And the mantling ivy creeps,
O'er the crumbling walls;
Where the viper crawls,
And the toad in his dank cell sleeps."

Elizabeth, the last in order of the surviving daughters of Eleanora of Castile, after passing her infancy and girlhood for the most part in the company of her brother, Prince Edward, who, being the sole male heir to the English throne, was permitted to have a private establishment, and roam through the country wherever he pleased, was married to John, Count of Holland, in the Priory Church of Ipswich, in December, 1297.

After the marriage, nothing could prevail upon Elizabeth, then a girl of fifteen, to accompany her lord to Holland—a perverseness which so enraged the King, her father, that, in a fit of passion, he seized the golden coronet that encircled her brow, and flung it into the fire. However, a reconciliation was speedily effected, and Count John, urged by pressing state matters, embarked for Holland a few weeks after his marriage, leaving his young bride to follow afterwards, which she accordingly did, accompanied by her father, in the subsequent August. She resided principally at her palace of the Hague. Her husband being a weak-minded Prince, permitted his favourite, Wolphard De Borsonel, Lord of Vere, to rule the state with the iron rod of tyranny, which so exasperated the Hollanders, that, in 1299, they rose in insurrection, murdered the rapacious Borsonel, and, to prevent a similar occurrence, nominated a Regent in the Earl of Hainault, heir-presumptive to the Earldom of Holland. This act was sanctioned by Elizabeth, who, emerging from her previous life of privacy, exhibited in this hour of trial great energy and judgment. But Earl John, although a minor, in the seventeenth year of his age, expressed so much annoyance at being deprived of the semblance as well as the reality of royalty, that the regent had scarcely assumed the reins of government when he relinquished them again in disgust, and, to add to the embarrassment of affairs, a few weeks afterwards Earl John died of a dysentery.

The tie being now severed that bound Elizabeth to Holland, she, after lingering a few months longer on the conti-

nent, in the vain hope of obtaining her justly-due dower from her husband's successor, the Earl of Hainault, returned to England, where, by perseverance, she obtained from the reluctant Earl of Holland a portion of her dower revenues, and where, on the fourteenth of November, 1302, she espoused Humphrey De Bohun, Earl of Hereford and Essex. As in the case of the Earl of Gloucester, the gallant Earl of Hereford resigned all his lands and possessions into the hands of the King, who immediately afterwards re-settled them upon the Earl and Countess and their heirs, with a proviso that, in default of issue, many of the estates should revert to the crown.

The Earl of Hereford was an attached friend and constant companion of Edward the First, and, by superior skill and prowess in the Scotch war, obtained a well-earned fame. After the death of Edward the First, he became one of the strenuous opponents to the system of favouritism pursued by that weak, impolitic monarch, Edward the Second. Elizabeth passed much of her time with her stepmother, Margaret of France. By her second marriage she had a numerous progeny, but several of her children died in infancy. She lived on terms of great affection with the Earl of Hereford, and, dying in child-bed in May, 1316, found a last resting-place at the foot of the altar of St. Mary's Chapel, in the Abbey of Walden, in Essex.

Prince Edward of Caernarvon, the only surviving son of Eleanor of Castile, succeeded his father, as Edward the Second. His unfortunate career will be hereafter detailed in the memoirs of his consort, Isabella of France.

MARGARET OF FRANCE,

Second Queen of Edward the First.

CHAPTER I.

Edward's widowhood—Disputed succession to the Scottish crown—The States acknowledge Edward's superiority, and appoint him their arbitrator—Pleadings of the claimants—Decision in favour of Baliol—He accepts the crown as Edward's vassal.—Edward endeavours to crush the Scotch by tyranny—Quarrel with France—Its cause—Edward cited to appear before Philip—He falls in love with Blanche la Belle—Is contracted to her—Endeavours to mediate a peace—Is swindled out of Gascony—Cheated out of his betrothed—In a marriage agreement, Margaret of France named in her stead—War ensues—Rebellion of the Welch suppressed—The Scotch defeated—Baliol deposed—The regalia of Scotland brought to England—Edward raises money to prosecute the war on the continent—His extortions resisted—Parliament obtains the right of raising the supplies—His doings in Flanders—War with Scotland—William Wallace—Edward overcomes the Scots—Returns to London in triumph—The Pope arranges a peace with France.



FROM the period when Eleanor of Castile was consigned to the tomb, nine years passed away ere Edward the First again entered the married state. According to the contemporary chroniclers, the protracted widowhood of the active, energetic Edward was a truly forlorn and wretched one. This, however, may be questioned. That for a period he felt severely the loss of his "dear Queen," is not to be doubted; but that he moped, mourned, and continued miserably melancholy from the hour of her death until he again entered the holy pale of matrimony, is neither probable nor consonant with the entries that occur in the State rolls, the Wardrobe accounts, and other manuscript records of the era—documents of unquestionable authenticity, but which, until a comparatively recent period, have mouldered in the neglected dust of the archives of England. In truth, Edward sought and found solace from his sorrow in the council of state and the turmoil of battle. To his towering ambition and daring chivalric energies, the attempt to subjugate Scotland and a war with France, afforded busy occupation; and as it is well to weave through this volume an unbroken thread of history, we will commence these memoirs with a sketch of the leading events that occupied the attention of Edward the First during the period of his widowhood,

first glancing at his designs against Scotland.

The line of the descendants of Alexander the Third, the Scotch king, being extinguished by the unexpected demise of the "Maid of Norway," in 1290, the right of succession was disputed by no less than thirteen claimants; and being unable to decide to which of these the crown should be resigned, the States, to avoid the threatened miseries of a civil war, appointed King Edward, then deemed the most upright and mighty of potentates, as their arbitrator. Edward willingly accepted the office; not, however, as an appointment from the States of Scotland, but as a right pertaining to the King of England, as Lord Paramount of Scotland, a right which the Scotch, being then too weak to dispute, wisely waived to a more fitting opportunity. Edward, therefore, summoned the prelates, barons, and commonalty to meet him on the border of the two kingdoms, where, as a preliminary to the proceedings, they swore fealty to him. After this, it was unanimously agreed that he should be assisted in his important office by the advice of a council of eighty Scotch and twenty-four English. Before this council the several competitors urged their respective claims by written and oral evidence; but as it was to the interest of the majority to mystify the matter as much as possible, the lengthy pleadings were elaborated with sophisms, fabulous legends, and far-fetched similes. Thus, four months passed away without the council, divided as it was by party views and personal interests, coming to any definite decision. Edward, therefore, summoned a parliament of both nations, who received the report of the council, and after an elaborate inquiry, which had lasted eighteen months, and in which the claims of Robert Bruce and John Baliol, the two nearest descendants of Alexander, were thoroughly investigated, a decision was given in the name of the King, by the advice and with the consent of the united parliament of the two nations, in favour of John Baliol; a decision which so enraged Bruce, that he joined with Lord Hastings, another competitor, for a part of the kingdom,

maintaining it to be divisible. But this claim was unanimously negatived by the parliaments; and on the nineteenth of November, 1292, the regency was dissolved, and Baliol took the oath of fealty to Edward, and received possession both of the throne and the fortresses of Scotland.

Baliol's eagerness to wear the crown of his native land induced him to accept it as a vassal; but he soon learned how dearly he must pay for his indiscretion, what petty indignities he must suffer at the hands of his liege lord. Before the English King quitted Newcastle, a Scotchman complained to him of insults he had received in the town of Berwick from some Englishmen, when, although Edward had promised that all cases of law occurring in Scotland should be tried in that country, he ordered the cause to be tried in England by his own judges. This produced a remonstrance in the Scotch council, to which Edward replied, "That the promise they accused him of breaking had been made when their throne was vacant; he had punctually observed it during the regency, but as there was now a King of Scotland, he should admit and hear all complaints concerning that kingdom where and when he pleased." This declaration he repeated four days days afterwards, in his own chamber, before Baliol and several lords of both nations, adding, with great warmth, "He would call the King of Scotland himself to appear in England whenever he thought proper to do so," a threat he lost no time in putting into execution; and by encouraging appeals to his authority from that of the Scotch King, whom he repeatedly summoned to London upon matters the most trivial, he at length aroused to anger the quiet temper of Baliol. In fact, he thought to crush the Scotch by tyranny, but in this he was mistaken; his injustice only rekindled their slumbering energies, and prompted them to rid themselves of so troublesome a master.

Whilst Edward was thus stretching to the utmost his feudal superiority over his newly-created vassal, the Scotch King, he himself, as Duke of Aquitaine, was doomed to suffer similar humiliation from his superior lord, Philip of France.

This rupture between England and France grew out of a private quarrel between two sailors. An English marine and a Norman pilot accidentally met, quarrelled, and fought. The Norman was killed, the Englishman rescued by his shipmates; and the Norman sailors, to revenge the death of their countryman, boarded an English vessel, took out the pilot and several of the passengers, and hanged them with dogs at their heels at their mast-head. Retaliation ensued, in which the sailors of France and England heartily joined, and thus a fierce naval warfare was soon raging between the rival nations, without sanction or aid from either sovereign. At length a Norman fleet of two hundred sail swept through the channel, bearing down all before it, and after perpetrating outrages unheard-of in legitimate hostility, pillaged the coast of Gascony, hanged all the seamen they had made prisoners, and with a rich booty returned in triumph to St. Malo, a port in Brittany. Here they were discovered by the brave mariners of Portsmouth and the Cinque Ports, who, with a well-armed fleet of eighty sail had been cruising in search of them. Challenges were immediately given and accepted, and a hot stubbornly-contested battle ensued. At length the prowess of England prevailed, every French ship was taken, and no quarter being shown to the vanquished, the slaughter was terrific; according to Walsingham, fifteen thousand men were killed or drowned, and two hundred and forty prizes reached the ports of England in safety.

This murderous defeat provoked the haughty Philip of France to demand instant redress from the English King; but as Edward neglected the requisition, the seneschal of Perigord was ordered to take possession of all lands belonging to the crown of England within his jurisdiction. This order the seneschal failed to execute, as Edward's garrison drove back the invaders. The court of Paris, therefore, caused a peremptory summons to be issued for Edward to appear twenty days after Christmas, and answer before his feudal superior for the offences charged against him.

The receipt of the summons greatly annoyed Edward, and that more on account of private than public matters. He had already negotiated a marriage with the most beautiful woman of her times, King Philip's sister, Blanche la Belle. Being himself fully occupied with the affairs of Scotland, he had sent ambassadors to the French court, and from them received a report of the beauty and loveliness of Blanche so favourable, that mature as he was in age, he became violently in love with her. He now, therefore, desired above all things to avoid a quarrel with the French monarch, especially as he had corresponded with the beautiful Blanche, and been admonished by her in a letter, that in arranging the marriage preliminaries, he must bow to the will of her brother Philip, who demanded that Edward should settle Gascony on his issue by the Princess.

Under these circumstances, the lovesick Edward sent the Bishop of London with a conciliatory reply to the hostile summons, and an offer to recompense the French sufferers if Philip would also compensate the English. This offer was rejected, and the bishop succeeded by Edward's brother Edmund, Earl of Lancaster, who, being husband to the mother of the French Queen, relied on his influence at the French court to appease the wrath of Philip in a manner congenial to the wishes of his brother, King Edward. But his simplicity was no match for the craft of Philip, who, whenever he attempted to negotiate the matter, flew into a towering rage, and prevented it. Being thus repeatedly rebuffed, he lost hope, and was about returning home without effecting his purpose, when Joanna, the Queen of France, and Mary of Brabant, widow of Philip the Hardy, entreated him to renew the negotiation through them, and on his doing so, they assured him that as Philip's honour had been wounded, Edward was bound to make a public reparation, and this would be best effected by the surrender of Gascony, just as a matter of form, for forty days, when it should be returned again to Edward, or, as he was about to wed Blanche la Belle, settled by a new enfeoffment on her and

her posterity as a dower. This arrangement was agreed to by Edward, and embodied in a secret treaty signed by the consort of Philip, who himself, in the presence of several witnesses, promised to observe it on the word and honour of a king. The citation at Paris against Edward was next withdrawn, and Earl Edmund, little dreaming of treachery, gave possession of Gascony to the officers of its lord paramount.

On the expiration of the forty days, Earl Edmund reminded Philip of the engagement, but was requested to remain quiet until certain lords, not in the secret, had quitted Paris. This aroused his suspicion; he again repeated the demand, which this time was positively refused, the refusal being followed by another citation against Edward, which not being immediately answered in due form, Philip, in council, pronounced judgment against him.

This dishonest refusal of the French King to give Edward re-possession of his lands, as stipulated in the private treaty, was accompanied with an announcement—private of course—forbidding the impending marriage between Edward and the Princess Blanche; a breach of faith in the highest degree mortifying to the English Monarch, who had set his heart on this union.

The Queens, who had negotiated the private treaty, expressed great indignation at the cheating line of conduct pursued by Philip. Earl Edmund wrote a long explanatory letter to the King of England, detailing at length by what craft and dishonesty he had been overreached, and exhorting his brother to avoid open hostilities. This letter was accompanied by a secret treaty of marriage, in which Philip's youngest and less comely sister, Margaret, is substituted for the beautiful Blanche. Whether this was a trick, or an arrangement entered into by Earl Edmund, is nowhere clearly explained. Most probably it was a diplomatic manoeuvre, as Edward rejected the marriage articles with disdain, and a fierce war immediately ensued. During this war, which lasted from 1294 to 1298, Edward, who had no time to lose, having already seen fifty-

five summers, was left half-wedded to Blanche, as, according to Piers of Langtoft and Wilks, the Pope's dispensation for their union had been previously obtained.

It was the intention of Edward to proceed in person to assert his rights on the continent. But in this he was thwarted. For seven weeks adverse winds detained him at Portsmouth, and the Welch, believing he had sailed, rose in insurrection, and murdered the English; he therefore sent his brother Edmund to prosecute the war in Gascony, and marching his troops against the rebellious Cambrians, turned not again to the eastward till he had planted the royal standard on the heights of Snowdon, and for a second time conquered Wales. Again Edward prepared to recover his transmaritime possessions, when intelligence reached him that Scotland and France had entered into a secret alliance to crush his power. He therefore led his army northward, invested and took Berwick with great slaughter, destroyed the Scotch army at Dunbar, received the submission of the principal towns north of the Tweed, deposed Baliol and sent him prisoner to London, received homage and fealty from the Scotch nobility, and having named John de Warenne, Earl of Surrey, Guardian of Scotland, and invested him with the reins of government, returned into England in triumph, bringing with him the Scottish regalia, and the famous stone seat on which the Kings of Scotland sat at their coronation, and on which was engraved a couplet to this effect:

"Or fate's deceived, and Heaven decrees in vain,
Or where they find this stone the Scots shall reign."

The crown he offered at the shrine of the sainted Becket at Canterbury, and the other regalia were placed in St. Edward's Chapel, at Westminster, where the ancient seat still remains.

Edward now prepared to embark for the continent, and the more effectually to humble the haughty Philip, entered into a league with the Earls of Flanders and Holland, and other powerful

nobles, who were vassals or neighbours of France, and that he might largely subsidize these allies, obtained, by a vote in parliament, one-eighth of the moveables of the cities and boroughs, and a tenth of the rest of the laity. From the clergy he demanded a fifth, which they refused, under the plea that in the previous year Pope Boniface the Eighth published a bull, forbidding the clergy to grant the revenues of their benefices to laymen, without the consent of the Holy See. Annoyed at this refusal, and finding the clergy resolute, he promptly outlawed them, and seized upon all their lay fees, goods, and chattels. This bold step, such as no previous King had dared to take, speedily induced them to seek the favour of their sovereign, by granting him, as fines and fees, more than he had previously asked.

Finding these sums, considerable as they were, insufficient for his purpose, Edward resorted to loans, fees, fines, seizures, and every conceivable device to obtain his end. This stretch of the royal prerogatives so exasperated the nation, that meetings were held, and preparations made for resistance. And when, at length, he had raised two armies, one to be commanded by himself in Flanders and the other to make a powerful diversion in Guienne, the nobles objected to serve in the latter, because it would not be headed by the King in person. This so annoyed Edward, that he threatened to deprive them of their lands; but they declared their lands were not at the disposal of the crown, and Bigod, Earl of Norfolk and Marshal of England, told Edward to his face, he would only serve as his office obliged him, by leading the vanguard under the King. This so enraged Edward, that addressing Bigod, he passionately exclaimed, "By the eternal God! sir Earl! you shall either go or be hanged!" "By the eternal God! sir King!" retorted the Earl, "I will neither go nor be hanged!" Bigod immediately withdrew from court in disgust, and in the absence of the King raised a commotion against the extortions of the crown, effected a league with the leading earls, barons, and citizens, and ultimately compelled the re-

luctant Edward to invest in the people the sole right of raising the supplies, one of the greatest concessions hitherto obtained from the crown.

Edward at length embarked for Flanders, with an army fifteen thousand strong. His plan was to concentrate the forces of his allies in Flanders, and march at once against the capital of France; but in this he was frustrated by the lateness of the season, the coolness of his allies, the opposition of their subjects, and the non-appearance of forces for which he had paid largely to the King of the Romans and others. Philip's position was critical: true he had invaded Flanders with considerable success, but on Edward's arrival he found it expedient to precipitately retreat into France, where he awaited the result in great anxiety: thus both monarchs being disposed to a temporary peace, they agreed to a short truce, and consented to refer their differences to the equity of the Pope, not as a pontiff, but as a private arbitrator, selected by themselves. This agreement ratified, Edward hastily returned to lead his army against the Scotch patriots, who, during his absence, had again broke out in insurrection.

This insurrection was headed by William Wallace, an individual who had risen from the ranks of obscurity, and whose name, in conjunction with that of Robert Bruce, grandson of him who competed with Baliol, has been rendered familiar to the most unlearned by the poet Burns, in his immortal lines commencing

"Scots wha ha'e wi' Wallace bled."

This Wallace, it appears, although an unflinching patriot, was a great scoundrel. After committing murder he fled from justice to the mountain fastness, where, joined by a set of lawless desperadoes, he lived by nocturnal pillage, till a fortunate encounter, in which William Hezlop, the Sheriff of Lanarkshire, and several others were slain, gave celebrity to his name, when he concentrated his forces with those of other outlaws and robbers, raised the standard of national independence, and after taking several castles, won the battle of Stirling, drove the

English over the border, and assumed the title of Guardian of Scotland and general of the Scottish army.

But the brave Wallace had now reached the pinnacle of his greatness, and his descent was most rapid. In May, 1298, Edward landed at Sandwich, hastened to the north, and at the head of eighty-eight thousand fighting men, marched from Roseburgh to Falkirk, where he literally annihilated the Scottish army, and drove Wallace to resign his guardianship, and seek safety in the woods and wilds of his native land.

Edward now returned to London, and was cordially welcomed by the good citizens, "who," says Stowe, "to commemorate his signal victory over the Scots, made great and solemn triumph in their city, every one according to his craft. Amongst other pageants and shows, the fishmongers passed through the city in grand procession headed by

four gilded sturgeons, and four silver salmon, carried on eight richly caparisoned horses. These were followed by forty-five armed knights, riding on horses, made like lucas of the sea, then succeeded an effigy of St. Magnus, and behind this a thousand horsemen, all pompously dressed."

Ere these loyal demonstrations had ceased, the Pope published his award, decreeing that peace between France and England should be ratified by the double marriage of Edward with Margaret of France, and of Edward's son, the Prince of Wales, with Isabella, Philip's daughter; that Guienne should be restored to Edward, and also that the cities taken by Philip from the Earl of Flanders should be returned. These terms, although strongly objected to by some of the French nobles, met with the approval of the English court, and so far satisfied both monarchs, that the two marriages were speedily negotiated.

CHAPTER II.

Parentage and education of Margaret of France—Her virtues—Dower—Journey to England—Marriage—Coronation omitted—Disparity between the age of herself and her lord—Prices of provisions—Edward leaves Margaret to prosecute the Scotch war—She follows him—Birth of Thomas of Brotherton—Royal excursions—Christmas festivity—Jesters—Truce with Scotland—Pleadings of the Scotch—The Pope writes on their behalf—Answer of the English barons—Answer of Edward—Fable received for facts—Margaret vainly intercedes for the Scots—Gives birth to Prince Edward—Peace concluded with France—The Prince of Wales betrothed—Hostilities with Scotland renewed—Margaret accompanies Edward to the north—She attends the accouchement of the Countess of Hereford—Makes excursions—Siege of Stirling Castle—Edward and Margaret return to England—Execution of Wallace—Coinage regulations—London bakers—Robbery of the Exchequer—Disgrace and punishment of Prince Edward—His sister's kindness—He is knighted—The King vows to avenge the murder of Comyn—Prince Edward and other new-made knights make a similar vow—They proceed to the north, followed by the King—Birth and Death of Margaret's daughter, Eleanor.



MARGARET OF FRANCE, the subject of the present memoir, was the youngest daughter of Philip of France, surnamed the Hardy, and Mary of Brabant. Her father died during her in-

fancy, and left her under the guardianship of her brother, Philip the Fair, the reigning King. She received her education under the immediate superintendence of her mother, a princess of great piety and goodness of heart.

Margaret could not boast of captivating personal charms, but this deficiency of beauty was more than compensated

by a pleasing carriage, amiable manners, a kind, gentle disposition, and a moral, pious turn of mind, in the language of Piers, the rhyming historian, she was

"Good withouten lack."

By the decree of the Pope, Margaret was dowered with the portion left her by her father, a yearly rent of thirteen thousand pounds Tournois (about five thousand seven hundred and fifty pounds sterling). According to some writers, Philip the Fair meant to appropriate this sum to himself, but, however this may be, Edward augmented it by the addition of lands, castles, and other property of considerable value; the most important being the town and castle of Gloucester, of Southampton, Guildford, Hertford, Devizes, Porchester, and Marlborough, together with Havering in Essex, and other less significant manors, the whole of which he agreed to confer on Margaret, at the church door, on the bridal morning.

The marriage preliminaries being arranged, Margaret embarked for England, under the immediate protection of the Duke of Burgundy and the Earl of Brittany, and accompanied by a goodly train of nobles, besides ladies of the bed-chamber, maids of honour, and other noble demoiselles and attendants.

Dover being the appointed landing-place, great preparations were made there for her disembarkation, and a royal barge, decked with tapestry, was provided to convey her ashore. At length the royal party neared the cliffs of Albion, the Princess entered the royal barge, and welcomed by merry music and the hearty huzzas of the populace, effected a safe landing, on the ninth of September, and immediately proceeded to Canterbury, where Prince Edward and numerous English nobles gave her a cordial reception. The Prince lost no time in despatching the valet of the royal chamber, Edmund of Cornwall, with the intelligence of her landing, to his father, then at Chatham; and the glad tidings so delighted the old King, that he presented the messenger with two hundred marks, gave an additional offering at vespers in the church at Chatham, and

with a heart full of pleasurable emotions, and a countenance radiant with smiles, hastened to the presence of his expectant young bride.

The marriage of Edward and Margaret was solemnized on the twelfth of September, 1299, in Canterbury Cathedral; but as there was an urgent necessity for Edward's immediate presence in the north—his barons, during his absence, having disbanded their troops, whilst the Scotch patriots were daily increasing in force and strength—the coronation of Margaret was omitted. Indeed, the marriage festival lasted but four days; the banquet, which was neither sumptuous nor gorgeous, was, for want of better accommodation, served in the great hall belonging to the Archbishop of Canterbury, and on the following Wednesday Edward took a hasty farewell of his consort, and proceeded with all speed to the Scottish border.

What were the feelings of Margaret on being wedded to one old enough to be her grandfather—Edward having reached the frosty age of sixty, whilst she was only in her eighteenth year—is nowhere recorded; but, disagreeable as the first impressions doubtless were, she soon became reconciled to her lot, and, impressed with sentiments of affection towards her aged lord, lived with him on terms of conjugal happiness, and, like her predecessor, Eleanora of Castile, followed him in his campaigns, and made it her greatest pleasure to share his joys, woes, and perils.

It may be remarked, parenthetically of course, that in this era monopoly and protection were deemed essential to the advancement of commerce and trade. Every calling and occupation, from that of the merchant to the petty dealer, or the poor artisan, was manacled by numerous regulations and restrictions, then deemed, and probably found to be, in practice, wise and healthful, but which, in the present day, could not endure an hour, so greatly changed are the circumstances by which we are surrounded from those in existence at the commencement of the thirteenth century—a period when even the dealers in ducks and

geese were only permitted to sell at fixed prices, as, in the language of honest old Stowe, "This year (1299), was made an act of common council, fixing the prices of victuals to be sold at London, by consent of the King and nobility. The price of poultry was to be this: a fat cock three pence, two pullets three halfpence, a fat capon two pence halfpenny, a goose four pence, a wild duck three halfpence, a partridge three pence, a pheasant four pence, a heron five pence, a plover one penny, a swan five shillings, a crane twelve pence, two woodcocks three halfpence." The price of a fat lamb was fixed at one shilling and three pence, from Christmas to Shrovetide, and four pence during the rest of the year.

According to "Herbert's City Companies," the tariff of prices of fish limited the best soles to three pence per dozen, the best turbot to six pence, the best mackerel in Lent to one penny each, the best pickled herrings to the twentieth of a penny, fresh oysters to two pence per gallon, a quarter of a hundred of the best eels two pence, and other fish in proportion; congers, salmon, lampreys, and sea-hogs are enumerated. Sturgeons and whales were considered great delicacies, and reserved as royalties for the King and his court; the whales were sliced up, salted down, and kept in casks.

To return to the subject of these memoirs, it appears that, on the departure of Edward for Scotland, Margaret, in compliance with his desire, took up her residence at Windsor, whence she proceeded to London shortly after Christmas, and passed the spring in the Tower, then the only royal residence in London, as the palace at Westminster had been burnt down in March, 1290, and the new building was not yet completed. On approaching London, the Queen was met by six hundred of the citizens, four miles without the gates, each citizen being mounted on a charger, and dressed in a livery of white and red, with the badge of his mystery or trade embroidered on his sleeve. Thus caparisoned, and in line of procession, the loyal Londoners escorted Margaret on her first visit to her metropolitan residence.

At the close of the spring, the Queen quitted the Tower, and taking up her residence at the little village of Brotherton, on the banks of the Wharfe, in Yorkshire, was delivered of her first-born, usually styled Thomas of Brotherton, on the first of June, 1300. On receiving intelligence of Margaret's accouchement, Edward hastened to her presence, and remained by her side till she was in a state to leave her chamber, when, after her churching had been performed with due reverence, he conducted her to Cawood Castle, near the city of York. At this period, Edward appears to have passed much of his time in the company of his beloved consort, travelling from place to place as business or pleasure demanded. In these excursions the royal pair made frequent offerings at the shrines of the neighbouring religious houses, and were accompanied by Edward's eighth daughter, Elizabeth. This Princess, on the recent death of her husband, the Earl of Holland, had returned to England, and become at once the friend and companion of her juvenile stepmother.

According to the Wardrobe Books of Edward the First, the royal party were at Rose Castle, in the neighbourhood of Carlisle, in September, and two months afterwards, they, in company with the Prince of Wales, visited the cathedral at Ripon, whence journeying through Doncaster, Newstead, Stamford, and Okenham, they reached Leicester in December, made an offering at the shrine in the cathedral, and proceeded to Northampton, where they spent a truly merry Christmas. Throwing off the robes and cares of royalty, they invited persons of every grade, high and low, to partake of their hospitable cheer, and themselves indulged in the rude, but joy-exciting sports then in vogue, with a freedom that in the present age would be deemed unbecoming in the highest degree. On the approach of night, the merry company assembled in the hall, drank wassail to their heart's content, and listened with delight to the wild lay of the minstrel, and the thrilling tales of romance recited by the merry jesters, travelling tale tellers, described by the

author of the vision of Pierce the Ploughman as a not over-respectable class. He makes one of them to say,—

"I cannot partly my paternoster as the priest it singeth,
But I can rhyme of Robin Hode, and Randol, Earl of Chester;
But of our Lord and our Lady I lerne nothing at all,
I am occupied every daye, holy daye and other,
Tellen tales of wepyng and of myrth in taverns where men drink ale."

The presence of Edward at Northampton may be accounted for by the truce which he found it expedient to grant in the autumn of this year to Scotland, at the intercession of Philip of France. About this time, also, the Pope, at the urgent request of the Scots, sent a letter to the English monarch, declaring that from remote antiquity, Scotland had belonged, and still did belong, to the Roman see. It was not a fief of the English crown, and as the Scots neither owned nor desired Edward's sway, the Pontiff commanded him to instantly cease to invade their territories, and if he had any claims against that kingdom, to urge them at Rome before the expiration of six months. On this extraordinary epistle being read in the King's presence, before the barons, they became so enraged, that meeting in parliament, they framed a reply, in the name of the commonalty of England, expressing their astonishment and disgust at the tenor of the papal rescript. Denying *in toto* the Pope's authority over Scotland in lay matters, and declaring that from the pre-eminence of their regal dignity, the Kings of England had never pleaded respecting their temporal rights before any judge, ecclesiastical or secular, and even if their present monarch desired so to do, they would not permit it.

Edward, although no less annoyed than the barons at the Pope's arrogance, had no wish to offend the Pontiff. He therefore addressed a long epistle explaining his rights to him, not as a judge, but as a friend. In this letter, following the amusing fiction of Geoffrey of Monmouth, Edward traces the feudal superiority of his predecessors from the

remote era of Eli and Samuel, when Brute the Trojan landed with a host of followers, cleared the island, then called Albion, of its aboriginal inhabitants, a race of savage giants, and divided it between his three sons, giving England to Lochrine, Scotland to Albanact, and Wales to Camber; but on condition that Albanact and Camber, being the younger, should hold their territories in fee of the eldest brother. He then proceeds to show, at great length, how this superior lordship, thus vested in Lochrine, was claimed and exercised by all his successors, and passing on from fiction to facts, enumerates every known instance of homage done by the Princes of the Scots to the Saxon and Norman monarchs.

At the period of which we are writing, this wild romance from Geoffrey's British History was viewed in the light of sober, historical truth, and even for centuries afterwards, many a big-wig quoted it with all the gravity of an oracle. Indeed, in the fifteenth century, Lord Chief Justice Fortescue, with more boldness than wisdom, accounted for our boasted liberty, by declaring that the kingdom being founded by Brute and the Trojans, from Italy and Greece, the government became a compound of the regal and political, and hence arose our matchless institutions.

In answer to Edward's fabulous assertion, the Scots proved themselves as rich in historical romance as the English. They declared that with Brute and his doings they had nothing to do. They were the descendants of Scotia, the daughter of Pharaoh. In remote times, their progenitors had wrested by force of arms the northern half of Britain from the sons of Brute. This country they had maintained possession of ever since, and therefore they now owed no subjection to the English King.

Their reasonings, however, did not protect the Scots from the sword of their invader, nor further their interest with the Pope; indeed, however willing to claim the lordship of Scotland, Boniface became about this time so embroiled with Philip of France, that to preserve his supremacy, he was compelled to court

the friendship of Edward, by relinquishing the cause of the Scots, who, at this juncture, found a sincere friend in the gentle Margaret. But although the good Queen secretly implored her royal lord on their behalf, her pleadings were vain, as neither tears nor entreaties could move Edward to relinquish his darling project of uniting Scotland to the crown of England.

In June, 1301, Margaret being no longer in a situation to travel, retired to Woodstock, where, attended by the Princesses Elizabeth and Mary, she gave birth to her second son, Prince Edmund. After the happy termination of this event, the Queen again proceeded to the north, and in a newly-erected castle at Linlithgow, passed a cheerless Christmas, in a country laid desolate by the opposing forces. Here, however, her stay was not protracted. "In the following spring," saith the chronicler, "the King and Queen bid adieu to the bleak hills of Scotia, and journeying southward reached Devizes in April," whence, after a short stay, they proceeded to Westminster, where the marriage of Humphrey de Bohun, Earl of Hereford, was solemnized with great splendour on the fourteenth of November.

In May, 1303, peace was concluded between France and England, on terms differing but little from those decreed by the Pope in 1298. At the same time, the Prince of Wales was affianced to Isabella, the daughter of Philip of France, and shortly afterwards, the truce with Scotland having expired, Edward, with a larger army than ever, again entered that kingdom to renew hostilities. The Queen, regardless of danger, accompanied her chivalric lord into the very heart of the theatre of war, visiting respectively Norham, Edinburgh, Dunfermline, Roxburgh and other places.

At the decline of summer, Margaret proceeded to Tynemouth, in Northumberland, to be present at the accouchement of her favourite step-daughter the Countess of Hereford; and as the Earl of Hereford was attending Edward in Scotland, when the Countess recovered, the infant was sent to Windsor, to be nursed along with her juvenile uncles,

the Princes Thomas and Edmund, and the Queen and her daughter-in-law rejoined their lords in Scotland.

Margaret, it appears, never left the company of Edward during the winter, which for the most part was passed by the royal pair in excursions. Thus, in November they were at Dunfermline, early in December at Banborough, on Christmas day at Hovingham, near Milton, in January at Billington, in February at Newberry, in March at Durham, then at Newcastle, and so forth; thus proceeding from place to place, according to the necessities of war or the dictates of pleasure.

As the summer advanced, the siege of Stirling Castle fully occupied the energies of the King; and although the Queen remained in the neighbourhood of the army, she very wisely kept at a respectful distance from where the footmen were hurling defiance at each other. In the preceding February, all Scotland had submitted to Edward, save the hero Wallace and the strong castle of Stirling. Wallace was outlawed, and the garrison of Stirling Castle, after bravely sustaining a heavy protracted siege, clouds of stones weighing from two to three hundred weight each being daily ejected from the royal engines against and over the towering battlements, were at length compelled by starvation to open their gates, and with ghastly countenances, dishevelled hair, and halters round their necks, seek favour at the feet of Edward.

"I have no favour to grant," said the King; "you must either surrender at pleasure, and be hanged as traitors, or return to your castle."

"Sire," they exclaimed, with uplifted hands, "we acknowledge our guilt. We are all guilty. We all throw ourselves on your mercy."

Edward turned aside to weep over their misfortunes, and ordered them into imprisonment, but without chains or severity, in England.

With the fall of Stirling Castle, Edward considered the subjugation of Scotland completed. He had subdued the country from end to end, and Wallace, the only man whose patriotism and en-

ergy he dreaded, had been betrayed by one of his countrymen, and already sent prisoner to London. He therefore disbanded his wearied troops, and accompanied by the Queen, returned to England in triumph. On reaching London, he, to strike terror into the Scotch, caused the patriot Wallace to be tried for treason, murder, and robbery, and executed as a traitor. For this act, some historians brand Edward as a blood-thirsty tyrant, whilst others, leaping to the opposite extreme, declare, that although Wallace was, strictly speaking, not a traitor, as he had never sworn fealty to the King of England, still, being by his own acknowledgment a robber and a murderer, he fully merited the death he suffered. But whatever view may be taken of the conduct and fate of this heroic Scotchman, it must be admitted that there was something peculiar in his case which rendered him less worthy of mercy than the other Scotch patriots, as towards them Edward displayed a lenity and moderation rarely indeed granted by a conqueror to the vanquished.

About this period, several events occurred worthy of mention. "In 1300," says the chronicler, "King Edward forbade the passing of divers false moneyes made by art of copper and sulphur silvered, such as crockards, pollardes, rosaries, and others coined in partes beyond the seas, and uttered here for stirlings, so that many thereby were deceived. These monies, the King at first commanded to be current for halfpence, which was but half the value they were coined for, but on Easter even, next following, the same monies were forbidden throughout England; after which they were called in, and a new sterling money coined unto the King's great advantage." In the subsequent year, the bakers of London were, by a royal decree, allowed to hold four hall-motes a year to determine of offences committed in their business, and were restricted to selling bread in the market, then kept on the site of Bread Street, which gave name to Bread Street Ward.

The year 1303 was rendered remarkable by one of the most daring and successful robberies on record. During

the absence of Edward in Scotland, it was discovered that a burglarious entry had been effected into the exchequer at Westminster, the door of the apartment containing the royal treasure battered in by sheer force, the chests and coffers wrenched open, and plate, jewels, and money abstracted to the amount it was computed of a hundred thousand pounds. Suspicion first fell on the ecclesiastics of Westminster, and the abbots, forty-eight monks, and thirty-two other persons connected with the abbey, were arrested by order of the King; the clergy being sent to the Tower, and the laymen to the "new prison near to New Gate." They were subsequently tried by the King's justices, and as the charges against them could not be substantiated, ultimately acquitted.

The most probable perpetrators of this daring deed were one Richard de Podicote, and William, a gardener at the royal palace. Podicote, it appears, sold to the London goldsmiths the great bulk of the stolen treasure. Amongst other valuables so disposed of, are enumerated a superb silver dish, weighing fifteen pounds, two gold cups of five pounds weight each, besides gold clasps, rings, and rubies, pearls, emeralds and other precious stones, by the lap-full. How this audacious thief could sell these valuables without suspicion is indeed surprising, especially as, after completely glutting the London market with his plunder, he boldly marched off to Northampton, Winchester, and other places, where, poor in purse as we are told our forefathers were, he found ready purchasers, and at good prices too, for the right royal treasures. Doubtless this robbery occasioned Edward no very agreeable recollections of the period when he himself ruthlessly broke open and pillaged the treasury chests of the Knights Templars.

A great sensation was created at the English court in 1305, by the public punishment of Prince Edward. This Prince, from his earliest boyhood, had been fond of low, riotous company, and advancing step by step in the evil road, at length committed most unwarrantable outrages. One day, after indulging

in deep potations with his bosom friend Piers Gaveston, the son of a Gascon knight, and other vicious nobles, he prevailed upon the whole party to accompany him on a "merry frolic," as it was called, when, after committing several minor outrages, he, with riotous tumult, broke into the park of the Bishop of Lichfield, killed all the deer that could be met with, and grossly insulted the domestics. For these enormities, his father, with a laudable sense of justice, sent him to prison, and Gaveston, as the leader of the riot and the corruptor of the Prince's morals, was, in the following year, outlawed.

Shortly afterwards, the giddy Prince was banished from court, and kept under restraint at Windsor, for having, in his father's presence, used grossly abusive language to the Bishop of Chichester; and, despite the urgent pleadings of the Queen and his royal sisters, he was not permitted to again enter the King's presence, until at the meeting of parliament, a few months afterwards, he had asked and obtained the bishop's pardon.

This sternness of King Edward did not proceed from a lack of paternal love. He desired to elevate the character of his heir, and now that he had pardoned him, he resolved to animate his breast with chivalrous sentiments. Accordingly, all the young nobility of England were summoned to receive, in company with Prince Edward, the honour of knighthood. This festival, the most splendid of the kind hitherto witnessed in England, took place at Westminster, in May, 1306, and so numerous were the august company, that many were compelled to dwell in tents erected for their accommodation in the Temple gardens. The expectant knights performed their vigil in the Temple Church, but the Prince, by command of his sire, kept his vigil in St. Edward's Chapel, the last home of several of his departed kindred. On the morning, the King being weak, and the heat, caused by the denseness of the crowd, excessive, he knighted his son in the hall of the palace, and afterwards the same honour was conferred by the Prince of Wales on about three hundred aspirants for the

gilded spurs in the Abbey Church. As it was the custom for new-made knights to make a vow, not on the gospels, but in the presence of a peacock, heron, or other bird, to perform some deed of valour, suggested by the circumstances of the times, two swans, in nets of gold, were placed by the minstrels on the table at the banquet; when the King rising, vowed, before heaven and the swans, to revenge the murder of Comyn, and punish the perfidy of Bruce and the other Scotch rebels. Then addressing the company, he told them how that John Comyn, the son of Baliol's sister, Marjory, him who, from the battle of Falkirk to Edward's last expedition into Scotland, had directed the Scottish council as Guardian, had been treacherously assassinated at the church of the Minorites, in Dumfries, in the preceding February, by the ambitious Bruce, grandson of the original unsuccessful competitor for the regal dignity of Scotland, and how this Prince was now animating the Scotch to again rise in rebellion against the English rule, and own him for their sovereign; "and therefore, my lieges," continued the old warrior King, "I am about proceeding to tame the turbulent spirit of the haughty Scotchmen, and I conjure you, should I die on the expedition, not to entomb my remains until my son, aided by your good swords, has accomplished my vow."

This oration was followed by a general burst of indignation against Bruce and his patriotic supporters; and, to add to the excitement, a noble, in disguise, leaped upon a table, and roared out at the top of his voice, "By the Holy Lord! if the Scotch do not lay down their arms, and cease to annoy us with their proud threats and swelling lies, we will consume all Scotland from sea to sea, and not leave a living man to tell the tale of their sanguine slaughter."

The excitement appeased, Prince Edward, aroused by the stimulating scene around him to a momentary glow of chivalrous enthusiasm, swore that he would not rest two nights in the same place until he had passed the Scottish border, to do his father's bidding. The

same vowed all the rest, and the next morning they proceeded in the train of the Prince on their route to Scotland,

"To fight with might and main,
To venture limb and life,
And all to gain
A warrior's fame,
In the bloody battle's strife."

The King himself followed by easy stages, and issued writs for his military tenants to meet him at Carlisle in July next.

Immediately after the departure of her royal lord, Margaret gave birth to her youngest child and only daughter, Eleanor, at Woodstock. The Countess of Hereford was present at the delivery of the Queen, and immediately afterwards

proceeded in person to congratulate King Edward on the happy termination of the event. This infant was the second of Edward's numerous family who bore the name of Eleanor. Eleanor, Countess of Parr, who died in 1290, was his first child, whilst this was his last: and, as might be supposed, her constitution was extremely delicate. However, by the Queen's desire, she, in the second year of her age, was sent to Ambresbury Nunnery, where she resided with the Nun Princess Mary, until 1311, when she died of general debility, in the fifth year of her age, and was buried with little ceremony, and without a stone to mark her grave, in the Monastery of Beaulieu, in Hampshire.

CHAPTER III.

Margaret's crown—Her residence in the Tower—Kindness to the poor—Patronage to music and fine arts—State of the medical art—The royal library—Coins—Determined bravery of the Scotch patriots—Edward's mortal illness—Charge to the Prince of Wales—Death—Burial—Tomb—His remains examined in the eighteenth century—His memoirs written by John o'London—Margaret bitterly bewails his loss—Her widowhood—Death—Funeral—Monument—Children.



ALTHOUGH Margaret is the first instance since the Conquest, of a Queen not being solemnly crowned and anointed, she nevertheless possessed a state crown, which she wore on festival days. According to the Parliamentary Rolls under Edward the First, this crown was made by Thomas de Frowick, warder of the London Goldsmiths' Company, in compliance with a royal order, dated 1303, and was to have been paid for by the ensuing Michaelmas. At the time appointed for payment, Frowick applied to the King's servants, who had given him the order; they referred him to the royal treasurer, the treasurer ordered him to make out his bill, and leave it with John de Cheam and his fellow-receivers of the bills, and Cheam, with whom the account had been left, neglected to take notice of it. Being in-

jured by the delay, he prays the King in 1306, for God's sake and the soul of his father Henry, to order payment, and is answered, he may take his bill to the clerk of the King's exchange, adding to it the charge for certain silver cups and vases which he had also made, and the said clerk should pay him four hundred and forty pounds, in part of his bill, before the next Christmas.

Shortly after her confinement at Woodstock, Margaret took up her residence in London, most probably by the desire of the King, as, by a royal order, dated Carlisle, June twenty-eighth, Edward, after informing the civic authorities that his beloved consort would shortly proceed to the Tower of London, commanded them on no account to permit petitioners from the city or others to approach that fortress during her sojourn there, lest she should suffer from the contagion or the corrupt air that such persons might bring with them. But this precept was only partially car-

ried out; the Queen would not consent that every poor, pleading petitioner should be driven from her presence. All deserving objects she insisted upon seeing in person, and, whenever in her power to do so, she redressed their wrongs or alleviated their distress; indeed, the rolls and records of her period bear abundant evidence of her charitable disposition and good-heartedness, whilst nowhere is an instance of oppressive extraction, haughty vindictiveness, veniality, or immorality recorded against her. In some cases she remits fees and fines due to herself from poor debtors, in others she obtains the like grace for similar unfortunates owing sums to the King; the entries of money given by her to poor widows and orphans are many; whilst, at the risk of incurring the severe displeasure of her royal lord, she saved the life of Godfrey De Coigners, the goldsmith who made the crown for Bruce of Scotland. "We pardon him," says Edward, "at the earnest entreaty of our beloved consort, Margaret."

Nor did Margaret confine her liberality to the poor, for, in conjunction with her beloved husband, she afforded right royal encouragement to music, sculpture, and the fine arts. But whatever perfection some of the arts had obtained in England at this period, that of medicine was at a very low ebb; even Gaddesden, the court physician, knew of no better treatment for the small-pox than that of endeavouring to stare it out of countenance by a glare of brilliant scarlet. When the Prince of Wales was attacked with this disease, Gaddesden ordered him to be placed in a room where the bed was scarlet, the furniture was scarlet, the hangings were scarlet; in fact, everything on which the eyes could rest, even to the dresses of the attendants, were of a bright scarlet hue. By good luck the Prince recovered, the treatment was deemed highly efficacious, and forthwith all who could afford it, availed themselves of the "scarlet system" in the cure of this dangerous disease.

Neither Margaret nor Edward appear to have afforded much encouragement to literature. In fact, in 1300, the royal

library—if library it deserves to be designated—consisted of only seven volumes—a British History, the Memoirs of Tancred, a romance, a treatise on agriculture, two religious works, and a book of chants, and the majority of these being absurd, trashy productions, not worth the trouble of diving into, we may presume that neither the King nor the Queen were great readers.

In the reign of Edward the First, malignant fevers, the small-pox, and other contagious diseases, occasionally burst forth with alarming virulence in London, which the nobles attributed in a great degree to the lately-introduced practice of burning pit-coal as fuel. Quaint old Stowe, in his Chronicle, tells us: "This year (1306), upon sundry complaints of the clergy and nobility resorting to the city of London, touching the great annoyance and danger of contagion growing, by reason of the stench of burning sea-coal, which divers fire-makers in Southwark, Wapping, and East Smithfield now used to make their common fires of, because of the cheapness thereof, and to forbear the burning of bavons and such like fuel; the King expressly commanded the mayor and sheriffs of London forthwith to make proclamation that all those fire-makers should cease the burning of sea-coal, and make their fires of such fuel of wood and coal as had been formerly used. Thus much I found in the record, the which I thought very necessary to set down, to shew the difference of former times with the necessity of that firing to be now so generally used, which at the time was so much disliked and avoided, not only of the better sort, but even of the common people, whereas, at this day, viz., in the year 1612, and the tenth year of the reign of King James, at which time I write this book, the aforesaid sea-coal and pit-coal has become the general fuel of this Britain Island; used in the houses of the nobility, clergy, and gentry in London, and in all the other cities and shires of this kingdom, as well for the dressing of meat, washing, brewing, dyeing, as otherwise. The greatest ruin and destruction of wood in this kingdom hath been the late making of iron and

glass, besides the just occasion of spending timber in building extraordinary ships, as well in number as in bigness, besides the unspeakable daily increase in building of houses, boats, barges, waggons, coaches, carts, and many other things for household uses, and which, together with the want of conservation and planting of woods within these last fourscore years, are the true reasons of the great scarcity of timber and sweet fuel in England."

Whilst Margaret was employing her munificence in the erection of the choir of the elegant Church of the Grey Friars, and otherwise encouraging the progress of improvement in the metropolis, Edward, detained by weakness at Carlisle, was busily occupied, first in adjusting the difference between himself and his barons, many of whom were growing weary of warfare, and afterwards in enthusiastic efforts to subdue the Scots. But the ambition of the English King was defeated by his own decrepitude, and the courage, perseverance, and activity of the brave Bruce. Although repeatedly beaten, and driven to seek shelter in the wild moors and mountain fastnesses, Bruce and his daring patriotic band could neither be conquered nor prevailed upon to lay down their arms. With death or liberty for their motto, they, if overcome in one part of the country, flew to another, and, at an unexpected moment, rushed upon the English with maniacal impetuosity, and before the enemy recovered from the shock, precipitately retreated again to the security of the hills and forests. Many of these brave patriots were taken and executed as traitors, whilst others were imprisoned with rigour. Their fate, as champions of liberty, may demand our pity, but when we consider that some were murderers and robbers, and all had more than once broke their oath of fealty and been pardoned, and therefore were traitors according to the jurisprudence of the age, it would be unjust to the memory of Edward to brand him as a cruel despot on account of their unfortunate end.

Annoyed at the repeated successful sallies of Bruce, and feeling his health

improved, Edward endeavoured to advance with his army into Scotland, but the exertion of mounting his horse brought on a severe relapse of dysentery, which it was beyond mortal power to check. Finding death approaching, the old King sent for the Prince of Wales, and charged him to be just, merciful, courteous, and constant in word and deed; to love his two young brothers, to honour and respect his mother, Queen Margaret, never to recall Gaveston, to duly apply the thirty-two thousand marks which he had bequeathed from the treasury for the service of seven score knights in the Holy Land, and, upon pain of eternal damnation, not to turn to the south till he had subdued Scotland.

"But what if the rebels will not succumb, sire?" demanded the Prince, horrified by the malediction, and impelled by a desire to immediately encircle his brow with the crown.

"Carry my bones with you at the head of the army," uttered the dying monarch; "that will ensure success."

The Prince promised compliance, and the King, anxious to die in a country he had more than once subjugated, proceeded, by easy journeys, towards Scotland. In this manner he advanced as far as the little town of Burgh-upon-the-Sands, in Cumberland, where he expired, on the seventh of July, 1307, in the sixty-ninth year of his age, and the thirty-fifth of his reign.

In defiance of his father's prohibition, Edward resolved to bury his bones with all convenient despatch. Accordingly, the body was conveyed to Waltham Abbey, remained there till the new King had received the oath of allegiance

* Froissart says the King made the Prince of Wales swear, in the presence of all the barons, that, immediately he was dead, he would have his body boiled in a large cauldron, till the flesh should drop from the bones; that he would have the flesh buried, and the bones preserved, and that every time the Scots rebelled against him, he would carry in his march against them the bones of his father; for he believed most firmly that, in their encounters with the Scots, the English would always be victorious as long as they carried his bones with them. There appears so much exaggeration in this statement, that we have preferred following the text of Walsingham.

from his subjects, and other preliminaries had been arranged, was then carried in great state to London, where masses were said over it, and requiems sung in Trinity, Grey Friars, and St. Paul's churches, and afterwards conveyed in a superb car to Westminster, and entombed with great pomp in the chapel of Edward the Confessor, amidst the abundant tears of the sorrowing Queen Margaret, who, it appears, took part in the mournful procession.

Edward the First was buried on the north side of the shrine of St. Edward, and close to the grave of his father, Henry the Third, on the eighteenth of October. On his tomb, which consists of five unadorned slabs of Purbeck marble, is a Latin inscription to this effect :

"Whilst lived this King,
By him all things
Were in most goodly plight;
Fraud lay hid,
Great peace was kept,
And honesty had might."

In May, 1774, the Antiquarian Society being desirous to ascertain the state of his body, in consequence of the methods taken to preserve it, by writs issued in the reign of Edward the Third and Henry the Fourth, to renew the wax about it, obtained permission to open the stone sarcophagus in which it was deposited. "We found it," says Sir Joseph Ayloffe, who was present at the interesting examination, "enclosed in a large square mantle of linen, waxed on the inside: the head, on which was a crown of gilded copper, and face were covered with a crimson silk, and the body was swathed in cere-cloth of very fine linen, even the fingers and face being so neatly wrapped that every part was visible. A tunic of red silk damask enveloped the body, upon which lay a kind of scarf of white silk tissue, three inches in breadth, worked with an elegant pattern of very small mock pearl, and having at intervals of about six inches, gilt quatrefoils of fillagree-work delicately chased and ornamented with glass imitations of gems, very well executed, and each set in a raised socket; some of these imitated rubies, some emeralds, and some sapphires. On the left

shoulder the royal mantle, of rich crimson satin, was fastened with a brooch of large size and beautiful workmanship, adorned with red and blue stone, and mock pearls; it is four inches in diameter, whilst the pin is formed of a large piece of blue glass, shaped like an acorn, and fixed in a chased socket. The body, from the waist, was wrapped in a rich figured cloth of gold vestment, which wholly enveloped the feet; on each hand lay a quatrefoil, similar to those just described, and which probably had belonged to the jewelled gloves, a royal distinction at this period, and a sceptre and rod, with dove of white enamel, lay on each side." The body was in perfect preservation, measured six feet two inches in length, was finely proportioned, and by all appearances it had not been disturbed since the reign of Henry the Fourth, a period of about three hundred and seventy years.

In imitation of Adeline, consort of Henry the First, Queen Margaret employed John o'London to pen the memoirs of her beloved lord. In this curious work Margaret is made to bewail the loss of King Edward in strains of the deepest dejection.

"I weep incessantly," exclaims the widowed Queen, "live but to mourn. Joy has fled my breast, and my heart is choked with grief. The silvery tones of the cithara,* the majestic peals of the organ no longer charm my weary soul; life is a heavy burden to me; no sorrow can equal my sorrow. Alas! the joy of my heart, the delight of my eyes, the Paradise of my hopes, my only happiness, my dearly beloved Edward, is gone—lost—dead! Oh, weep ye isles! for so great a King you will never again behold!"

These lamentations from a widow of twenty-six for a husband of sixty-nine, exaggerated as they may appear, are proved by the after-life of Margaret to have been sincere, as the sorrowing Queen, after complying with the dying request of her lord, by attending the marriage of her son-in-law, Edward the Second, with her niece Isabella, retired to private life, and never again entered

* A musical instrument resembling a guitar.

the married state. Marlborough Castle appears to have been her permanent residence; and here, after a widowhood of ten years, chiefly occupied in the care of her children and the service of religion and charity, she expired on the fourteenth of February, 1318, at the early age of thirty-six. Her property she disposed of principally to charitable purposes by will, in which she named her two sons her joint executors.

As a tribute of respect to his honoured step-mother, Edward the Second, immediately after her death, despatched John de Hansted to Marlborough with two rich palls* of Lucca cloth to lay over her body; he then afforded the executors every facility to execute the will, and aided them in the performance of the last sad offices to their departed mother.

From Northampton the funeral procession advanced to London, where, after the royal remains had been placed before the high altar of St. Mary Overy, during the performance of a solemn service, it was conveyed to its final resting-place, the church of the Grey Friars, which had been principally founded by Queen Margaret's munificence, and was still unfinished. Here, ere the body was consigned to the tomb, the King caused several more rich palls of Lucca cloth to be placed over it at his own individual cost.

Queen Margaret was buried before the altar, in the choir which she herself had built, of the Grey Friars Church, now Christ's Hospital, London. The splendid monument erected to her memory was destroyed at the Reformation. According to Stow, it was sold with other tombs, and about seven score grave-

* These palls were the perquisites of the priest officiating in the church where the body lay when they were placed on it.

stones, all of marble or alabaster, for about fifty pounds, by Sir Martin Bowes, M.P., and Lord Mayor in 1546.

Margaret left two surviving children, Thomas and Edmund.

Thomas was created Earl of Norfolk and Earl Marshal. By his first wife, Alice, daughter of Sir Roger Hayles, of Hardwick, in Suffolk, he had one son, Edward, and two daughters, Margaret and Alice. The heiress of Margaret married John Howard, and thus united in the Howard family the blood of St. Louis of France, and the Plantagenets of England. The second wife of Earl Thomas, Mary, daughter of Lord William Ross, and widow of Sir Ralph Cobham, survived him without issue, and found a third husband in Lord Brerose, of Brember.

Margaret's second son, Edmund, attained to the earldom of Kent. He espoused Margaret, daughter of John, and sister and sole heir of Lord Thomas Wakes, of Northampton, who brought him two sons and a daughter. His sons died without issue; his daughter, Joanna, for her beauty called the Fair Maid of Kent, was wed three times. From her first husband, the Earl of Salisbury, she was divorced. By her second husband, Sir Thomas Holland, she had issue, and thus became the ancestress of the nobility bearing the name of Holland. Her third and last husband was Edward the Black Prince, and by him she became the mother of King Richard the Second.

Earl Edmund took a prominent part in the contention of the Second Edward's reign, and falling an innocent victim to the wicked treachery of Isabella of France, died on the scaffold in 1329.

ISABELLA OF FRANCE,

Queen of Edward the Second.

CHAPTER I.

Isabella's descent—Parentage—Birth—Betrothment to Edward the Second—Dower—First acts of Edward the Second on his accession—Gaveston recalled—Appointed Regent—Edward goes to France—Weds Isabella at Boulogne—The marriage festival—The royal pair come to England—Their coronation—Sights offered to the Queen—She complains to the French King—Gaveston's pride and power excite the ire of the Barons—The King's disgusting partiality for him—His person and manners—Isabella sanctions a confederacy to expel him—He is banished—Appointed Viceroy of Ireland—Isabella's revenues—The commons grant the King an aid—Their complaint—The King's favourable reply—Gaveston recalled—His arrogance and sarcasm more than ever disgust the Barons—His tournament prevented—Ordainers instituted—They decree the banishment of Gaveston—The King separates from his favourite with regret—Isabella commemorates Gaveston's departure by a feast—She becomes reconciled to the King—Gaveston is recalled—He insults Isabella—She again complains to the King of France—Philip secretly aids her and the Barons.



HAT the boast of ancestry is really significant of little or nothing but the folly of the boaster, is strikingly exemplified in the subject of the present memoir. For although no Queen of England, since the Norman Conquest, could claim so illustrious a descent as Isabella of France—she being the second daughter of Philip the Fair, King of France, and his consort, Joanna, Queen of Navarre, whilst her three brothers, Louis the Tenth, Philip the Long, and Charles the Fair, successively ascended the French throne—history has

branded her memory with deeds the blackest that have darkened the annals of female royalty since the days of the wicked Saxon Queen, Elfrida—deeds at which humanity shudders, and which the most partial of her biographers, with all their silly vain-glorious vaunts of her distinguished descent, have neither been able to excuse nor conceal. Her career for the most part being one rather to blush for than exult over—to excite grief and indignation rather than respect or veneration.

Isabella of France, the greatest beauty of her times, was born at Paris about the year 1291. History is silent as to the exact date of her birth, but judging from the writings of her contemporaries,

and the events of her life, we cannot be far wrong in the period we have assigned. In compliance with a treaty between Edward the First and Philip the Fair, Isabella was solemnly betrothed to Edward the Second, then Prince of Wales, in 1303. The ceremony was performed with great pomp in the presence of the French King and Queen, the leading nobles of France, and the English ambassadors. As Prince Edward was not present, after the Pope's dispensation for the marriage had been read aloud, Pere Gilo, Archbishop of Narbonne, who officiated on the occasion, took the hand of Isabella in his, and emphatically exclaimed, "By this act do I solemnly betroth Edward of Caernarvon, and Isabella, the second daughter of Philip, the reigning monarch of France, on condition that the terms of their marriage treaty be duly performed." By this marriage treaty, it was stipulated, that Philip should give his daughter a portion of thirteen thousand tournois, three thousand two hundred and fifty pounds sterling, and that she should succeed to the dower of Edward the First's Queen, her aunt, Margaret, and have granted to her use, during Margaret's lifetime, castles and manors to the amount of two thousand five hundred pounds per annum.

Edward the First was anxious for this match, and with his dying words charged his heir to complete his union with Isabella without delay. This injunction was the only one of the last solemn commands of his sire that Edward the Second thought proper to obey. It completely accorded with his own sentiments, he therefore complied with it in such haste, that before the obsequies of his father were solemnized, the Bishops of Durham and Norwich were dispatched to the French court to name the natal-day, and forward the necessary preparations for the espousals; whilst he himself, immediately the arrangements for his wedding were completed, turned his back upon Scotland, where the energetic patriot, Robert Bruce, was daily gaining strength, and neglecting all matters of state, hurried on his unfortunate marriage and coronation with ill-

advised precipitancy. Indeed, the first acts of Edward the Second were such as at once to excite the contempt of the court and nobles, and convince the nation of his impotency as a monarch. His sire was scarcely dead, when, in violation of his solemn oath, he recalled his favourite, Piers Gaveston, from banishment, totally changed the officers of government, and disgraced and imprisoned the treasurer, Langton, Bishop of Lichfield, for no other reason than that the prelate, with a commendable resolution, had formerly refused to supply the Prince and his favourite with money for their wanton pleasures. Nor was this all; Edward daily showered gifts and honours upon Gaveston. He elevated him to the Earldom of Cornwall, made him lord chamberlain, bestowed upon him the thirty thousand marks destined for the Holy War, and, on the first of November, 1307, by special appointment, married him to his own niece, Margaret of Gloucester, daughter of his sister, Joanna of Acre,* an act which, of itself, greatly excited the indignation of the barons and the people.†

Having appointed Gaveston Regent, with full sovereign powers during his absence, Edward embarked at Dover, on the twenty-second of January, 1308, to complete his marriage. After a prosperous voyage he landed at Boulogne, received the joyous smiles of his bride and her royal parents, who awaited his arrival, and on the same day, did homage to Philip the Fair, for Guienne and Ponthieu.

The following day, January the twenty-fifth, Isabella and Edward were married in the cathedral of Boulogne.

* When Gaveston married, the King bestowed upon him the honours of Tickhill and Berkhamstead, the castle and manors of Skipton in Yorkshire, High Pen in Derbyshire, Cockermouth in Cumberland, Torpel and Upton in Northamptonshire, Carisbrook in the Isle of Wight, with divers other lands in England, besides lands in Guienne, to the yearly value of three thousand marks. A tolerable marriage present this from a monarch to a foreign subject, whose only services were those of a debased, immoral syccophant: no wonder the nation cried aloud against it.

† See Memoir of Eleanora of Castile, page 149.

with great splendour; and in the presence of the King and Queen of France, Mary, the Queen Dowager of France, the King of Navarre, the King and Queen of the Romans, the Archduke of Austria, the King of Sicily, Margaret, the Queen Dowager of England, and the most numerous and brilliant assembly of princes and nobles that had ever before graced the nuptials of a mighty monarch.

The marriage feasts were the most gorgeous and sumptuous that had ever been witnessed. The brilliant display of plate, the variety and richness of the dishes, and the excellency of the many rare and choice wines, are dwelt upon with enthusiasm by a French chronicler who was present, and who, after lavishing praises on the appointments and gorgeous pageants, continues, "Mine eyes never beheld such prowess, such masculine beauty, as that displayed by the royal tilters at the tournaments held on the occasion; the play of lances was wonderful, sometimes fearful, to look upon." But withal, the bride and bridegroom were the stars that shone forth most brilliantly out of this dazzling constellation of royal and noble personages. Edward was pronounced the handsomest man in Europe, and Isabella, from her exquisite beauty, was named the Fair.

This gay festivity was brought to a close on the sixth of February, and on the following day, Edward and his bride, accompanied by two of Isabella's uncles, the Duke of Brabant, and a numerous train of foreign nobles, whom Edward had invited to witness his coronation, voyaged to Dover in safety. At Dover, the royal party were met by Gaveston, and most of the English barons and their ladies; when, to the astonishment and disgust of all present, the moment the King saw Gaveston, he deserted the Queen, and neglecting the others, rushed into the arms of his favourite, called him his dearest brother, and kissed and caressed him with all the tenderness of a lover to one of the gentler sex. After remaining two days at Dover, the King and Queen, with their train, proceeded to Eltham, whence,

after a short stay, to admit of the completion of the preparations for their coronation, they journeyed to Westminster, where, on the twenty-fifth of February, being Quinquagesima Sunday, Edward and Isabella were solemnly crowned and anointed by the Bishop of Winchester,* who obtained from the King a solemn pledge at the altar, to protect the liberties and duly execute the laws of the land.

"Sire," demanded the officiating prelate, in a loud, clear voice, "will you grant, and keep, and confirm by your oath, to the people of England, the laws and customs granted to them by the Kings of England, your predecessors, and especially the laws, the customs, and the franchises granted to the clergy and to the people by the glorious King, St. Edward, your predecessor?"

"I will, and promise it," answered the King.

"Sire," continued the bishop, "will you keep to God and holy church, and clergy and people, peace and harmony in God, according to your power?"

"I will keep them," replied the King.

"Sire," repeated the Bishop, "will you cause to be observed in all your judgments right and justice, with discretion in mercy and in truth, to the best of your power?"

"I will," answered the King.

"And now, sire," said the Bishop, putting the last question, "will you promise to hold and maintain the laws and the customs which the commonalty of your kingdom shall have enacted, and will you defend and strengthen them to the utmost of your power?"

"I promise it," replied the King.†

At the altar, Edward made two offerings; first, a pound of gold, in the form of a king holding a ring in his hand, and afterwards eight ounces of gold, wrought into an effigy of a pilgrim putting forth his hand to receive the

* The Archbishop of Canterbury was out of the country.

† This is the first perfect copy of a coronation oath in the English history; and it is worthy of remark, that it was not so much Magna Charta as the laws of the Saxon King, Edward the Confessor, that the monarch swore to observe.

ring. According to tradition, this same ring was used at the coronation of her present Majesty.

Although the coronation was performed with extraordinary magnificence, in the presence of most of the prelates, and all the leading barons and their ladies, and with every outward expression of joy, discontent secretly rankled in the breasts of many, if not all, who officiated at or witnessed the imposing ceremony, from the King and the Queen down to the poorest noble.

Isabella was crabbed, peevish, and morose throughout the day; indeed her pride had again been deeply wounded by the gross indiscretion of the King, who, because Gaveston delighted in finery, had, in defiance of her expressed wish, given to that favourite all the costly jewels and trinkets which he had received as wedding presents from his father-in-law, the French King, and which Isabella very naturally desired to retain for the use of herself and her royal lord.

The cause of the Queen was espoused by the noble ladies, some of whom openly cried out, "Shame upon the King and his base minion!" whilst several of the leading barons whispered their determination to withhold their oaths of allegiance if the favourite was not banished, which so alarmed Edward, that he promised, immediately after his inauguration, to call a parliament, with a view to arrange matters to their satisfaction.

To heighten the ill-feelings which, out of respect to the occasion, few dared openly to express, the arrangements of the ceremonial were made entirely by Gaveston, the whole business was under his control, and, from some cause or other, the scene was one of wild confusion and disorder. Everything was out of place, or out of time: nothing went right. The officers at the ceremony had been distributed without regard to the claims of inheritance or the precedents of former reigns; and what, above all, was bitterly galling to the barons, the highest place of honour—that of walking immediately before the King, and bearing the crown of St. Edward—was conferred on

Gaveston, who outvied the king himself in the splendour of his attire.

The consecration of the King and Queen was not over till past three o'clock. The barons were famishing of hunger, and when, at last, the banquet was spread, although profuse in quantity, it was bad in quality, and so ill-served, that no regard was paid to ceremony or order; and those that did not help themselves to what they liked as they best could, stood a fair chance of getting nothing. Scarcely a dish was properly cooked, some being over and some under done, whilst, whether from design or accident, not a morsel was placed on the Queen's table till after dark, and then, such was the rudeness and hot haste of the attendants, that a steaming dish was overturned, and in the bustle and confusion that ensued, her Majesty's apparel was soiled and torn. The provisions to prevent accidents from the crowding of the numerous spectators, all eager to obtain a glimpse of their young Queen, appear to have been as ineffectual as the other arrangements of the day, as, besides broken limbs, maims, bruises, faintings, and other casualties, Sir John Bakewell, a knight, was trampled to death. But despite mishaps and confusion, the coronation was gorgeous in the extreme, and the feast gigantic. Two hundred pounds were paid for cloth, two hundred pounds for poultry, one hundred pounds for large cattle and boars, one hundred pounds for sheep, two hundred pounds for wine, and the enormous sum of fifty pounds for wood and coals.

This magnificent display and mighty feast ended, the French princes and nobles, exasperated at the insults heaped upon Isabella, hurried home in disgust. The young Queen herself, burning to be avenged, sent a letter full of bitter complaints against her neglectful lord and his Gascon favourite to her father, Philip the Fair, and that monarch, enraged at Gaveston's daring to usurp the affections due from King Edward to his consort, at once aided, with all his power, the efforts of the discontented barons to bring about the downfall of the King's minion.

On the third of March, the barous met in the refectory of the monks at Westminster, and petitioned Edward for the redress of abuses, and the immediate banishment of the favourite. The King promised to reply in the parliament that was about to meet in the following May, and, in the meantime, Gaveston continued to dispose of the royal favours; in fact, he wore the royal jewels and crown whenever he pleased, filled the court with libertines and buffoons, outvied every rival in the splendour of his dress and the number of his retinue, took to his own use all the treasures and most of the jewels of the crown, administered the affairs of the nation just as he pleased, and used his irresistible influence over the King to deprive the Queen of her husband's affections.

As to Edward, the nation declared him bewitched: he lived but to serve his fascinating minion; and, more than once, he declared, if his power equalled his affection, he would place Gaveston on the throne. To Isabella, his conduct was reprehensible in the extreme. He evidently deemed her too weak and girlish to be entitled to much attention, either as a Queen or a wife; but in this he was fatally mistaken, for, in temper, she was too haughty, tyrannical, and unforgiving, and in blood too nearly allied to the powerful leaders of the disaffected barons to quietly brook the outrages offered to her womanly pride.

Although handsome, stalwart, chivalric, and polished in manners, Gaveston was neither thoughtful nor discreet. He knew the Queen hated him; but as he possessed a sparkling wit and a keenly satirical turn of mind, he made her the frequent subject of his irony and biting sarcasm. Too unwise to aim at conciliating her, he thus aggravated her already deadly enmity. Forgetting, too, that the adventurer whom a breath had made, a breath could just as easily destroy, he conducted himself towards the barons with equal indiscretion and insolence. At different tournaments he had unhorsed the Earls of Lancaster, Hereford, Pembroke, and Warrenne, and, elated by his success, he indulged in a

provoking display of his sarcastic powers against them and other nobles, who, at the suggestion, and with the immediate sanction of Isabella, formed a confederacy for the express purpose of expelling the insolent favourite from the court. At the head of this confederacy was Earl Thomas of Lancaster, cousin to the King, half-uncle to the Queen, first prince of the blood, and the most wealthy and powerful subject in the realm. When the parliament met in May, this influential noble and his associates attended at Westminster with so great a force, that they were able to dictate their own terms to the King. Gaveston was accordingly banished, and compelled to swear that he would never return; and the bishops threatened him with excommunication should he violate his oath. To console the affliction of his favourite, Edward permitted him to send abroad treasures to the value of little less than one hundred thousand pounds, made him a gift of valuable lands in England and Guionne, wrote in his favour to the Pope and the King of France, and, to the surprise and indignation of his enemies, appointed him viceroy of Ireland, and went with him on his way thither as far as Bristol.

Gaveston ruled Ireland with great success, and distinguished himself by the suppression of several formidable rebellions. In England, the King's treasury was at this period empty, and the Queen was completely without money. Edward, therefore, summoned a parliament, and solicited an aid for himself, and requested that an income might be settled on his beloved consort, Isabella, Queen of England, befitting her exalted station. The Lords determined that the revenues of Ponthieu and Montrieu should be appropriated to the Queen's use during her lifetime; and by an order, dated the fifteenth May, 1299, the King commands his seneschal of those provinces to give peaceable possession of them to the Queen's deputies. The Commons granted an aid of a twenty-fifth, but to this grant they appended the unprecedented request that the King should previously grant redress upon certain articles wherein they were aggrieved.

"The good people of England," say they, "who are come thither to parliament, pray our Lord the King that he will, if it please him, have regard to his poor subjects, who are much aggrieved by reason that they are not governed as they should be, especially as to the articles of the Great Charter, and for this, if it please him, they pray remedy. Besides which, they pray our Lord the King to hear what has so long aggrieved his people, and still does so, from day to day on the part of those who call themselves his officers, and to remedy it if he pleases."

The articles, eleven in number, are worthy of notice, as displaying in a short compass the abuses which harassed and irritated the nation under most of the Plantagenet Kings, and which were not completely remedied for more than a century after this time. They were, that the King's purveyors seized provisions without payment; that additional duties had been imposed on wine, cloth, and other imports, which raised the price one-third; that the coin had been greatly debased; that the stewards and marshals of the King's household enlarged their jurisdiction, and held pleas which did not fall under their cognizance; that no clerks were appointed to receive the petitions addressed from the Commons to the council; that the King's collectors in fairs and markets took more than was lawfully due, and made a profit of the surplus; that civil suits were delayed by writs under the privy seal; that felons escaped punishment by obtaining charters of pardon; that the constables of the royal castles took cognizance of common pleas without authority, and that under pretence of an inquest of office, the escheators ousted men of their inheritance.

As the great object of the King was the recall of Gaveston, he met these remonstrances, startling as they were, with a favourable reply, and, by condescension and liberality, won over or quieted the opposition of several of the more powerful nobles. The office of hereditary high steward was confined to the powerful Earl of Lancaster, and gifts and grants were profusely lavished upon the

Earls of Warrene and Lincoln, and other influential barons. When Edward was satisfied that he had by these means sufficiently conciliated Gaveston's enemies, he obtained from the Pope a dispensation for the favourite, recalled him from Ireland in June, 1309, and shortly afterwards prevailed upon the barons to consent that Gaveston should be re-established at court, provided he properly demeaned himself.

But Gaveston was too haughty and the King too weak to improve from experience. Again in possession of the ascendancy, the favourite, by displaying the magnificence of a prince, by indulging in all his former extravagances, by directing the King's attention only to feasting and rioting, and above all, by the fire of his insolent sarcasm, aroused the barons to even more than their former hate and indignation. Among other insults heaped upon the principal nobility, the witty minion added that of giving them contemptuous nicknames. The Earl of Lancaster being blunt in manners but elegant in dress, was sometimes "the old hog," sometimes "the stage player;" the Earl of Warwick, who was passionate and frothy, was "the wild boar of Ardenne;" the Earl of Pembroke being of a dark sallow complexion, was "Joseph the Jew;" the Earl of Gloucester was "the cuckold's bird;" and all the others, according to their defects or singularities, received equally provoking sobriquets.

However, Gaveston was soon made to feel the foolishness of needlessly uttering unpardonable things. He repeatedly published his intention of holding a grand tournament, but none of the great barons would accept the invitation; and when at length the necessary preparations were made at Kensington, lists, scaffolding, in fact, every thing disappeared one dark night, and thus he was compelled to abandon the project in despair.

Shortly afterwards, the Queen and the nobles again united to crush the wrongful, the galling supremacy of the King's minion. At a parliament held at Westminster, in February, 1310, the barons appeared in arms, and compelled

the King to delegate the power of regulating his household and redressing grievances to a committee of seven prelates, eight earls, and six barons, styled ordainers, whose power was to determine on the Michaelmas in the following year.

The ordainers sat in London, decreed many wise regulations, and on finding the King continue to heap favours on the favourite without their previous knowledge or consent, enacted that Gaveston, having given the King bad counsel, embezzled the public money, estranged the affections of the King from his subjects, sealed blank charters with the royal seal, and maintained robbers and murderers, should be for ever banished the realm, and if found within the King's dominions after the first of the ensuing November, be treated as a common enemy.

When this decree was passed, Edward and his favourite were together in the north. A copy of it was secretly conveyed to them by one of their partizans. On reading this copy, Edward became exceedingly wrathful against the ordainers. "Curses on their heads!" he exclaimed; "not enough is it that they strip me of all but the outward semblance of royalty, but they must even take away my dearest, my truest of friends." Then turning to the minion, who with intense earnestness was poring over the decree of his own banishment, he continued, "Gaveston, without you my life will be but a dreary blank, a desert without a single oasis for the weary eye to rest upon, a black, loathsome, desolate hell. By the blessed saints! you must not, you shall not leave me! I will give Gascony to the French King, Scotland to Bruce, Ireland and Wales to my friends, and England to all who will aid me, rather than bow to the will of my despotic liegemen, for what right have they to dictate terms to their sovereign, the insolent traitors?"

"Sire," answered the favourite, "you really are too indiscreet; I beseech you cool your anger, and hearken to common sense. The ordainers are now all-powerful, but they will not be so for long. I therefore *must* quit the kingdom, and

when the royal reins are replaced into your hands, you will doubtless be able to hurl defiance at your foes, and order my instant return."

"You utter wisdom," rejoined the King, after a brief pause; "my remarks were rash; for even kings must bow to stern necessity. However, heaven be praised! our separation needs be but brief. Besides, my good brother, by commissioning you to levy troops in Guienne, to aid the Earl of Foix against the court of France, I can deprive your sentence of its bitterest sting; you will not be an outlaw, but my agent. True, the dispute between the Earl and France is at an end, but that is of little matter, as your honour will be equally saved; besides, I can furnish you with commendatory letters to the Duke of Brabant and other friendly powers, so that your exile will thus be converted into a delightful pleasure tour."

Shortly after the King and his favourite had thus arranged their separation, Edward proceeded to London, met the parliament, and with a reluctant hand signed the articles, decreeing, amongst other measures dictated by the wisdom or prejudice of the ordainers, the banishment of Gaveston.

Till the day fixed for his departure, Gaveston lingered in the company of the King, who, being unable to refuse him anything, bestowed upon him all the jewels and trinkets he possessed, even to those he had received as tokens of affection from his fair young Queen, an act of folly that greatly exasperated Isabella. Edward separated from his favourite in tears, but the Queen, delighted at the downfall of the man who both shared her husband's confidence and derided her influence, commemorated the event by inviting the nobles and their ladies to a merry feast, which lasted till midnight.

Isabella and the King now became reconciled, but scarcely had they tasted the blessings of conjugal felicity, when Edward retired to York, gathered forces around him, and recalling Gaveston, made him his principal secretary, and restored him to all his former estates and honours. "An angel from heaven,"

says Speed, "could not seem more welcome than this friend was unto Edward."

Unfortunately the favourite had in nowise improved during his absence. Instead of endeavouring to soothe the barons by humiliation and a respectful bearing, he now assumed more magnificence than ever in his dress and style of living, was more proud and arrogant than heretofore, dispensed the royal favours only according to his own interest or whim, and, as he had formerly done, led his sovereign into a course of dissipation, greatly to the annoyance and injury of Isabella.

The Queen, however, was not to be insulted with impunity: sending for Gaveston, she told him if he continued to annoy her and the barons, by leading the King out of the paths of virtue and rectitude, the vengeance of the nation would shortly fall upon him with terrible severity.

"Tut!" replied Gaveston, "I should like to find the man who would dare touch a hair of my head, whilst the King is on my side; besides, what have I done amiss?"

"Emptied the treasury," rejoined the Queen.

"True," answered the minion, "by the King's desire."

"Then," said the Queen, "you have disposed of the royal favours just as you pleased, and greatly to the injury of the nation, and the indignation of the barons."

"This too," replied Gaveston, "I have done in compliance with the will of your royal husband."

"And more," said the Queen, reddened with indignation, "you have grossly insulted Isabella, Queen of England."

"How, fair lady?" demanded the minion, with a mock bow and derisive smile.

"Had you a spark of loyalty, or any manly respect for the feelings of the gentler sex, you, who, since your return from Flanders, have entirely deprived

me of my husband's affections, would I do now ask by what villainy you have accomplished your diabolical purpose," angrily retorted the Queen.

"Lady," replied Gaveston, "never before has either my loyalty or my gallantry been questioned. I know you despise me, therefore your accusations I spurn, your indignation laugh to scorn."

"What! minion! would you insult me to my very face?" exclaimed Isabella, with wrathful vehemence.

"All that I have said I mean, lady, interpret it as you please," replied Gaveston, who, bowing adieu, quitted the apartment with an air of contemptuous indifference.

The instant the haughty favourite had departed from her presence, Isabella, burning with rage, flew to the King, and complained to him of the insults she had just received from his unmanly minion. But Edward, so far from expressing a desire to avenge the wounded pride of his consort, treated the matter with an unfeeling indifference that provoked her indignation to that degree, that hastening into her chamber, she vented her feelings in a flood of tears, and immediately afterwards wrote a long epistle to her father, the King of France, in which, after eloquently detailing her wrongs, she implored him to procure the downfall of Gaveston, declaring that the familiarity between that unworthy favourite and the King was of a very criminal nature, and so completely alienated her husband's affections from her, that now he never entered her chamber neither by day nor by night.

At this period the King of France exercised some considerable influence at the court, and in the councils of the nation; and Edward, little dreaming that "his dearest lord and father," as he obsequiously styles Philip the Fair, was urging and aiding the barons in their opposition, wrote him several letters explaining his conduct towards Gaveston, and requesting his counsel, and assistance to quell the internal troubles of the kingdom.

CHAPTER II.

The Earl of Lancaster again forms a confederacy against Gaveston—Isabella compelled to accompany the King and his favourite in their flight to Newcastle—She is deserted by the King at Tynemouth—The Barons treat her with kindness—Her acts of charity—The favourite seized—Put to death—Prince Edward born—Baptism of the Prince—Isabella again lives with the King—Prevents a civil war—The King and the Barons reconciled—The Barons again become mistrustful—Isabella prevents them from taking up arms—The Battle of Bannockburn—Dreadful famine and pestilence—Ill-will between the King and his Barons—Prince John of Eltham born—Robert le Messager speaks irreverently of the King—John Poyndras claims the crown, and is hanged—The Earl of Lancaster's wife adjudged to a deformed knight—The King receives a letter of reproof—Birth of the Princess Eleanor—The royal children shamefully neglected—Curious entries in the Wardrobe Rolls—Edward grants to Isabella the escuage from the army in Scotland—The Scots invade Ireland—Ravage the northern border of England—Eleanor accompanies Edward to the north—Takes up her residence at Brotherton—Narrowly escapes being taken prisoner—Truce concluded with Scotland—The doings of the Spencers, the King's new favourites, disgusts the Barons—Civil war commences—The Spencers are banished.



HM barons now felt that they must either crush Lancaster or submit to be crushed by him. The Earl of Lancaster, therefore, for a second time, formed a confederacy more powerful than the former one, and comprising himself, the Earls of Warwick, Pembroke, Arundel, Hereford, Warenne, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and several other bishops and barons, who, under the plea of defending the rights of the church and state, unanimously resolved to take up arms. Their first measure was the issuing a proclamation, charging the King with violating the laws and customs of the land; this was followed by the excommunication of the favourite by the Archbishop of Canterbury; after which, they appointed the Earl of Leicester their leader, and in the spring of 1312, under the pretext of a tournament, assembled their troops, united their party, and immediately marched towards York, where the King, Isabella, and Gaveston then were. On the approach of the hostile barons, Edward compelled the

Queen to accompany himself and his favourite in their flight to Newcastle. Scarcely had they quitted York, when the Earl of Lancaster entered that city in triumph, and on learning whither they had fled, hastened in pursuit of them. On hearing this, Edward, although the Queen—then *enceinte*—passionately implored him not to forsake her, hastened to Tynemouth, and sought safety for himself and his favourite, by sailing to Scarborough. Meantime the unhappy Queen took up her abode at Tynemouth, and the confederate barons possessed themselves of Newcastle. Isabella, however, received more protection and kindness from the revolvers—if such those are to be called who, indeed, fought rather for than against the real interests of the crown and state—than from her lawful protector. The Earl of Lancaster sent her a message of condolence, assuring her of her safety, declaring that his sole object was to obtain possession of the person of the favourite, and that he was only himself prevented from paying her a friendly visit, by a desire to avoid awakening the King's anger against her.

At Tynemouth it would appear Isa-

bella devoted a portion of her time to acts of charity, as, according to entries in the Wardrobe Book for the year 1312, the Queen being moved to pity by the destitution of a little Scotch orphan boy, named Thomeline, relieved his distresses paid for the cure of his maladies, and sent him to London to be lodged and educated by Jean, her French organist.

Meantime the King, more concerned for the safety of the favourite than even his own person, left him in the Castle of Scarborough—the strongest fort in the north of England—and himself proceeded to York, in the vain hope that the people would eagerly list under his banner. But no sooner had he departed on this futile errand, than Lancaster took up a position between York and Scarborough, and commissioned the Earls of Surrey and Pembroke to vigorously besiege the castle, which being insufficiently garrisoned, and still more insufficiently provisioned, Gaveston was forced to capitulate. He did so, on condition that he should remain in the custody of the Earl of Pembroke, and be allowed free access to the King, and that if no accommodation was effected between the King and his barons, at the expiration of two months, he should be reinstated in the possession of the Castle of Scarborough.

The Earl of Pembroke undertook to convey the prisoner to his own Castle of Wallingford; but on the road, being desirous to pass the night with his countess, he left his charge with a slender guard at Dedrington Castle, and the midnight hour had scarcely passed, when the Earl of Warwick surprised and overcame the guard, and forced Gaveston to instantly dress himself, and conveyed him on a mule to the Castle of Warwick, where the assembled barons, disliking to take upon themselves, in contempt of the terms of the treaty of capitulation granted by Pembroke, to order his execution, much as they desired it, sent him forth from the castle, when the "hue and cry" seized him as a traitor and outlaw. In answer to a proposal to save his life, the mob cried out, "You have caught the fox, and if you let him go you will have to hunt him again." Ac-

cordingly, after a sham trial, in which, amongst other charges, he was accused of being the son of a witch, he was led to Blacklow Hill—now Gaverside—and beheaded in the presence of the Earls of Lancaster, Warwick, Hereford and Surrey, on the nineteenth of June.

Although one of the charges brought against Gaveston by the Earl of Lancaster was his misconduct to the Queen, there is no ground for supposing that Isabella, much as she desired the downfall of that favourite, was in any way implicated in his murder, as most historians improperly term his execution. To murder, be it remembered, is to kill unlawfully; but when Gaveston was beheaded, he was an outlaw, and therefore, being deprived of the protection of the law, he was not killed unlawfully, and consequently not murdered,—in fact, no one could lawfully prevent those into whose hands he had fallen from doing what they pleased with him; and were it otherwise, the sentence of outlawry would be ineffective.

The first news of the tragic fate of Gaveston, threw the King into a violent paroxysm of rage and grief. Meditating a deadly revenge against the perpetrators of the outrage, he hastened from Berwick to London, whence being overawed by the superior forces of the barons, who were determined, if needs be, to vindicate their doings at the sword's point, he retired first to Canterbury and afterwards to Windsor, where, on St. Bride's day, being the thirteenth of November, 1312, the Queen was delivered of the much-desired heir to the crown, afterwards the illustrious Edward the Third. This joyful event enraptured the King, and almost obliterated from his mind the gloom and sorrow occasioned by the death of Gaveston. To the Queen's valet who brought him intelligence of the Prince's birth, he gave twenty pounds, and settled on him a life pension of the same sum, and to the barons he testified his joy, by declaring that he was ready to grant them any request within the bounds of reason.

On the seventeenth of November, the Prince was baptized in St. Edward's Chapel, at Windsor, the ceremony being

performed with great pomp by Cardinal Arnold. The child had seven godfathers, but not a single godmother. Isabella's brother, Louis, King of Navarre, and other French nobles then in England, wished him to be named Louis, but the idea being repugnant to the national feelings of the English, he was christened after his father and grandfather, Edward, a name venerated both by the nobles and the people, who viewed the sainted Confessor as the framer of the matchless laws on which their boasted liberty was built.

This happy event again bound Isabella and her royal lord in the bonds of conjugal happiness. The influence of the Queen became considerable, and her conduct at this period appears to have been worthy and womanly in the highest degree. At the commencement of 1313, Edward, who could neither entirely forget nor forgive the death of Gaveston, accused the barons of treating the crown with contempt. The barons replied, "that they had done nought but for the safety of the realm, and the true interest of their sovereign." Words ran high, and arms would probably have been appealed to, but for the earnest mediation of the Queen, who, aided in the good task by the Pope's legate, the French ambassadors, and the Duke of Gloucester, effected a reconciliation between the King and the barons. The very valuable plate and jewels found in Gaveston's baggage, and which consisted, for the most part, of gold and silver ewers, basons and plates, and rings, brooches, buckles, and other precious ornaments, presented at various times by Edward to the favourite, were restored to the King, and on the sixteenth of October, the King, seated on his throne at Westminster Hall, received the feigned regrets of the barons, who, on bended knees, asked pardon for having given him offence, and on the next day a general amnesty was proclaimed, and upwards of five hundred special pardons granted. "These pardons," says the chronicler, "were granted through the earnest prayers of the Queen; in fact, Isabella allowed the King no rest till he had agreed to the reconciliation."

The parliament met amicably, granted the King a fifteenth, and breaking up, returned home in joy and peace. But soon afterwards, the Earl of Warwick dying suddenly, and, as it was generally reported, from the effects of poison, administered by some of the King's secret friends, the barons again became mistrustful, and, but for the influence of Isabella, would have again taken up arms.

In 1314, Edward, aroused into action by the startling intelligence that the victorious Bruce—already master of all Scotland, save a few fortresses—was successfully besieging the Castle of Stirling, crossed the Tweed with one hundred thousand men. Bruce met this mighty army with thirty thousand Scots at Bannockburn, and defeated them with prodigious slaughter. The English crossing a rivulet to the attack, and Bruce having dug pits which he had covered, they fell into them, and were thrown into irretrievable confusion, and fled in dismay. "In the flight," says Stowe, "Edward vowed to God, that he would build for the poor Carmelite Friars a house, in which he would place twenty-four brethren, to be students in divinity; a vow he performed by building and endowing the White Friars, in Oxford." This important victory secured the independency of Scotland. During the campaign, the Queen resided principally at York and Brotherton.

The defeat at Bannockburn was followed by a most dreadful famine and pestilence. In 1314, the harvest was alarmingly deficient. Corn was imported from France, but the supply being scanty, the King, by the desire of the parliament, which met in the ensuing February, fixed a maximum on the price of provisions, but to no purpose; all kinds of provisions rapidly increased in value. Poultry was not to be had, eggs could scarcely be procured, sheep died of the rot, cattle and even swine famished for want, or were carried off by a pestilential disease, wheat, peas, and beans were sold for twenty shillings a quarter, flour was so scarce that the King's table was with difficulty supplied with bread, and, to increase the

calamity, the harvest of 1315 was more scanty than the former one. The parliament now repealed the maximum, and permitted provisions to be sold for what they would fetch; still the great cause of the dearth—the rains, the storms, the floods—continued. The want of food produced a fearful mortality amongst all classes: the scarcity increased. In 1316, fevers, dysenteries, and other epidemics, carried off such numbers daily, that the living could scarcely suffice to bury the dead. Corn fetched ten times its ordinary price; horse-flesh was accounted a delicacy; dogs, cats, rats, and other vermin were devoured with avidity, and it is recorded—we hope, for the honour of human nature, falsely—that the famishing prisoners in the jails devoured each other like cannibals; men ate the dead bodies of their companions, and parents were forced to hide their children with all imaginable care, to prevent their being stolen and eaten by thieves. These dreadful calamities oppressed the nation for more than three years, and when, at length, nature again supplied the land with an abundance, the fearful lesson had taught the most wealthy to economise their resources, and the crowds of the unfortunate domestics and dependants, who had been expelled from the castles and establishments of the great, were forced to live by plunder, so that for years afterwards the country was infested with bands of daring robbers. The well-disposed were forced to combine for their own protection; either party executed summary justice on the other; and till the power of the banditti was crushed, robbery, anarchy, and murder were rife throughout the land.

"Meanwhile," says Speed, "the state of the kingdom was miserable, there being no love between the King and the peers, nor any great care in him or them of the common affairs." The barons were annoyed by Edward bestowing a pompous funeral on Gaveston, whose remains were removed from the former burial-place, the church of the Grey Friars, in Oxford, and interred with princely obsequies in the new church at Langley, Edward placing with his own hands two palls of cloth of gold on his

tomb; whilst the popular indignation was aroused by Edward and Isabella sending many valuable presents to the new pope, John the Twelfth. "Is this a time to lavish gifts on the Sovereign Pontiff?" said the Londoners; "when the whole kingdom is suffering all the horrors of famine, pestilence, and political disunion, when anarchy rules within, and foes triumph without? Oh, how witless our sovereign, how base his advisers!"

Notwithstanding these miseries and murmurs, the King and Queen continued to dwell together in great harmony. In 1316, Isabella gave birth to her son John, at Eltham. Edward, who was at York at the time, gave one hundred pounds to Sir Eubule de Montibus, for bringing him the first tidings of the happy event. The infant was christened at Eltham with great pomp, on the thirtieth of August, and in the subsequent September the Queen joined her royal husband at York.

In the ninth of Edward the Second, an information was brought before the King's council, in the Exchequer, by Philipp le Viroler, against Robert le Messenger, for speaking irreverent and indecent words of the King; he pleaded his innocence, was tried by a jury, and found guilty, but afterwards, at the instance of Isabella, Queen Consort, he was bailed out of prison by the Archbishop of Canterbury, who became his manucaptor. "About this time," says an old chronicler, "John Poydras, a tanner's son, tempted by the unpopularity of the King, named himself the son of Edward the First, and said that by a false nurse he was stolen out of his cradle, and Edward, that now was King, put in his place; but shortly after he was convicted of his untruth, and confessed that he did it by the motion of a familiar spirit which he had in his house in likeness of a cat, whom he had served three years." We need scarcely add, that instead of being imprisoned as a monomaniac, the self-deluded impostor was hanged as a traitor.

Every effort to reconcile the King and the confederate barons proved abortive. Against the Earl of Lancaster Edward

entertained the bitterest animosity, and as he could not obtain possession of the Earl's person, he endeavoured to ruin his domestic happiness. With this view, he so contrived matters, that the Earl's wife was stolen away by Sir Richard St. Martin, a "wretched, lame, hunch-backed dwarf." This unworthy knight secured the lady, who was heiress of the families of Lincoln and Salisbury, in Earl Warrenne's castle, at Ryegate, and then presented a petition to the judges, setting forth that before she was contracted to the Earl she had cohabited with him, promised to marry him, and therefore he now claimed her as his. The Countess, dissatisfied with her husband, having, to her great shame, confessed to the fact, was adjudged, with all her estates, to her base claimant. But the trial was decided with such indiscreet haste, that the whole nation suspected the King's treachery, and loudly murmured against his government. As Edward had then no favourite to blame, the people cast the odium wholly on himself, and publicly declared that the English throne was never filled by a more unworthy prince. Some even told him to his face that he was a monarch with too little principle or energy to rule a free nation. In 1317, the King and Queen kept their court at Westminster, and one day, whilst they were dining in public in the banqueting hall, a woman with a mask on, and mounted on a richly trapped palfrey, entered the hall, rode up to the table of the King, and laid a letter before him. Edward, imagining it contained some amusing information or well-turned compliment, ordered it to be read aloud, when, to his surprise and indignation, it was a keen exposition of his own vices and weakness, and a detail of the miseries inflicted on the kingdom by his misrule. The chagrined monarch blamed the door-keepers for admitting the bearer of the offensive missive, and ordered her to be taken into custody. On her apprehension, the knight who had employed her boldly came forward, owned the authorship of the letter, and expressed his sorrow that the King had not read it, as he supposed he would, in private. Edward, with more than his usual wisdom,

thanked him for his loyalty, and dismissed him with a valuable present.

In 1317, the Queen gave birth to her eldest daughter, Eleanora, at Woodstock. As was the case with her brothers, the infant Princess was baptized with great pomp; and the magnificent churching feast of Isabella cost the extravagant sum of three hundred and thirty-three pounds six shillings and eight pence. But with all this outward display, neither the King nor the Queen were remarkable for maternal virtues. They confided their infant children to the care of Ralph Monthermer, and beyond the providing a few castles and manors for their support, treated them with shameful neglect.

There are some curious entries in the Wardrobe Rolls of this period. Three knights are paid twenty pounds for dragging the King out of bed on Easter morning. Robert le Fermor, of Fleet Street, is paid thirty shillings for six pairs of boots, with silk tassels, and silver gilt drops, for the King's use; twenty shillings for two pairs of shoes, fringed with gold, for the Queen; and six pounds ten shillings for one hundred and fifty pairs of shoes, to be distributed amongst the poor at Whitsuntide. The valet of the Count of Poitiers is paid ten shillings for bringing several bunches of new grapes to the King in October; and a like sum is paid to the mother of Robert, the King's fool, for coming to the King at Baldock, on Christmas.

In 1319, Edward granted to Isabella the escuage belonging to him from the army of Scotland, due from the knights' fees, which the Queen held by grant for the term of her life. The King, by special grace, commanded the barons of the exchequer to cause the same escuage to be duly levied, and paid to her or her attorney.

The Scotch, taking advantage of the famine and the dissensions between the King and the barons, made strenuous but futile efforts to become masters of Ireland in the years 1315, 1316, 1317, and 1318; and they repeatedly poured over the border, and ravaged the northern counties of England with impunity. The Pope endeavoured to mediate a peace

between England and Scotland, but the victorious Bruce would not listen to the terms of the treaty, and pursuing the war with redoubled vigour, reduced Berwick, Wark, Boroughbridge, Scarborough, and other places, in 1318. These victories so alarmed both Edward and his opponents, that they speedily effected a reconciliation, and the barons, without distinction of party, summoned their military retainers, and accompanying the King, invested Berwick with a powerful army. Isabella accompanied Edward in this expedition as far as Brotherton, in Yorkshire. Here she took up her abode; but although deemed perfectly safe, the place being nearly a hundred miles from the theatre of war, she narrowly escaped being made prisoner. On Berwick being invested, Bruce endeavoured to raise the siege, but despairing of success, he despatched the daring Earls Randolph and Douglas, with fifteen thousand men, to surprise the English Queen, and carry her off to Scotland. The scheme was a bold one, and ably planned; but, fortunately for Isabella, one of the Scotch scouts was seized and carried before the Archbishop of York. This man, on being threatened with torture, confessed that his comrades were within a few hours' march of Brotherton. This startling confession was speedily verified by scouts sent in the direction pointed out by him. The alarm was instantly raised; every man in York that could bear arms was mustered, and marched post haste to the residence of the Queen, who, on being apprised of her danger, permitted them to immediately escort her first to York, and afterwards, for further security, to Nottingham.

As both the Scotch and the English were weary of war, a truce for two years was concluded between Edward and Bruce, in January, 1320. This truce was no sooner proclaimed, than a civil war, fiercer than that occasioned by Gaveston, burst forth in England. The Earl of Lancaster, by the advice of the barons, who were ever jealous of those about the King's person, had formerly

obtruded on Edward one of his own followers to fill the office of chamberlain. This person, whose name was Hugh le Despenser, commonly called Spencer, was of high birth and distinguished talents. His father, also named Hugh, counselled him to cease serving the barons, and endeavour to win the confidence and favour of the King. This he accordingly did, and he played his part so well, that in a short time he obtained an ascendancy over Edward as great as that formerly possessed by Gaveston. The royal favours were dispensed through his hands. His pride was excessive, his avarice insatiable, at least so say his enemies, and to increase his unpopularity and awaken the jealousy of his former superiors, the King, by marrying him to his great niece, Eleanor, one of the daughters of the late Earl of Gloucester, put him in possession of the greater portion of Glamorganshire, and thus rendered him one of the most powerful lords of the Welch marches. Hitherto, the brave Mortimers had exercised a sort of supremacy over the Welch borders, but now the favourite Spencer endeavoured to gain the ascendancy in those parts by every possible means. Not satisfied with prevailing on the King to grant to him several castles which had formerly been given to the Mortimers, he, on learning that a baron was about selling his estate on the Welch border to the Earl of Hereford, which was held of the King *in capite*, actually obtained the King's license, and bought it out of the Earl of Hereford's hands. These measures so exasperated the lords of the marches, that they raised eleven thousand men, and under the Lord Mortimer, entered the lands of the favourite, reduced his castles, and in the course of a few days, burnt, destroyed, or sacked, nearly all his property on his Welch manors. They then formed a confederacy with the Earl of Leicester and the other malcontent barons, and sent a message to Edward, demanding the banishment of the favourite and his father; a demand which, despite the King's opposition, was complied with by parliament in August, 1321.

CHAPTER III.

Isabella's first step in the downward pathway—Lady Badlesmere quarrels with her—Denies her admittance into the Castle of Leeds—Her servants slain—She resolves to be revenged—Persuades Edward to take up arms—He successfully besieges Leeds Castle—Recalls the Spencers—Unexpectedly attacks the Barons—They request Isabella to intercede for them—She refuses—They submit, or flee the country—Lancaster assembles his faction in the north—He is attacked by the King, beaten, taken, tried, and beheaded—Many of the other revoltors executed, banished, or imprisoned—Isabella gives birth to the Princess Joanna in the Tower—The Mortimers taken and confined in that fortress—Mortimer the elder dies—Isabella entertains a tender penchant towards the younger—Their amour discovered by the gaoler—Sudden death of the gaoler—Mortimer pardoned—The Earl of Leicester viewed as a martyr—Mortimer escapes to France—Isabella's income curtailed—She appeals to the King of France—He invades Guienne—She goes to France—And Prince Edward.



THERTO we have beheld Isabella only as a neglected wife, and a peace-maker between her husband and his offended barons: but from this period her virtues died away, her vices expanded and ripened, and she became successively a vengeful, political agitator, an adulteress, a traitress, and a murderess. Her first step in the downward pathway appears to have originated in a quarrel between herself and the proud, tyrannic Lady Badlesmere. About the year 1317, and whilst Lord Badlesmere held the high office of steward to the royal household, Lady Badlesmere requested the Queen's influence to obtain an appointment for one of her friends in the exchequer office; but for some reason, not recorded, the Queen refused, when remonstrances ensued, harsh words were spoken, and an offence taken on both sides, that was never afterwards forgiven. Shortly after this unpleasant occurrence, the King appointed Lord Badlesmere governor of the castle of Leeds, in Kent. This castle, being part of the dower settled by Edward the First on Margaret, his second Queen, had, on her death, reverted to Isabella.

In October, 1321, Isabella, returning to London from a Canterbury pilgrim-

age, was belated in the neighbourhood of this same castle, whither she resolved to pass the night, and sent before her her marshal and several domestics to announce her intention, and make the needful preparations for her reception. But Lord Badlesmere was absent, and as he had joined the confederate barons, his wife, doubting the intentions of the Queen, and moreover deeming the present a favourable opportunity to revenge the insult she had formerly received, told the royal messenger that her lord had charged her not to admit any one within the castle during his absence, and therefore the Queen must seek a lodging elsewhere.

During the dispute, Isabella arrived at the castle; but she had scarcely reached the gate, when the garrison fired a volley of arrows at the royal train with such effect, that two of the purveyors, and four more menial attendants, were shot dead on the spot, and the Queen and her escort forced to fly for their lives, and procure shelter for the night as they best could.

On reaching London, the exasperated Queen loudly complained to Edward of the outrage and indignity she had received, and urged him to avenge the murder of her servants, and the insults heaped upon her by the traitorous virago who had dared to exclude her from her own castle. Accordingly, a message,

complaining of the gross misconduct of his wife, was dispatched to Lord Badlesmere, who, instead of endeavouring to bring about a conciliation, had the boldness and indiscretion to write a very insolent letter to the Queen, expressing his hearty approval of all what his lady had done. This second insult increased the indignation of Isabella: she felt that Lord Badlesmere dared not have offered it, but for his being one of the confederate barons, and as neither Earl Lancaster, nor any of his party, offered her either condolence or apology, she resolved to be revenged upon them all. With this view she told Edward that now was the time for him to free himself from the power of the barons. The King hesitated, and declared the attempt would be futile.

"Then you know not your power," answered the Queen.

"But the whole nation is against me," said Edward.

"True," replied Isabella; "but the people, almost to a man, would rise to avenge the wrong offered to their Queen."

"For that purpose, I doubtless could raise powerful forces," rejoined Edward.

"And," interrupted the Queen, "after besieging Leeds Castle, turn these same forces against Lancaster, and bow the confederate barons to the dust. Do this with promptitude and energy, and you ensure victory."

"By the blessed Virgin! the scheme is an excellent one," exclaimed Edward. "But still it might, perhaps, be well to afford the barons an opportunity to compromise before putting it in execution."

"No temporising," urged the Queen, who was burning to be revenged. "No delays, or you fail in your purpose."

This advice so well pleased Edward, that he immediately issued orders for levying troops; and to strengthen his cause, announced by public proclamation, that he took up arms, not against his subjects, but to chastise Lord and Lady Badlesmere, the latter for grossly insulting his beloved consort, Isabella, Queen of England, and denying her admittance, on a cold rainy night, into her own castle of Leeds; and the former,

for having written an offensive letter to the Queen, approving of his wife's unjustifiable conduct.

This appeal aroused the chivalrous feelings of the nation; in fact, at this period, the Queen was so generally beloved, that to avenge the indignity offered to her royal personage, earls, barons, and others, flocked to the royal standard from all parts of the kingdom, and especially from London. Edward was thus soon in a position to demand and enforce redress. But when he appeared with a powerful army under the walls of the castle of Leeds, Walter Colepepper, the commander of the garrison, bid him defiance, and Lady Badlesmere treated his threats with contempt, as she fully expected the confederate barons would come to her assistance. However, in this she was mistaken: Earl Lancaster and the lords of the marches viewed the quarrel as a private one, quite disapproved of the conduct of Lady Badlesmere, and moreover, were so anxious not to offend the Queen, that they prevented Lord Badlesmere from hastening to his wife's assistance. Consequently, after a short and sharp siege, Edward took the castle, hanged Colepepper and eleven of his knights before the castle gates, sent the other prisoners to various gaols, and committed Lady Badlesmere and her female attendants to confinement in the Tower of London.

Thus far successful, Edward communicated with his friends in all parts of the kingdom; recalled the two Spencers from banishment, and as their counsel completely accorded with the advice previously given by the Queen, to effect the ruin of the confederate barons, by the army ostensibly raised for the sole object of reducing the castle of Leeds, struck Lancaster and his friends with consternation, by suddenly besieging their strongholds with such unexpected promptitude and energy, as to overcome all resistance.

In this emergency, the confederate barons implored Isabella to use her influence with the King in their favour; but as Badlesmere was one of their association, she gave them a disdainful

refusal, and used her utmost endeavours against them. Castle after castle now fell into the King's hands. The people rushed to the standard of the King for no other reason than because his cause was in the ascendancy; and as the barons could raise no forces to defend themselves, they gave way to despondency. Some were taken prisoners, some threw themselves on the King's mercy, some sought safety on the continent, and the Earl of Lancaster, with the remains of his faction, fled to the north, assembled an army, and avowed his long-suspected connection with Scotland.

In the spring of 1322, the King, at the head of a powerful army, marched to the north against the confederate barons, won the battle of Boroughbridge on the sixteenth of March, and took prisoners the Earl of Leicester, one hundred and one knights, and fourteen baronets. The Earl, on being summoned to surrender, entered the chapel, and kneeling before the crucifix with clasped hands, exclaimed, "Good Lord, I surrender myself to thee, and put me unto thy mercy!" His captors stripped off his noble attire, clad him in the livery of one of his own vassals, and carried him to Pontefract Castle, where the King, the elder Spencer, the Earls of Kent, Richmond, Pembroke, and a few others, condemned him as a traitor, to be hanged, drawn, and quartered; but Edward afterwards, in consideration of his royal blood, commuted the sentence to that of decapitation. A few hours after his doom was pronounced, he was led to execution on an old hack, without trappings or bridle. At the instigation of the royalists, the rabble pelted him with mud, and heaped all conceivable indignities on him, which so overcame him, that with eyes cast upwards, as if in prayer, he fervently cried aloud, "King of heaven, do thou have mercy on me, for the king of earth hath forsaken me!" Then kneeling down on an eminence, just without the town, with his face towards the north, in allusion to his having leagued against his sovereign with the Scotch King, he was beheaded amidst the cheers of the spectators.

Badlesmere and upwards of twenty more of the leaders of this revolt were taken and executed; and as every one now was, or pretended to be, a loyalist, the parliament, which met at York, three weeks after Easter, annulled the sentence of banishment against the two Spencers, and granted the King a tenth of the movables of the lords and commons, and a sixth part of those belonging to cities, boroughs, and ancient demesnes.

Whilst Edward was fighting the barons in the north, Isabella, who it appears, was not aware of the fate of her uncle, the Earl of Lancaster, till after his death, took up her residence in the Tower of London, where she brought into the world her last born, the Princess Joanna, the precise period of whose birth has not been chronicled. About this time, the two Mortimers, uncle and nephew, were taken in arms against the King, sentenced to death, and brought to the Tower as state prisoners. The uncle being aged, and brutally treated by his gaolers, after a few weeks' captivity, died of want and anguish.

The nephew, a finely-proportioned, handsome noble, highly-energetic and enterprising, and with a hardy constitution that could not be injured by the rigours of severe imprisonment, was the husband of Jane, the heiress of Sir Peter Joinville, a French nobleman, and in carriage and manners as polished and polite as a French courtier. As this bold rebel had been the first to commence civil war against Spencer, and as that favourite—his deadly foe—completely ruled the will of the victorious King, his decapitation was hourly expected by the whole nation. Not so, however, with himself. Aware of the impression he had made on the heart of Isabella, at the secret interviews he had held with her, under the pretence of bringing about the downfall of Gaveston, he now slept calmly and confidently within the same fortress where she reposed. Nay, he had been confined to his dungeon but a few days, when his finesse and good stars procured him an interview with the Queen. The means that he used to obtain this interview are no-

where clearly explained; although, if Ronsard, an obscure French writer of the fourteenth century, is to be accredited, one evening, about this time, the Queen visited him in his cell, sent her attendants home, and fastened herself in with him. Midnight came, all was still and silent; the gaoler became alarmed, more than once tapped at the door without receiving an answer, and when at length he peered through a secret chink in the ceiling of the cell, he beheld the Queen and her paramour locked in each other's arms, fast asleep. On the following night the tongue of this inquisitive gaoler was for ever silenced: he died suddenly, probably from the effects of poison.

Powerful as was the influence of the Spencers at court, they, with all their earnest endeavours, could not procure the execution of Mortimer. It was put off from day to day, and at length the King, doubtless to please his adulterous consort, who at this period possessed considerable influence over his mind, startled the nation by, for charity and the love of God, commuting the sentence of death against Roger Mortimer to that of perpetual imprisonment. This bold rebel evidently considered he owed little gratitude to the King for granting him his life; as, shortly afterwards, although a prisoner, he organized a plan for the seizure of the Tower and Wallingford Castle. The plot, however, was detected, one of his accomplices hanged, and he himself again sentenced to death. But the Queen resolved that he should not die, whilst the Spencers were equally determined that he should. Both parties exerted their utmost efforts to effect their purpose; the influence of the Queen prevailed; by a royal act of grace a pardon was granted, the twice-condemned traitor was permitted to live on unmolested in the Tower; and thus a feeling of bitter animosity was engendered between Isabella and the Spencers, which ultimately cost the latter their lives.

Meanwhile, the King had made ineffectual efforts to re-establish his superiority over Scotland; and on the thirtieth of May, 1323, a truce was concluded, for thirteen years, between the two nations.

About this time, the superstition of the people raised the slumbering hopes of the Spencers' foes. Reports were extensively circulated that miracles had been wrought at the tomb of the Earl of Lancaster. The people, viewing the Earl and his unfortunate followers as the champions and martyrs of their liberties, fully accredited the report. The clergy, being favourable to the Lancastrian party, fostered this sentiment; the Earl was pronounced a saint, and such numbers flocked to his tomb, that the King ordered the church of Pontefract, where he was buried, to be closed. The rumour, however, still gained ground. Before the Earl's picture, set up in St. Paul's, the good Londoners worshipped as at a holy shrine, till Edward ordered the Bishop of London to put a stop to the "diabolical fraud." Miracles were said to have been wrought by the bodies of several of the Earl's followers who had been beheaded or hanged. Bands of armed men suddenly appeared in several counties, a plot was detected for the murder of the elder Spencer, and the whole nation, urged by the Queen and her friends, appeared ripe for another rebellion.

Aware of the popularity of their adversaries, whose cause the Queen openly espoused, Edward and his ministers used diligent exertions to preserve peace and order. More than one riot was suppressed with energy and discretion, and an attempt to liberate from imprisonment several of the King's knights, taken at Boroughbridge, was prevented; yet, strange to tell, Roger Mortimer, the man most feared, "and one," says Speed, "whom the devil reserved to kindle new dissension with, and to strive up a most miserable civil war, had the good fortune to effect his escape."

The romantic circumstances attending Mortimer's escape are briefly these:—On the first of August, being Lammas Day—the night was dark and stormy—he invited the constable and wardens of the Tower to a grand banquet, and corrupted the fidelity of Girard de Asplaye, the constable's valet, who put into their drink a soporiferous drug, provided by the Queen. Whilst they slept, Mortimer

mer broke his way through the wall into the adjoining apartment—the palace kitchen—passed up the chimney on to the roof, mounted and descended several walls by the aid of a rope-ladder, and reached the Thames in safety, where he entered a boat, and was rowed over to the opposite bank of the river by Girard de Asplaye. There he found his men-at-arms with horses, and, avoiding the highways, rode with all haste to the coast of Hampshire, whence, under pretence of making for the Isle of Wight, he was rowed in a boat to the vicinity of the Needles, and, embarking in a ship which was prepared for him by Ralph Botton, a wealthy London merchant, escaped to France in safety. Edward no sooner heard of his escape than he raised the “hue and cry,” and set a high price upon his head, and ordered him to be captured either dead or alive. A busy search was instituted throughout the kingdom, but as his enemies were ignorant of the route he had taken, it proved futile.

On landing in France, Mortimer entered into the service of Charles de Valois, the French King’s uncle, who was then about to invade Edward’s continental possessions. The object of the French King’s hostility to Edward is nowhere clearly accounted for; however, all that is necessary to our present purpose is to know that Isabella’s last surviving brother, Charles the Fair, ascended the French throne in 1322; that Edward, although repeatedly summoned, did not attend his coronation to do homage for Guienne and Ponthieu, and that, shortly afterwards, a lord built a castle within what he declared to be the territories of the English King; but this territory the French King claimed as his, the French officers of the crown seized it, the English rose in arms and put the French to the sword, which so enraged Charles, that he resolved to avenge himself by the invasion of Edward’s foreign territory.

Whether Isabella’s deeply-concerted plot for the ruin of the Spencers, and the gratification of her own adulterous desires, emanated from the court of France—whether Mortimer was cog-

nizant of it previous to his escape to France, or whether Isabella aided the escape of Mortimer, beyond providing the sleeping-draught for the gaolers, we know not. On these points history is provokingly silent. Probably the scheme was planned in the Tower by the Queen and her paramour, whose escape was doubtless facilitated by every means in Isabella’s power. Be this as it may, immediately Mortimer was safe in France, Isabella publicly pronounced the Earl of Lancaster a martyr and a saint, attributed the death of the Earl and his followers solely to the influence and the vengeance of the Spencers, and quarrelled with the King because he permitted the favourites to rule the reins of government as they pleased. This conduct so exasperated the Spencers, that they prevailed upon the King to curtail her income—an unwise measure, which gave her what she so much desired—a plausible pretext for an open rupture. Assured that the king was ignorant of her illicit passion, she appealed to him in the tone of a wronged, affectionate wife, accused him of neglecting her, and bestowing all his affections on the young Spencer, and boldly declared that if he did not discard his favourite, and restore her to her true place and dignity, she would be avenged, cost her what it might. The King smiled at her threats, and told her she must learn to demean herself with propriety, and cease to disturb the peace of the royal household with her mad jealousies and ill-founded accusations, before he could think of altering his conduct towards her.

The Spencers now perceiving that their influence over the mind of the King was greater than that of the Queen, persuaded him that, as there was a war with France, it was not prudent for him to permit his consort to possess her castles and lands as heretofore. Isabella made a bold stand to maintain her dower, but, in 1324, the efforts of the favourites prevailed; the King took from the Queen her lands and lordships, gave her an insignificant pension in their stead, and further disgraced her by discharging all her French servants. This afforded her an opportunity to appeal to the sym-

thies of her brother, Charles the Fair. In a long complaining epistle, which she wrote to him, she declared, "That the daughter and sole heir of the King of France was married to a grapple miser, and that, being promised to be a Queen, she was become no better than a waiting-woman, living upon a pension of the Spencers', on whom her husband, the King, had, at the expense of her income, showered all riches and magnificence."

This letter exasperated the King of France against Edward to that degree, that he redoubled his efforts to conquer Guienne; whilst the Spencers, ever ready to wreak their vengeance on Isabella, made the increased hostilities of her brother an excuse for advising the King to deprive her of the only lands she now possessed in England—the earldom of Cornwall—which had been assigned to her for her private expenses. "Probably," said they, "the fleet the French are now preparing is for the invasion of this very country." Edward deemed their reasoning conclusive, made known to his consort that, as she chose to maintain a secret correspondence with the enemy of the state, his duty impelled him to prevent her from holding any land in England, and immediately resumed the earldom—an ungracious act, performed in a manner so offensive to the Queen, that she never forgot nor forgave it. Indeed, shortly afterwards, she denied her company to the King altogether, whilst he, in return, refused to enter her presence; and she again wrote a doleful letter to her brother, the French King, complaining bitterly of the Spencers, and expressing a fervent desire to quit England, and end her days in France.

Meanwhile the French overran Guienne; they reduced the Angenois, demolished the castle of Montpezat, invested Pimerol and Penne, and, in September, Edmund, Earl of Kent, and brother to Edward, found it expedient to obtain a truce till the ensuing midsummer, by the surrender of Reoles, the last fortress in the Angenois.

During this interval, the Pope earnestly endeavoured to restore peace between the two monarchs. With this

view, a convention was held at Paris, with at first but little promise of success, as Charles assumed a haughty tone, and would listen to no reasonable terms. At length, however, the wily French King artfully suggested that the presence and mediation of his sister, Isabella, might possibly remove every impediment.

As Edward, although anxious for peace, felt no desire to visit the court of the brother of his scornfully-treated consort, he accepted this proposal with pleasure. A parliament held at Westminster, on the twenty-first of January, 1325, the propriety of the Queen going to Paris as a mediator between her brother and husband was discussed, when it was resolved that, under present circumstances, any expedient was preferable to a continuance of the war.

The Spencers, eager to procure the removal of Isabella, under the semblance of friendship, urged her to undertake the important mission. But desirous as the Queen was to join the company of her paramour, she was too crafty to comply with their request, till an apparent reconciliation had been effected between herself and her husband. Accordingly, the royal pair met, Edward apologized, Isabella expressed herself satisfied, and, parting from the King with all the semblance of sincere affection, embarked for France, with a splendid retinue, on the seventh of May.

On reaching Paris, Isabella obtained a truce, and afterwards negotiated a treaty, stipulating that Guienne should be given up to the King of France, who should restore it again when Edward had done the accustomed homage, which should not be delayed; that the peers of France should decide if the Angenois—already occupied by the French—should be returned, and if their decision was in favour of Edward, he should pay the expenses of the war.

This degrading treaty, resembling in its leading features the one concluded in the former reign respecting the same province, was signed by the King with great reluctance. Edward particularly desired to avoid going to Paris to do homage, but as Charles' demand was quite in accordance with feudal law, and as

neither Edward nor his ministers were aware that it was part of the Queen's deeply-concerted plot to enforce its necessity, he saw no means of extricating himself from the dilemma, for such it really was, as to longer defer his justly-due homage was doubtless to lose Guienne and Ponthieu for ever, and to quit England at the present juncture was to hazard the outburst of rebellion during his absence. Besides, the position of the Spencers was critical: if they attended the King to Paris, Isabella would exert her power there to their destruction, whilst, on the other hand, they would scarcely be able to defend themselves from the vengeance of the barons in the absence of the King; or perhaps some new favourite—some astute foreigner—would deprive them of their influence over Edward altogether.

However, by the advice of parliament, Edward began his journey to France; but being detained at Dover by an assumed or a real sickness, he dispatched ambassadors to acquaint Isabella and the French King with the cause of his delay. This was precisely what Isabella expected and desired; and being as anxi-

ous as the Spencers that Edward should remain in England, she replied by expressing deep sorrow for his illness, importuned him, now that he was sick, on no account to peril the voyage, and hinted that, if he would resign Guienne and Ponthieu to their son, the Prince of Wales, and send him over to do homage, Charles, by her solicitation, would receive it as if done by the father in person. The French King, at the same time, sent a message to the same effect.

As neither Edward nor the Spencers suspected the Queen's motives for getting the heir of England into her own power, the suspicious offer was accepted. Prince Edward, a boy of twelve years of age, after promising his father not to marry during his absence, and to return with all speed, sailed from Dover, with a splendid train of nobles and knights, landed at Boulogne on the fourteenth of September, 1326, was met there by the Queen, his mother, and in her company proceeded to Paris, where, immediately on his arrival, and in the presence of Isabella and many English magnates, he performed the accustomed homage at the Bois de Vincennes.

CHAPTER IV.

Isabella's adultery and designs discovered by the Bishop of Exeter—He remonstrates with her—Flies to England—The King recalls Isabella and the Prince—They refuse to return—Edward's letters—The Prince of Wales clandestinely betrothed—Edward writes to him—The Queen detains him, and persists in not returning herself—Her popularity in England—Ordered to quit Paris—Her flight to Hainault—Sir John Hainault her knight—She lands with an army—Her triumphant progress—Edward's situation critical—His flight—The elder Spencer taken—Executed with barbarity—The King and the younger Spencer seek refuge at Neath—They are taken—Imprisonment of the King—Execution of Spencer—Death of Baldock—The Prince of Wales proclaimed King—The King is deposed, and made to resign the regalia—Coronation of Edward the Third—Regents appointed—Isabella and Mortimer usurp the government.



ISABELLA'S designs now began to unfold themselves. She had purposely caused the treaty which she had negotiated with her brother to be couched in such ambiguous terms, that after the Prince of

Wales had sworn fealty, the two monarchs fell to disputing. These disputes afforded her a pretext for remaining at Paris, where she joined her paramour, Mortimer, made him the chief officer of her household, and, in fact, lived with him as his mistress. She countenanced the numerous English nobles who had been banished, or who had

fled to France from the persecutions of the Spencers, turned her back upon the English ambassadors, held frequent councils with the King's enemies, invented frivolous pretences for repeatedly disobeying the order of her royal lord to return home with her son; and at length awakened the suspicion of one of the King's envoys, Walter Stapleton, Bishop of Exeter. When this honest prelate had satisfied himself of the Queen's guilty passion, and fathomed the motives which prompted her to prolong her stay at Paris, he privately reasoned with her on the probable consequences of her wicked doings, and earnestly urged her to return without delay to the home and affections of her husband.

Isabella listened to the words of the Bishop with apparent calmness, and, with her usual duplicity, assured him that his accusations were quite groundless.

"Mortimer," she exclaimed, with vehemence, "has always conducted himself towards me as a friend, and a friend only; therefore I cannot think of returning his kindness with ingratitude. You urge me to return to England: believe me, holy father, I would rather be clad in the sombre weeds of widowhood, than revisit that home of woe, where, indeed, neither my liberty nor life would be safe for an hour."

"Lady," replied the Bishop, "you are loved by the King, respected by his counsellors, and whoever tells you otherwise, is no loyal Englishman."

"What you say may be correct," rejoined the Queen; "yet, as I cannot take your advice, I beg you will drop the subject, and never again mention it."

The Bishop departed, but not to enjoy peace. His obnoxious conduct had roused the ire of Isabella's party, and an attempt to take his life compelled him to flee to England, where he made the unhappy Edward aware of the amours and the political ambition of his unprincipled consort. It was in vain that Edward wrote again and again to his Queen, requesting, ordering her to return. Encouraged by the promised sup-

port of the Lancasterian party, she declared that, being in peril of her life from the Spencers, she dared not return, nor would her heart permit her to send back her beloved son to be trusted to the tender mercies of the elder Spencer, who, she had learned to her sorrow, had in her absence been made guardian to her other offspring. In reply to this declaration, Edward wrote the following letter:—

"LADY—

"Several times, both before the homage and since, have we desired you to return to us without further delay or excuse. Before the homage, you made the prosecution of our business your excuse, and now you have sent us word you will not come, from a dread of the vengeance of Hugh De la Spencer, whereat we marvel with all our might, the more so, since both you and he treated each other in a manner so kindly, so friendly, before us, and even at your departure, you gave him soft looks, amicable signs, and tokens of the truest friendship, and afterwards you sent him the kindest of letters, and that not long since, which letters he has shown to us. And truly, lady, we know, and so do you, that he has always procured from us all the honour for you that was in his power; nor hath any evil villany or disgrace been done to you since you came into our company, unless that some time since, through your own fault, you remember, we gave you, as we ought, some words of reproof in private, but without other severity. Remember, you are required, as well on account of God and the holy church as for our honour and your own, not to trespass against our commands, nor forsake our company for any earthly reason. And now the homage has been done, and we have the fairest prospects of peace with our dearest brother, the King of France, we command you, who should be our peace-maker, not to falsify truth and cause further differences between us. Therefore, we charge you, with all our earnestness, that ceasing all feigned reasons and excuses, you return to us immediately and in all haste. As to

your expenses, when you return to us as a good wife should to her lord, we will take care that nothing shall be wanting wherewith to support the dignity and honour of us and yourself. Moreover, we greatly desire the instant return of our dear son, Edward, for being of tender age, we fear certain enemies and traitors might tamper with him, greatly to the injury of our honour, and the indignation of the nation.

"Given at Westminster, December the first, 1325."

At the same time, Edward sent a letter on the same subject, and containing almost the same sentiments, to the King of France; and on the day following, he dispatched a short epistle to the Prince of Wales, charging him, that as his homage had been done, to bid adieu to his uncle, the King of France, and waiting for nothing, not even his mother, save she would come quickly, return home with all speed.

These letters proved fruitless; the Queen and the Prince still tarried in France. Edward therefore laid his troubles before a parliament at Westminster, who resolved that each of the bishops should immediately write a letter to the Queen, pressing her to hasten to England. To the Archbishop of Canterbury, Isabella returned the following answer:—

"MOST REVEREND FATHER IN GOD—

"We have well considered the letter by which you request us to return to the company of our most dear and dread lord, Edward, and assure us that Hugh De la Spencer is not our foe, but our friend. At this we marvel exceedingly, as you and every person of sound mind must know, that we should never have abandoned the company of our beloved lord, unless we feared for our life and liberty, and dreaded the deadly vengeance of the said Hugh, who completely governs our dearest lord and his kingdom, and who, we know from experience, though we dissembled to escape the danger, would do us all the injury in his power. Truly, there is nothing we desire so much, after God

and our own salvation, as to live and die in the company of our dearest husband. We therefore entreat you, reverend father, to excuse us, for in nowise can we return without endangering our life, which to us is a source of anguish too distressing for words to express.

"Given at Paris, Wednesday after Candlemas."

About this time, the bad, bold Queen had recourse to the unprecedented and unconstitutional measure of clandestinely contracting the heir of England to a daughter of the Earl of Hainault, without the knowledge of the King, or consent of parliament. The bride's portion was paid in advance, and with this and the incomes for Guienne and Ponthieu, Isabella supported herself in her opposition to her unfortunate husband. On being informed that the Prince of Wales was actually betrothed, Edward became enraged, and wrote to his youthful heir as follows:—

"EDWARD, FAIR SON—

"We understand that you have not forgotten the charge we gave you when you left our company at Dover. But although assured that you have not of your own free will disobeyed us, yet we are greatly grieved that you remain at Paris, and with your mother publicly hold companionship with Mortimer, our traitor and foe, instead of returning to us, as we have frequently enjoined you by former letters.

"We also learn, to our sorrow, that you have transmitted orders to the lords of Guinné, contrary to those given by us as your administrator, and greatly too to our injury. Remember, we alone are your supreme governor, and you ought to obey us even before your mother. Therefore, we command and charge you, that laying aside all reasons, excuses, pretences, you return to us as quickly as you can, and that you neither marry, nor suffer yourself to be married, until you have been restored to us, and then not without our advice or consent.

"P.S. Edward, fair son, though you are of tender age, take these our com-

mands tenderly to heart, and perform them humbly and quickly, as you would escape our anger and indignation, and advance your own profit and honour. Follow no advice contrary to the will of your father, as the wise King Solomon teaches you, and make known to us, without further delay, what you mean to do. Knowing this, that if you continue to wilfully disobey our counsel, we will take care that you feel it all the days of your life, so that other sons, enlightened by your example, may learn not to disobey their lords and fathers."

As Isabella prevented the mind of her son from being influenced by this letter, and, despite threats and entreaties, would neither return herself, nor permit the Prince of Wales to do so, Edward wrote in April to the Pope. Sending copies of the correspondence to the sovereign pontiff, he besought his aid so effectually, that Charles the Fair, who still affected to be ignorant of the dishonour of his sister, was threatened with excommunication, unless he instantly dismissed her and her son from Paris.

Meanwhile, the banished nobles at Paris, and the Lancastrian party in England, were not idle; levies of troops were made in the Queen's name, neither money nor interests were spared to increase the Queen's popularity, and false reports were circulated to excuse the Queen from coming to England, and poison the minds of the people against the King; it was even asserted, that Edward had banished his consort and son; but this he fully denied in a letter to the pontiff, in which he declares, "that such a thought had never crossed his brain, as, however improper the conduct of his consort and heir, he had too great an affection for them both to treat them with such inhumanity."

Alarming as Edward's position now was, the situation of Isabella had become even more so. The French barons, disgusted at her conduct with Mortimer, would not admit her into their society, and the severe, but merited threat of the Pope, so terrified Charles, that he sent her a peremptory order to instantly quit Paris, and swore

before his barons, that whoever dared to speak on her behalf, should be banished. When the Queen heard this, she was greatly troubled, and to increase her mortification and terror, almost immediately afterwards, her friend, Sir Robert Artois, came in the middle of the night, and told her, that a plan, to which the French King was not averse, was being organized for the seizure of herself, her son, the Earl of Kent, and Mortimer, and urged her to lose no time in seeking the protection of her friend and relation, the Earl of Hainault.

Accordingly, Isabella secretly prepared for flight, and having, greatly to her credit, *paid for everything*, quitted Paris in the company of her son, her paramour, and her suite. In a few days she reached Cambrai, and entering Otravant, in Hainault, lodged at the house of Eustace d'Ambreticourt, a poor knight, who afforded her a hearty welcome, and whose hospitality was afterwards rewarded by Isabella and her son inviting the knight and his family to England, and conferring valuable favours on them.

Immediately the arrival of the Queen of England was made known in the house of the Earl of Hainault, the good Earl's brother, Sir John, "being young and panting for glory," mounted his horse, and accompanied by a few friends, arrived in the evening at Ambreticourt's dwelling. Isabella, says Froissart, was at this time deeply dejected, and complained to him of her anguish with such bitter lamentations, that, mingling his tears with hers, Sir John said—

"Lady, behold your knight, who will die for you though all else should desert you. By the grace of God and the aid of your friends, I will restore you to your rank in England. I and those I can urge will risk our lives for the sake of yourself and your son; and if it please God, we will have armed force in plenty, without fearing danger from the King of France."

Isabella, in gratitude, would have thrown herself at the feet of Sir John, but he caught her in his arms, and exclaimed, "God forbid that the Queen of England should do such a thing! No—

dam, be of good cheer, for I will not fail in my promise; and you shall come and see my brother and his countess and family, who will receive you with gladness, for I have heard them say so."

"Sir," answered the Queen, "I find in you more kindness and comfort than in all the world besides, and I give you five thousand thanks for all you have so courteously promised. I and my son shall be for ever bound to you, and we will put the kingdom of England under your management, as it ought to be."

The Queen and her son, accompanied by Sir John, proceeded on the following day to Valenciennes, where they were most graciously received by the Count and Countess of Hainault and their court, and where they tarried eight days, enjoying one round of feasting and merriment. The Queen, however, found time to mature her plans for the invasion of England. Sir John also wrote to many nobles and knights, beseeching them, as they valued his friendship, to arm in the cause of Isabella. Sir John next obtained the consent of the Earl, his brother, to embark in the hazardous enterprise, and with the Queen and her son proceeded to Dort, the appointed rendezvous of the expedition.

Their voyage to England was tempestuous; after tossing about whether they knew not for two days, they descried the English coast; and on the twenty-second of September, landed at the haven of Orewell, near Harwich, in Suffolk. On landing, not knowing where they were, they remained three days on the beach, uncertain what course to take: on the fourth, they landed their horses, boldly marched forward, found they were on the lands of Thomas of Brotherton, the King's brother and one of their partizans, and were joyed to find "all the country about fall to them of their own free will."

Isabella brought with her foreign troops to the number of three thousand seven hundred; and at Harwich Henry of Lancaster, the Earl of Leicester, and the Bishops of Lincoln, Hereford, and Ely, besides other prelates and nobles, joined her with powerful forces. Indeed, her emissaries had so effectually

persuaded the nation that she was an injured, oppressed Queen, that on her landing, the great majority of all classes flocked to her standard, and hailed her as the deliverer of the country. The deception she practised to get to France and obtain possession of her heir, her adulterous conduct with Mortimer, an outlawed traitor, and her general misconduct, were either altogether overlooked, or regarded as false reports, basely circulated by the Spencers, so intense was the excitement, so fully the feeling in her favour.

As to the weak-minded Edward, the news of this landing literally paralyzed him. Instead of raising an army and equipping a fleet, which might have crushed the designs of his enemies in their embryo, he had contented himself with writing complaining letters to the Pope and the King of France; and now that England was invaded and himself threatened with destruction, he had not the means to check the progress of his triumphing enemies. The fleet, although ordered to assemble at Orewell three days before the Queen landed there, had been perfidiously directed to a distant port. Robert de Waterville, who had been commissioned to oppose the invaders, betrayed his trust, and ranged his forces under the banners of the Queen and her son, whilst so many of the nobles had already joined or were daily joining the cause of Isabella, that the unfortunate Monarch knew not whom to trust. Fearing to summon the military tenants of the crown, he ordered the commissioners of array to aid him with all the forces they could collect in the neighbouring counties, and on the twenty-third of September issued a proclamation, offering one thousand pounds for Mortimer's head, and ordered the invading army and all who joined its ranks, with the exception of his wife, his son, and his brother, the Earl of Kent, to be treated as common enemies.

In retaliation, the Queen offered a reward of two thousand pounds for the head of Spencer the younger, and announced by proclamation, that she had come to deliver the realm from the mis-

leaders of the King, and to guard and maintain the honour and profit of the church, of the crown, and of the kingdom.

"Next," says De la Moor, "the Queen, with her son and her forces, pursued the King (as had previously been agreed in a council of war), taking first her way to Oxford, where the whole university being called together in the presence of the Queen, the Prince of Wales, Roger Mortimer, and their followers, the Bishop of Hereford, the Queen's bosom counsellor, preached to them a sermon on the text, 'My head, my head acheth' (2 Kings iv. 19); in which, after delivering to them the reasons of the Queen's coming with her army, he concluded more like a heathenish barbarian than a divine, by declaring that an aching and sick head of a kingdom must of necessity be taken off at once, and on no account be tampered with by any other remedy."

Whilst this murderous doctrine was being fulminated by the clergy, a false rumour was spread abroad that the Pope had excommunicated all who should bear arms against the Queen; the primate and several of the bishops privately supported the Queen's cause with large sums of money, and her emissaries distributed her proclamation from one end of the land to the other.

Edward, in his distress, applied for aid to the London citizens, but the Queen's proclamation had been tacked on the cross of the Cheap and in other conspicuous places, that all men might read as they went on their way; and as at this period reading was not so uncommon an accomplishment as many suppose, the citizens read it, approved of its sentiments, and answered Edward that they would honour with all duty the King, the Queen, and the Prince, that they would shut their gates against all foreigners and traitors, but they would on no account go out of their city to fight, except they might, according to their liberties, return home again the same day before sunset. This cold reply so alarmed the King, whose endeavours to raise troops had proved quite ineffectual, that he fled with the two

Spencers, the Chancellor Baldock, Bishop of Norwich, and a slender retinue to Bristol, leaving the charge of the City and the Tower to Stapleton, Bishop of Exeter.

The King's departure was a signal for a general insurrection in London; robbery, murder, and other heinous crimes were committed with impunity in open day. The talented, loyal, and amiable Bishop of Exeter was seized as he passed along the street, beheaded, and his body cast into the Thames. By a stratagem the mob obtained possession of the Tower, released all the prisoners confined by the Spencers—a measure adopted by Isabella in all the towns through which she passed—and bound themselves by an oath to put to death all who should dare to oppose the design of the Queen.

Isabella's advanced guards entered London in pursuit of the King; the Hollanders commanded by John de Hainault, whom the Queen had graciously permitted to style himself her knight, and the English, headed by the King's own brother, the Earl of Kent, were heartily welcomed by the misguided citizens. From London the vengeful Queen and her followers proceeded by the shortest route towards Bristol, and their progress was one continued triumph; their forces were daily augmented, and every town opened its gates to the sound of their tramping horses. At Oxford the Bishop of Hereford again preached before the Queen and the university, selecting for his text the following words from Genesis: "I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed; she shall bruise thy head." This text the Bishop applied to Isabella and the Spencers, but many thought they discovered in the sermon prophetic allusions to the future fate of their unfortunate monarch.

From Oxford the Queen and her army hastened to Bristol, which they immediately besieged, and as the burghers loudly declared for the Queen, the elder Spencer, who had the custody of the town and the guardianship of Edward's children, was compelled to capitulate on the third day. Immediately the capitu-

lation was made, Isabella's children, Prince John and the two Princesses, were brought to her, and as she had not seen them for a long time, the meeting was a joyous one. The elder Spencer, the Earl of Arundel, and several of the less important personages, were made prisoners; Old Hugh, then in his ninetyeth year, was speedily brought to trial before the Queen's partizans, condemned as a traitor, and within sight of his friend, the King, who still retained Bristol Castle, embowelled alive, and his body afterwards exposed to public gaze for four days on a lofty gibbet, and then cut into pieces and thrown to the dogs.

Intimidated by this execution, the King, accompanied by the young Spencer and Baldock, put to sea. Immediately this became known, a proclamation was made through the town, summoning Edward to return; but as he did not do so, the prelates and barons in the Queen's interest assumed the powers of parliament, and resolved that the King, having left his kingdom without government, and gone away with notorious enemies of the Queen, Prince, and the realm, they, by the assent of the whole commonalty of the realm there being, unanimously elected Prince Edward guardian of the kingdom, in the name and by the right of his father.

On quitting Bristol, Edward sailed for the Isle of Lundy; but his evil stars attended him by sea as well as by land. A strong westerly wind forced him to land at Swansea, whence he retired to Neath, and sought refuge in the neighbourhood of the monastery. At length, Henry of Leicester, who now assumed the title of Lancaster, entered Wales, bribed the natives, and on the nineteenth of November, seized Spencer, Baldock, and Simon de Reading. The King, on learning the fate of his friends, immediately came forward and surrendered to his cousin, who sent him to Lidbury, and afterwards to the strong Castle of Kenilworth. The other prisoners were brought to the Queen, then at Gloucester.

From Gloucester the Queen and her army proceeded to Hereford, where the

same judges, who had just previously wreaked their cruel vengeance on his aged and less guilty father, condemned the young Spencer, as a robber, traitor, and outlaw, to be drawn, hanged, embowelled, and quartered. Crowned with nettles and exposed to every insult, he was hanged on a gallows fifty feet high, whilst ten feet lower suffered his faithful servant, Simon de Reading, his death being accompanied by circumstances too horrible to be detailed. According to some authorities, the Queen was present at his execution, and ordered that he should be exposed to the rude insults and scoffs of the populace. Besides these, the Earl of Arundel, who was mortally hated by Mortimer, and two gentlemen named Micheldene and Daniel, were beheaded just previously, their greatest crime being an unshaken attachment to their King. Baldock, hated as he was both by the Queen and the populace, was protected from the hands of the common executioner by the holy garb of priesthood. But Isabella, well knowing the power and temper of the London revolvers, had him sent to the London palace of his deadly foe, the crafty Bishop of Hereford, who so contrived that he was attacked with such brutality by the London mob, that shortly afterwards he died of his wounds, or, what is equally probable, of poison, in Newgate.

Having by these illegal and cruel executions given abundant intimation of the fate that would await those who should dare to oppose her measures, Isabella, with Mortimer and her son, set out from Hereford to meet the parliament at Westminster. On their route they were joined by countless throngs, and as they approached the metropolis, they were met by crowds of the citizens, who, with joyful exclamations, hailed Isabella as their deliverer, and presented costly gifts to her and several of her followers. The parliament met on the seventh of January, 1327. That crafty politician, the Bishop of Hereford, opened the session by a long speech, in which he solemnly declared that the Queen could not again live with Edward without endangering her life. The

house was surrounded by a riotous mob, and on the second day of the sitting, the King was deposed by universal acclamation, and the Prince of Wales presented to the excited populace as their future monarch. To add weight to these unconstitutional doings, the Bishop of Winchester, on the thirteenth of January, laid before the house a bill charging Edward the Second with incapacity, indolence, pride, the loss of the Scottish crown, the violation of his coronation oath, oppression of the church, cruelty to the barons, and the abandonment of his realm. This bill was passed without opposition, Prince Edward was proclaimed King in Westminster Hall, by the style and title of Edward the Third. Many of the peers and prelates publicly swore fealty to him as their sovereign, and the proceeding was closed by the Archbishop of Canterbury preaching a sermon on the adage, "The voice of the people is the voice of God," in which he made it appear that the conduct of the parliament was holy and praiseworthy, and exhorted the people to pray to the King of Kings for their new sovereign. ▲ At the same time the Bishops of Winchester and Hereford held forth to the same purpose in other places.

When the resolution of her own party was made known to the Queen, she burst into tears, and lamented the misfortunes of her husband with such violent expressions of grief, that her generous unsuspecting heir, believing in her sincerity, solemnly vowed that he would never accept the offered crown, unless his father himself desired him to do so. To silence the pretended scruples of the Queen, and satisfy the virtuous resolution of the youthful Prince, twelve commissioners were appointed to obtain from the unfortunate King a legal abdication of his regal dignity. As the traitorous Bishop of Hereford had, immediately after the capture of the King, succeeded in obtaining from him the great seal, he was deputed, along with the Bishop of Lincoln, to head the commission. The Bishops of Winchester and Lincoln were the first to reach Kenilworth Castle, the prison home of

the fallen monarch, and after they had worked upon the feelings of the King to the utmost of their power by arguments, promises, and threats, they led him, dressed in a morning gown, into the presence of the other commissioners; when the sight of the Bishop of Hereford, and his other mortal foes, so overcame him, that he sank to the ground in a swoon. As soon as he recovered, the Bishop of Hereford told him they had come to demand from him a voluntary resignation of the crown, and with insulting threats declared, if he refused to abdicate in favour of his son, they would depose him by force, and choose a monarch from another family, as the crimes and errors of his life and government were far too great and many to be longer endured.

During this malicious harangue, the King wept bitterly. Friendless, powerless, and deeply dejected in mind, he, in reply, expressed sorrow for having provoked the hatred of his subjects, owned that his conduct had been sinful, implored the compassion of the commissioners, and thanked the parliament for having chosen his heir as his successor. He then formally surrendered the crown and the other insignia of royalty, after which Sir William Trussel, the judge who had condemned the Spencers, addressed him as follows:

"I, William Trussel, Procurator of the earls, barons, and people of England, having for this full and sufficient power, do surrender and give back to you the homage and fealty of all persons in my procuracy, and do acquit the same in the best manner the law and custom will allow. And I now make protestation in their name, that they will be no longer in your fealty or allegiance, nor claim or hold anything of you as King, but will account you as a private person, without any manner of royal dignity."

Sir William Blunt, the steward of the household, then broke his wand of office, as was customary at the King's death, and declared all persons in the King's service discharged. Thus was Edward the Second deprived of his regal dignity in the forty-third year of his age, and

after a weak, unhappy reign of nineteen years, six months, and fifteen days.

Immediately the commissioners returned to London with the regalia, the accession of Edward the Third was proclaimed by heralds in the customary form. In compliance with the unanimous resolution of parliament, who declared that Edward the Second had voluntarily abdicated, the coronation of the young King was solemnized at Westminster, on the first of February, 1327, with great pomp, in the presence of most of the prelates and nobles; and during the whole ceremony the hypocritical Isabella affected to weep for the misfortunes of her husband, whose deposition she had so heartlessly brought about.

Previous to the coronation the foreign troops were handsomely paid for their services, and sent home. Sir John de Hainault, however, with many other Flemings, remained to witness the august ceremony, after which Edward the Third, by Isabella's advice, settled a life annuity of four hundred marks on Sir John, presented him and his companions with many rich presents, and on their departure publicly complimented them on their prowess, and their fidelity to himself and his mother.

It was now decided, that, in compliance

with the law of the land, the King, who was only in his fourteenth year, must have guardians, and the state regents. Accordingly, the parliament met on the third of February, and appointed a council of regency, consisting of the primate, the Archbishop of York, the Bishops of Winchester, Worcester, and Hereford, Thomas of Brotherton, Earl Marshal, Edmund of Woodstock, Earl of Kent, and the Lords Wake, Ingram, Piercy, and Ross, besides the Earls of Lancaster, Lincoln, Leicester, and Derby, who were deputed to have the chief care of the King's person.

Isabella did not object to these appointments; but having the power, she usurped the government of the King and the realm to herself and her immediate partizans. By the sanction of parliament, she obtained twenty thousand pounds for the payment of her present debts, and a yearly income of the same enormous amount. Roger Mortimer she made her prime minister, and prevailed on the King to confer on him the larger portion of the forfeited estates of the Spencers, with the title of Earl of March; her chief councillor was the crafty, astute Bishop of Hereford, while those members of the government who would not be controlled by her and her paramour, were gradually dismissed.

CHAPTER V.

Bruce ravages the northern counties—Conflict between the English and the men of Hainault—Gloomy apprehensions of Isabella—Brutality of Edward the Second's gaolers—His horrible death—Burial—Poem written by him—Disgraceful pacification with Scotland—Betrothment of the Princess Joanna with the Scottish heir—The Earl of Kent and others withdraw in disgust from the national council—They take up arms, but without success—The Earl of Kent deluded—He is condemned and decapitated—Isabella hated by the nation—Civil commotions—Roger Mortimer taken and hanged—Isabella confined in Castle Rising—Edward visits her—Guards her name from obloquy—Her madness—Death—Burial—Tomb.



HE first disturbance of the young King's reign came from Scotland. Tempted by the state of affairs in England, the Scotch King, Bruce, broke the truce which he himself had concluded

with Edward the Second, and crossing the border with powerful forces, devastated the northern counties with fire and sword. The King and the Regents, after vainly endeavouring to avoid open hostilities, were compelled to take up arms. In compliance with the Queen's desire, Sir John de Hainault arrived about Whitsuntide, with a mercenary

army, to assist in repelling the Scots; but the presence and insolence of these foreigners so disgusted the populace, that at York they were set upon by the English archers, and in a battle which lasted till darkness set in, several hundreds were slain on both sides. The men of Hainault claimed the victory, but were forced to leave England with greater precipitancy than they had entered it.

Whilst the young King was endeavouring to repel the Scots, his father remained a neglected and closely-confined prisoner in Kenilworth Castle. From time to time, the deposed, dolorous monarch wrote impassioned letters to Isabella, entreating her to lighten the woes of his imprisonment, and to permit him to again behold her and their children; but she only sent him apparel and letters, expressing an anxiety for his health and welfare, and fathering her absence upon the parliament and the Regents, whom she feigned would neither permit her nor their children to enter his presence. In fact, although in possession of sovereign powers, the mind of the guilty Isabella was filled with gloomy apprehensions, and she could not muster courage to face the husband whom she had so cruelly used. Meanwhile, a feeling in favour of the royal captive was daily gaining ground: secret associations were formed for the avowed purpose of procuring his liberation; the clergy from their pulpits denounced the Queen's adulterous intercourse with Mortimer; whilst the endeavours of the Earl of Lancaster to alleviate the sufferings of his royal captive, so annoyed Isabella and her paramour, that they removed him from Kenilworth to the keeping of the base-hearted Sir John Maltravers and Sir Thomas Gurney, "who," says the chronicle, "carried him about whither they would, so that none of his well-wishers might have access to him, or understand where he made any long abode."

These tormentors treated the royal captive with gross brutality. At first, they carried him to Curf, then to Bristol, and afterwards to Berkley Castle. On the journey, they forced him to ride

bare-headed, and in thin miserable clothing; when he desired to stop, they would not suffer him; when he was hungry, they gave him loathsome food; they shaved him in the open fields with cold water taken from a stinking ditch, and putting a crown of hay on his head, mocked him beyond measure.

At Berkley Castle he was lodged on a cold damp turret, on a level with the battlements, which were covered with carrion, that stifled him with its putrid stench; the dungeon in which he lay was overrun with rats and other vermin, and commonly inundated with rain water; horrid noises were continued throughout the night to disturb his natural rest, and he was forced to eat unwholesome and unsavory food. But all these endeavours to break his heart and destroy his constitution failed. He still lived. His gaolers sent for fresh instructions, and, according to several authorities, the Queen, dreading the consequences of his friends succeeding in their attempts to forcibly release him, whispered to her paramour, "Either he or I must die for the salvation of the realm;" when Mortimer, without a word in reply, instantly wrote on a slip of parchment, the words, "Murder your prisoner," and shewing it to the messengers, exclaimed, "Go, perform your duty without more ado."

In compliance with this order, his ruffianly gaolers, Thomas Gourney and William Ogle, entered his cell on the night of the twenty-first of September, and murdered him, by forcibly thrusting a red hot iron up into his bowels. The agonizing shrieks which issued from his dungeon alarmed the inmates of the castle, and on the following day the neighbouring clergy and gentry were invited to behold his dead body. It exhibited no perceptible marks of violence, but the distorted features betrayed the horrible agonies which he had undergone. The body was interred without further inquiry, and with all possible privacy, in the abbey church of St. Peter, at Gloucester.

Thus perished Edward the Second, a more weak than wicked King, and who evidently possessed some learning and

imagination, as the following verses, penned by him during his captivity, show :

"On my devoted head
Her bitterest showers,
All from a wintry cloud,
Stern fortune pours,
View but her favourite,
Sage and discerning,
Graced with fair comeliness,
Famed for his learning,
Should she withdraw her smiles,
Each grace she banishes,
Wisdom and wit are flown,
And virtue vanishes."

The brutal murder of Edward the Second greatly excited the public indignation. It was generally whispered abroad, that the captive King had not died a natural death. Gourney and Ogle were obliged to fly the country, and it was only by the iron rod of despotism that Isabella and Mortimer were enabled to maintain their usurped power.

In the spring of 1328, the inglorious war with Scotland was terminated by a pacification highly repugnant to the national pride of the English. Isabella and Mortimer, in consideration of receiving from the Scottish King twenty thousand pounds, a sum which it is said they put into their own private purse, betrothed Edward's sister, Joanna, to David Bruce, the heir of Scotland, then two years old, and agreed that Edward the Third should send back to Scotland the Scotch regalia, Ragman Roll, the Black Cross, all the national documents seized by Edward the First, and renounce for himself and his successors all claim of superiority over the crown of Scotland. On the seventeenth of July, the betrothment of the Princess Joanna,* then in the fifth year of her age, to the Scottish heir, was performed with great pomp at Berwick, in the presence of Isabella, Mortimer, and a vast assembly of English and Scotch nobles. Edward did not grace this spectacle with his presence; he viewed the terms of the pacification as a disgrace to the nation, and had he have been of age to take the reins of government into his own hands, never would have signed the treaty.

* The Scots called her, in derision, "Joan Make Peace."

The wicked conduct of Isabella, and the increasing arrogance of her paramour, who at this period assumed an authority to which even Gaveston and Spencer in the last reign had not dared to aspire, opened the eyes of the royal Earls of Kent, Norfolk, and Lancaster, and other nobles, who too late perceived they had been made the unconscious tools of the unprincipled Queen, and who now withdrew from the national council in disgust, raised a force strong enough to curb the power of Isabella, and drive Mortimer from the kingdom, and published a manifesto, declaring that they had taken up arms to demand a reduction of Isabella's extravagant income; to stop the extortion and encroachments of those who govern in the King's name; to punish those who betrayed their country in the late war with Scotland; to learn why the Regents appointed by parliament were not permitted to govern the state; to make enquiries regarding the late King's death; to bring to account those who seized the treasures of the late King; to inform the public who had advised the King, now a minor, to renounce his claim to the crown of Scotland; and lastly, to punish those who had prevailed on the King to marry his sister, Joanna, to David Bruce.

These hostile demonstrations greatly alarmed Isabella. Aware of the impossibility of satisfactorily answering the barons' manifesto, she artfully insinuated to the young King that his uncle desired to dethrone him, and urged him to arm against them as rebels. Accordingly, a considerable force was raised and headed by Mortimer; but at this juncture the royal Earls quarrelled, Leicester was unexpectedly deserted by Norfolk and Kent, and being too weak to carry out the enterprise by himself, he was compelled to make his submission to the arrogant Mortimer. Immediately after Leicester's submission, Norfolk and Kent were pardoned, at the intercession of the prime.

The proceedings that followed are involved in great obscurity. A general spirit of discontent pervaded all classes, strange rumours were whispered about. It was at length generally asserted that

the late King still lived, a closely confined prisoner in Croft Castle.

The Earl of Kent, struck by the remorseful remembrance of the part he had taken against his unhappy brother, lent a willing ear to this tale, which, according to several historians, was purposely circulated by Isabella to entrap him into an act of treason. To ascertain the truth of the rumour, he sent a trusty friar to Croft, who found it was generally believed in the neighbourhood that Edward the Second still lived within the castle walls, and with his own eyes saw in the distance a person in every particular resembling the late King, seated at a table. To further confirm the Earl's belief, he received letters from the Pope — forgeries of course — exhorting him, on pain of excommunication, to instantly release his brother. The governor of Croft Castle encouraged him in the notion that the late Edward lived there, and at length procured from him letters which he promised to deliver to the captive, but which he instantly forwarded to Isabella. These letters his enemies declared contained treasonable language; he, therefore, was seized, and, at the instance of Isabella and Mortimer, accused before parliament, and condemned to death and forfeiture.

His trial took place on Sunday, the twentieth of March, 1329, and on the morrow he was led to the place of execution, and after a painful suspense of several hours, the official executioner having stolen secretly away, decapitated by a condemned felon from the Marshalsea, who was pardoned for performing the act. Up to the last moment it was believed that his birth would save him from punishment, but the execrable Isabella so hastened his execution, that the young Edward had no opportunity to interpose; indeed some writers assert that the King neither knew of the condemnation nor of the execution of his unfortunate uncle till it was too late.

The murder of the Earl of Kent, perpetrated to overawe the other royal and powerful magnates, did but increase the detestation in which the nation now held Isabella. It was generally believed that the Queen mother and her paramour

had sacrificed the good Earl to their own ambitious policy. The nobles fostered this belief, tumults ensued, conspiracies were formed against Isabella and Mortimer; and at length the government found it expedient to order the arrest and imprisonment of every man who should dare to assert that the Earl of Kent was not a traitor, justly condemned by his peers, or that Edward of Carnarvon, the King's father, still lived.

The crimes of Isabella and Mortimer hastened their own ruin. Edward had long viewed the conduct of his mother with aversion; his friends pointed out to him the arrogance of Mortimer, and convinced him of the Queen mother's criminal connection with him. He was now eighteen, an age when his predecessors had been deemed capable of governing. Philippa of Hainault, whom he had married in June, 1328, had borne him a son, he felt remorse at the part he had taken against his own father, and being advised to the course by Lord Montacute and others, he resolved to at once overthrow the supremacy of his mother and her favourite, and assume the exercise of the royal authority.

This crisis is thus quaintly related by Stowe. "There was a parliament holden at Nottingham, in October, where Roger Mortimer was in such glory and honour, that it was without all comparison. No man durst name him other than Earl of March; a greater route of men waited at his heels than on the King's person; he would suffer the King to rise to him, and would walk with the King equally, step by step and cheek by cheek, never preferring the King, but would go foremost himself with his officers. He greatly rebuked the Earl of Lancaster, cousin to the King, for that, without his consent, he appointed certain lodgings for noblemen in the town, demanding who had made him so bold to take up lodgings so nigh unto the Queen; with which words, the constable being greatly feared, appointed lodgings for the Earl of Lancaster one mile out of the town, where likewise were lodged the Earl of Hereford, John de Bohun, lord high constable of England, and others. By which means a contention

arose amongst the noblemen, and great murmuring amongst the common people, who said that Roger Mortimer, the Queen's paragon and the King's master, sought all the means he could to destroy the King's blood, and to usurp the regal majesty, which report troubled much the King's friends—to wit, William Montacute and others, who, for the safeguard of the King, swore themselves to be true to his person, and drew unto them Robert de Holland, who had of long time been keeper of the castle, unto whom all secret corners of the same were known. Then, upon a certain night, the King, lying without the castle, both he and his friends were brought by torchlight through a secret way underground, beginning far off from the said castle, till they came even to the Queen's chamber, which they, by chance, found open; they, therefore, being armed with naked swords in their hands, went forwards, leaving the King, also armed, without the door of the chamber, lest that his mother should espy him. They who entered in slew Sir Hugh Turpinton, who resisted them, and gave John Neville a deadly wound. From thence they went towards the Queen Mother, whom they found with the Earl of March, ready to retire to rest, and having taken the said Earl, they led him out into the hall, the Queen following, and piteously exclaiming: 'Sweet son, fair son, have pity on my gentle Mortimer!' for she suspected her son was there, though she saw him not. Then were the keys of the castle sent for, and every place, with all the furniture, yielded up into the King's hands, but in such secretwise, that none without the castle, except the King's friends, understood thereof.

"The next day, in the morning very early, they conveyed Roger Mortimer, and other his friends taken with him, with a horrible shout and crying (the Earl of Lancaster, then blind, being one of them that made the shout for joy), towards London, where he was committed to the Tower, and afterwards, on the twenty-sixth of November, condemned by the Parliament to be drawn and hanged as a traitor. Immediately after

his condemnation, he was hanged at Tyburn, then known as the Elms. After his body had hung on the gallows two days and nights, it was cut down, and buried in the church of the Grey Friars, within Newgate."

The principal charges against Mortimer are comprehended in the following rude stanzas, by an old rhyming historian:—

"Five heinous crimes
Against him soon were had.
First, that he caused
The King to yield the Scot
(To make a peace)
Towns that were from him got;
And withall,
The charter called the Ragman.
Second, that of the Scots
He had bribed privy gain.
Third, that through his means
King Edward of Carnarvon
In Berkeley Castle
Most traitorously was slain.
Fourth, that with his Prince's
Mother he had lain.
Fifth, and finally,
With polling at his pleasure,
He had robbed the King and Commons
Of nearly all their treasure."

Sir Simon Bereford, John Deverall, and several other of Mortimer's satellites, were executed along with him; and a few days previously, the King published a proclamation, declaring that he had taken the reins of government into his own hands, and summoning a new parliament to meet at Westminster.

Isabella, although spared the pain of a public trial, was stripped of her extravagant dower, and with an income of three thousand pounds a-year, confined in Castle Rising, in Norfolk, where the King paid her one or more state visits annually. She was no more allowed to assume any political power; but the King carefully guarded her name from obloquy, only permitted it to be mentioned with the greatest respect, and, in 1344, honoured her with a grant of the revenues of Ponthieu and Montrieul, formerly conferred on her by her murdered husband, Edward the Second.

In 1348, the French King endeavoured to again draw Isabella into the arena of diplomacy, by naming her and the Queen-Dowager of France the mediatrices of a peace. But Edward im-

mediately discovered and thwarted the designs of the crafty Philip, and the truce was concluded by the Earls of Doncaster and of Eu.

During her confinement in Castle Rising, which she quitted once, and, as far as is known, only once, to be witness to an important state document, Isabella suffered from an occasional aberration of intellect. The death of Mortimer, and a deeply-guilty conscience, brought on an access of madness, so severe, that, although she recovered, she was ever afterwards subject to painful fits of insanity.

She died rather suddenly, on the twenty-second of August, 1358, in about the sixty-seventh year of her age, and was interred, with becoming pomp and solemnity, in the church of the Grey Friars, in London, to which she herself had been a munificent patroness, and where the remains of her beloved

Mortimer had been buried twenty-eight years previously.

Whether Edward the Third followed the remains of Isabella to the tomb is not known; but, according to the "*Fœdera*," he ordered the Barons of the Exchequer to pay nine pounds to the Sheriffs, for the purpose of cleansing and gravelling Aldgate and Bishopsgate Street against the coming of the body of Queen Isabella; and it is mentioned in the "*Monasticon*," that he caused the great west window of the Grey Friars Church to be glazed, "for the repose of the soul of his dearest mother."

The fine alabaster tomb erected over the grave of the "She-wolf of France," as Isabella was at the close of her life named by the common people, has long since been levelled to the dust, and even the precise spot where the remains of the too-guilty Queen repose, is now unknown.





Elizabeth

1871

1871



PHILIPPA OF HAINAULT, Queen of Edward the Third.

CHAPTER I.

Philippa's gentle, virtuous character—Her parentage—Birth—Attachment of Edward and Philippa—His sojourn at the court of Hainault—Sorrowful separation from her—Artful arrangements for their marriage—Her betrothment—Journey to London—Thence to York—Marriage—Philippa's dower—Edward claims the throne of France—His dissensions with Philip of Valois—Philippa's coronation—Birth of Edward the Black Prince—Celebrated by a tournament—Edward assumes the regal reins—He encourages commerce, manufactures, and tournaments—The Princess Isabella born—War with Scotland—Philippa accompanies her lord to the north—Gives birth to the Princess Joanna, and Prince William, and William of Hatfield—Edward commences war with France—To support which, pawns Philippa's crown and jewels—Prince Lionel born at Antwerp—The French pillage Southampton—Edward assumes the arms of France—Gains the naval victory of Sluys—Philippa gives birth to John of Gaunt—Edward concludes an armistice with France—Returns with Philippa to England—His anger on finding the Tower in a defenceless state—Prince Edmund born—Edward's love for the Countess of Salisbury.



HE life of the excellent Queen, Philippa of Hainault, presents a pleasing contrast to that of her predecessor, the detestable Isabella of France. Being a gentle, considerate Queen, a virtuous, loving wife, an affectionate mother, and a staunch supporter of religion and morality, she added greatly to the lustre of the reign of her husband, Edward the Third. By her persevering efforts, the manufacture of woollen cloth was introduced and established in England, whilst much of the good fortune, the

rectitude and respectability of her lord and his court, must be attributed to her kindly offices or ennobling example.

The very beautiful Philippa of Hainault was the second of the four fair daughters of William, Earl of Hainault; Margaret being her elder, and Jane and Isabella her two younger sisters. Her mother, Jane de Valois, daughter of Charles de Valois, brother to Philip the Fair, was first-cousin to Isabella, Queen Consort of Edward the Second. She was born about the year 1310, and first beheld by Edward the Third, when he and his mother took refuge at the court of Hainault, in 1326. Then it was that the young Prince, who was but in his fif-

teenth year, fell in love with Philippa, who with maidenly modesty reciprocated his glowing passion.

After Edward had passed a delightful fortnight with Philippa in the Earl of Hainault's palace at Valenciennes, and been betrothed to her with all possible privacy, he accompanied his mother on her venturous invasion of his unfortunate father's dominions. The young lovers separated with sorrow, and for a period remained in doubtful uncertainty as to whether the fortunes of war, the exigencies of state, or the policy and caprice of their relations, would permit them to be united together in holy matrimony.

The cause of Isabella triumphed; but as she dared not own to the English magnates that she had betrothed the heir to the throne without their knowledge or sanction, and as it was contrary to etiquette for the Prince to avow that he had disposed of his heart without the advice and consent of the nobles and the parliament, Isabella herself undertook to arrange the marriage of Henry the Third. Accordingly, immediately after the solemnization of his coronation, a dispensation for the marriage of the young King of England to one, but without specifying which of the daughters of the Earl of Hainault, was obtained from the Pope, and the Bishop of Hereford dispatched to choose the future Queen of England. When the bishop departed on the delicate mission, Edward privately informed him of his passion for the second of the Earl of Hainault's daughters, and therefore the choice fell upon Philippa.

After being betrothed by proxy at Valenciennes, in October, 1327, Philippa, accompanied by the embassy, by her uncle John of Hainault, and a magnificent suite, sailed from Wissant to Dover, and on the twenty-third of December reached London, where, being met by the mayor, the aldermen, and the city companies, she was welcomed with great joy and pomp, and presented by them with a rich service of plate, worth about three hundred pounds.

From London she was conducted with great feasting and rejoicing to York,

where the court was then staying; whilst the young English King made his first essay in arms on the Scottish border against the bold, energetic Robert Bruce, and where, on the twenty-fourth of January, 1328, she was married to Edward the Third, in the cathedral, by the Archbishop. The bridal festival was graced by the presence of nearly all the English prelates and barons, and one hundred Scotch nobles, who had come thither to negotiate a peace and the marriage of Edward's sister, Joanna of the Tower, with the heir of Scotland.

After passing the spring at York, the royal pair journeyed to the southward, and passing through Lincoln and Northamptonshire, settled at Woodstock Palace, which from this time became the favourite residence of Philippa. Immediately after her marriage, Philippa's uncle Sir John, and, with a few exceptions, all the other Hainaulters who had accompanied her over sea, returned to their native land, loaded with valuable presents.

As Isabella had spent Philippa's marriage portion, and as she herself possessed the broad lands forming the usual dower of the queens of England, a document was executed on the fifteenth of May, assigning lands to the yearly value of fifteen thousand pounds to Philippa for her private expenses.

It was about this period that Edward first advanced his pretensions to the throne of France. The three brothers of his mother, Isabella, had died without heirs, and as females were by the fundamental laws of the kingdom excluded from the French throne, he contended, that although his mother's sex might be a disqualification as far as she herself was concerned, it could be no barrier to the succession of her son. The peers and barons of France, however, thought differently, and decided in favour of Philip the Sixth, who, on assuming the regal reins, summoned the King of England to do homage to him for Aquitaine. As Edward was then unable to enforce his claim to the sovereignty of France, he deemed it prudent to answer the summons, and leaving Philippa at Woodstock, em-

barked for the continent, attended by the Bishops of London, Lincoln, and Winchester, a numerous retinue of nobles and knights, and about one thousand horsemen, and, in the month of August, 1329, reached Amiens, the city appointed for the ceremony; where Philip had summoned most of the princes and nobles to witness the homage, and where, after a gorgeous festivity, which lasted fifteen days, Edward, with his crown on his head and his sword by his side, did homage in general terms, omitting the liege promise of faith and loyalty; which so offended the pride of the French monarch, that Edward, suspecting treachery, suddenly returned with his retinue to England, and henceforth the conquest of France became his darling project.

Early in the following year, preparations were made for Philippa's coronation. There is a summons in the "*Fœdera*," ordering it to take place on the Sunday after the feast of Easter, in the abbey at Westminster, on which day it was solemnized, but with little splendour, as the royal coffers had been emptied by the rapacity of Isabella and her minion Mortimer. The only other document handed down to us relating to this coronation, is the claim made by Robert de Vere, Earl of Oxford, as hereditary chamberlain, to the bed in which the Queen had slept, the shoes she had worn, and the three silver basons in which she had washed her head and hands. The claim was allowed, but the King retained the bed, and paid the chamberlain one hundred marks as a compensation for it.

On the fifteenth of June, 1330, and at the palace of Woodstock, Philippa gave birth to that renowned warrior, Edward the Black Prince, whose size and beauty excited the astonishment of all who saw him, and who, as a baby prince, had the singular good fortune to be nourished at the bosom of his own mother. The birth of an heir so pleased the King, that to Catherine de Montacute, who brought him the first tidings thereof, he gave five hundred marks, a sum equal to five thousand pounds present money; and in September he cele-

brated the pleasing event by a grand tournament, held in Cheapside, London, which was attended by most of the nobles of the land and several foreigners. At this tournament the stone pavement was covered with sand, to prevent the horses from slipping. Philippa and many noble ladies, richly attired, and assembled from all parts of the land, were present, and that they might behold the play of lances with comfort and ease, a temporary wood scaffold like a tower was erected across the street for their accommodation. But the sham fight had scarcely commenced, when the tower broke down, and the Queen and all the ladies were precipitated with great shame and fear on to the knights beneath, many of whom were grievously hurt. Although neither the Queen nor the other ladies were injured, the accident so incensed the young King against the builders who had constructed the tower, that he vowed to put them to death; and it was only at the earnest solicitation of the gentle Philippa, who, on recovering from the terror of her fall, fell on her knees before her royal lord, and implored for their lives, that they were pardoned.

In the autumn of this year, Edward, disgusted with the conduct of his worthless mother and her paramour, deposed Isabella from the regency, hanged Mortimer, and took the reins of government into his own hands. His first measures, after throwing off the fetters of the regency, were dictated by a wise policy. The abuses that had crept into the government were checked or abolished, commerce and manufactures, especially that of woollen cloth, were encouraged. Tournaments were frequently held, and the spirit of chivalry—a compound of love, generosity, and war—which now pervaded all classes, was greatly encouraged, as it served to soften the ferocity of the age, and excited sentiments of patriotism, and a romantic love of war and victory; indeed, the achievements of English arms in this reign are greatly to be attributed to the spirit of romance infused into the nation by the romantic King, Edward the Third.

On the sixteenth of June, 1332, Phi-

lippha gave birth to her eldest daughter, Isabella, at Woodstock palace; and, as was then the custom, she, at her "uprising," received the congratulations of the court whilst reclining upon her superb state bed.

In the spring of 1333, Edward commenced a fierce war against Scotland. The causes which led to the war are briefly these. Robert Bruce, after freeing his country from the power of the English, died in 1329, and left his son David, then but seven years old, and who, in the previous year, had been betrothed to Edward's infant sister, Joanna, under the guardianship of the Earl of Moray. Formerly many of the barons of each country had, at the same time, possessed lands in the other. These lands the respective sovereigns had seized during the war, and at the peace, instead of restoring them to their rightful owners, both Kings passed over the great body of claimants in silence. This injustice so irritated the English nobles who had possessed lands in Scotland, that joining with Edward Baliol, the son and heir of that Baliol who was forced by Edward the First to resign his crown, they flew to arms, and that too, with such vigour and success, that after a campaign of about two months, Baliol was crowned King of Scotland, on the twenty-fourth of September, 1332. Elated by his success, Baliol made flattering overtures to Edward, offering himself to wed the Princess Joanna, if her marriage with David Bruce did not proceed, and if otherwise, to provide for her by a payment of ten thousand pounds. Edward's position was a delicate one, he therefore resolved to pursue a neutral policy; but even this he could not maintain for long, as Baliol, falling as rapidly as he had risen, was compelled, in December, to seek refuge in England, where he was received with a friendly welcome by Edward, which so irritated the Scots, that they broke the treaty of peace, and made destructive inroads upon the borders. The real wishes of Edward were now gratified, the parliament sanctioned his renewing the Scotch war, and without delay, he opened the campaign by the

siege of Berwick. Philippa accompanied her royal lord in his expedition into the north, and whilst the siege of Berwick was going on, the intrepid Scotch Regent, Douglas, endeavoured to divert the attention of Edward by fiercely besieging Bamborough castle in Northumberland, where she resided; but the English King, relying on the courage of his Queen, and the strength of her castle home, would not relinquish his purpose, and after defeating the Scots in the sanguinary battle of Halidon Hill, entered Berwick in triumph on the twentieth of July.

In 1333, Philippa presented her royal lord with a daughter, christened Joanna. The birth of this Princess took place at the Tower, and in the following year, Prince William entered the world at Windsor, died almost immediately afterwards, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

It was in 1334 that Philippa's father made King Edward a present of a richly jewelled golden helmet, and at the same time urged him to cease his efforts against the poor but patriotic Scots, and lead his army against the more wealthy kingdom of France.

In 1336, whilst attending Edward in his fourth campaign against the Scots, Philippa gave birth to her third son, christened William of Hatfield, at a small village in Yorkshire. This infant died when only a few weeks old, and was buried with royal pomp in York cathedral.

Having now, as he believed, sufficiently reduced Scotland, Edward leagued with the Emperor of Germany, the Earl of Hainault, and other continental princes and nobles, and in 1338, commenced war in favour of his claim to the French crown. Making Flanders the field of hostilities, he sailed for Antwerp with Philippa and their younger daughter, leaving Prince John and the Princess Isabella behind, in the Tower. At the head of an army of fifty thousand mostly foreign mercenaries, Edward encamped near Capelle, whilst the French King advanced towards him with nearly one hundred thousand French troops. But these mighty

armies, after gazing at each other for a few days, separated without striking a blow; Edward marching his mercenaries back into Flanders, and there disbanding them. At the commencement of this war, Edward, besides expending all his wealth and revenues, had pawned the Queen's crown and jewels, and contracted debts to the enormous amount of three hundred thousand pounds. But still the means were inadequate for the carrying on his unjust designs against France. In fact, throughout this reign the people loved to be at war, but objected to pay its expenses; and notwithstanding the wealth that the infant manufacture of cloth was already drawing into the country, the monarch was always in poverty, and the crown jewels rarely out of pawn.

As Vicar-General of the Germanic empire, Edward during this campaign kept his court at Antwerp, where Philippa resided in right royal state, and on the twenty-ninth of November, gave birth to her tall, athletic son, Prince Lionel.

The French hailed the proclamation of war with as much joy as the English, and, on the commencement of hostilities, unexpectedly landed about nine o'clock one Sunday morning at Southampton, pillaged the town, killed many of the inhabitants, and taking the King's large ship, the Christopher, returned to the coast of France with a rich booty; a success which so exasperated Edward, that he vowed to be revenged upon France, let it cost what it might. The Pope endeavoured to soothe his wrath and prevent the effusion of blood; but to no purpose. At the solicitation of that popular Flemish leader, Jacob Von Arvelde, he publicly assumed the title of King of France, quartered with his own arms the French lilies, and added the motto, *DIEU ET MON DROIT*—God and my right; declaring thereby, that he put his whole confidence in God, and the justness of his cause. To raise money for the expenses of another campaign, he embarked for England on the twenty-first of February, leaving Philippa and her infant Prince, Lionel, as hostages for his speedy return, under

the charge of the Duke of Brabant. From the parliament he obtained the unprecedented supply of the ninth fleece, the ninth lamb, and the ninth sheaf; when having made other needful preparations, he summoned his men-at-arms, and the fleet being ready, set sail the day before the eve of St. John, accompanied by the Princess Isabella, and many English noble ladies who desired to visit their long absent Queen.

The royal fleet directed its course towards Sluys; but on the twenty-third of June, the day after they had sailed out of the port of Orwell, they descried a forest of masts, which proved to be a fleet of five hundred fine ships, fastened to each other with heavy iron chains, manned with the flower of the French navy, and provided at their mast head with turrets filled with stones, to hurl at their enemies. Having placed the ladies in a strong, well-guarded ship, Edward drew up his vessels in battle array, tacked about to avoid having the wind and sun in his face, and presently afterwards bore down upon the French with irresistible impetuosity. The action was horrible and murderous, and lasted from eight in the morning till seven at night, when, with scarcely an exception, the French ships were all sunk or taken. Two of the French admirals, and upwards of thirty thousand of their men, were either slain or drowned. Edward, who was himself slightly wounded in the thigh, lost but two ships and four thousand men. History scarcely affords an instance of so sanguine, so complete a naval victory. And as the French ministers dared not acquaint Philip with it, his buffoon hinted it to him by entering his presence in a seeming passion, and exclaiming, "Cowardly English! dastardly English! faint-hearted English! for they durst not leap out of their ships into the sea like our brave French and Normans have done at Sluys."

After cruising about for a few days in search of the escaped vessels, Edward, who throughout the action had displayed extraordinary prowess and valour, entered the Sluys in triumph, landed on the following day, and after returning

thanks to the Almighty at the church of Ardenburgh, hastened to Ghent, and embraced his Queen, who, whilst he was winning the victory of Sluys, had given birth to John of Gaunt, afterwards the renowned Duke of Lancaster.

As Philippa had been placed in some peril by an attack made by the French King during the absence of her lord, and as the war threatened to be sharp and protracted, Edward deemed it prudent to send to London the Princesses Isabella and Joanna, both of whom reached England in safety on the fifth of August, and took up their abode in the Tower.

After in vain challenging Philip to decide their quarrel by single combat, Edward fiercely besieged Tournay. The garrison bravely sustained the assault, but provisions became scarce, and although every needless mouth was turned out of the city, at the expiration of nine weeks the horrors of famine were so severely felt, that it was confidently expected that the place must fall, if not immediately relieved by a battle. At this crisis, Philippa's mother, Jane de Valois, hastened from the convent in which she had retired on the death of her husband, the Earl of Hainault, and by earnest entreaties induced Edward to consent to a short truce. The English King retired from the walls of Tournay in gloomy discontent. He had exhausted all his money, pawned or sold all his own and his consort's jewels and valuables, and to quiet the clamours of his creditors, borrowed largely of usurers at exorbitant interest. By urgent messages he demanded money from England, but as his ministers could not collect enough to satisfy his wants, he left the Earl of Derby and other nobles as security with his creditors, and embarking in stormy weather from a port in Zealand, returned with Philippa and her two infant Princes to England, stole unperceived up the Thames, and about midnight, on the second of December, 1340, with lighted torches landed and entered the Tower, where none knew of his coming. To his surprise, Edward found the royal fortress in a defenceless and almost deserted state. The constable, Nicolas de Bèche, had gone on a

visit to his lady love, and in his absence, the men-at-arms, the archers, and others, had followed his excellent example, and left the royal children with only three attendants. "When Edward asked for Sir Nicolas," saith Walsingham, "the sub-constable fell on his knees, and answered, 'Sire, he is out of town.' At which the King was very angry, so he commanded the servants at once to open the doors throughout, that he might see all the things that were within the Tower." Fortunately for Sir Nicolas and his neglectful subordinates, the gentle Philippa interceded in their behalf so effectually, that although the King had vowed to make an example of them, they were all pardoned.

In January, 1341, the Queen took up her residence at Langley, where in the following June she gave birth to Prince Edmund, afterwards Duke of Clarence and of York.

It was about this period that Edward, whilst on an excursion against the Scots, became enamoured of the exquisitely beautiful Countess of Salisbury. The fair Countess, whose husband, having been captured by the French, was at the time a prisoner in the gloomy towers of the Chatelet, resided in Wark Castle, and as her garrison had made a successful attack on some of King David's invading troops, he resolved to be revenged by taking the castle. The garrison, however, bravely defended themselves, till King Edward—then at Berwick—hastened to their relief, and compelled the Scots to raise the siege. Immediately the Scots had retired, the Countess, apparelled in costly attire, welcomed King Edward within the castle walls, thanked him for the effectual aid he had afforded her, and entertained him and his attendant nobles at a sumptuous banquet. But the King ate but little, and taking the first opportunity, drew the Countess aside, and told her that his heart was so deeply impressed with her beauty and grace, that his happiness solely depended on her reciprocating his passion. The Countess being a virtuous and sensible lady, answered, "My lord, I cannot believe you in earnest in what you say, nor can I think of doing such

an evil thing; which indeed would greatly tarnish your glory, and heap infamy on the head of myself and my husband."

Astonished and chagrined at this report, Edward, after passing a gloomy

day and a restless night, quitted the castle at the break of the following morn, and, at parting, told the Countess that he trusted, when they again met, she would grant his suit.

CHAPTER II.

Feast of the Round Table—The Princess Mary born—Philip's love for her children—Their places of residence—Re-commencement of war with France—Edward names Philippa and Prince Lionel regents—Embarks with the Black Prince for France—The battle of Crécy—Birth of the Princess Margaret—Siege of Calais—Philip's at Nevill's Cross—Capture of the Scotch King—Philip's voyages to Calais—Surrender of Calais—The burghers condemned to death by Edward—Saved by the intercession of Philippa—Calais peopled by the English—Made a staple town—Edward signs a truce, and returns to England with Philippa and the Black Prince—Order of the Garter instituted—Ravages by the plague—To what attributed—Its consequences—Birth of Philip's two youngest sons—Her encouragement to trade—Renewal of the war with France—Scotch Invasion.



On further his projects against France, by drawing into England the leading chivalry of the continent with whom he might treat in person, Edward ordered tournaments to be published, and received all persons of distinction who were present at these mock fights with marked honour, courtesy, and magnificence. Finding these entertainments answer beyond his expectations, he, to add to their solemnity, and to free himself from the ceremonies to which the difference of rank and condition would have obliged him, projected the revival of King Arthur's Round Table. Upon New Year's Day, 1344, he published royal letters of protection for the safe coming and returning of such foreign knights as had a mind to venture their reputation at the jousts and tournaments about to be held. The place of solemnity was Windsor: it was begun by a feast, and a round table was erected in the castle of two hundred feet diameter, at which the knights were entertained

with sumptuous fare and merry music. The feast was held on St. George's Day, and graced by the presence of Queen Philippa, and three hundred high-born ladies, all dressed in splendid robes of similar form and colour.

On the tenth of October, 1344, the Queen gave birth to the Princess Mary, afterwards married to John de Montfort, Duke of Brittany. The accouchement took place at Waltham, near Winchester, and Philip's uprising was celebrated with more than ordinary magnificence. Both Edward and Philip spent all the time they could devote to domestic enjoyments, in the company of their beloved offsprings, who resided alternately at the Tower, Woodstock, Langley, Eltham, or other of the royal residences, under the care of able guardians and instructors, and were well supplied with all necessaries, comforts, conveniences, and luxuries.

In 1345, it became evident that peace with France could no longer endure. Edward, therefore, to commence the campaign, obtained from his parliament grants of wool—money being scarce—whilst Philip established the so-long-

continued intolerable monopoly of salt, for the benefit of the crown. This mode of raising money induced Edward to declare that his adversary reigned by *salic* law, and, in retaliation, the French King nick-named Edward the Wool Merchant.

Having sent an army under the brave Earl of Derby to Guienne, in June, 1345, and endeavoured, though without success, to again make Flanders the seat of war, Edward resolved to proceed in person, with a powerful force, to France. Accordingly, he named Philippa and their son, Lionel, then seven years old, regents during his absence, with the Earl of Kent as their adviser and assistant in public matters, and accompanied by the heroic Prince Edward, then in his sixteenth year, who was burning to win his spurs in France, sailed with a powerful fleet from Southampton, in July 1346. On reaching France in safety, the English monarch and his son, Edward, the renowned Black Prince, after a series of successes, obtained the great and memorable victory over Philip, known as the battle of Cressy, on the twenty-sixth of August. In this, one of the most glorious triumphs ever achieved by English arms, John, Duke of Bohemia, James, King of Majorca, Ralph, Duke of Lorraine (Sovereign Princes), a number of French nobles, together with thirty thousand men of inferior rank, were slain, whilst the loss of the English was quite insignificant. The crest of the Duke of Bohemia—three ostrich feathers, with the motto, "*Ich Dien*" (I serve)—was, in memory of this victory, adopted by the Prince of Wales, and has ever since been borne by his successors.

A few weeks after the battle of Cressy, and whilst Edward was making extensive preparations for the siege, or rather blockade, of Calais, David of Scotland, instigated by the French King, suddenly crossed the border with hostile forces, and ravaged the northern counties with considerable success. Queen Philippa, who, since the departure of her royal lord, had resided at Windsor, where, on the twenty-first of July, she gave birth to the Princess Margaret, on hearing of this invasion, went to New-

castle-upon-Tyne, and hastily assembled an army of about twelve thousand men, from all parts of the country. The Scotch King, on learning that the English had assembled in arms, sent a messenger, informing the Queen that, if her army came outside the town, he would give them battle. Philippa accepted this challenge, marshalled her troops on an eminence near Nevil's Cross, and, in a spirited address, urged them, in the name of God and their King, to fight valiantly; and recommending them to the protection of heaven and St. George, retired to the town whilst the battle was being fought.

The action took place on the seventeenth of October. The English fought bravely, and after a sanguine contest, in which fifteen thousand Scots were slain, gained a decisive victory. The Scotch King, with two arrows hanging in his body, and whilst fighting with desperation, was made prisoner by John Copeland, a Northumbrian "varlet," who instantly rode off with his royal prize, first to the Castle of Ogle, and thence to that of Bamborough. On learning that the royal prisoner had been hastily conveyed she knew not whither, Philippa demanded him to be given up to her; but the proud Copeland answered, that only to his liege lord, King Edward, would he surrender the prisoner. This reply greatly annoyed the Queen, but it being quite in accordance with the spirit of feudality, she wrote to her royal lord at Calais, and he sent for Copeland, cordially welcomed him, ordered him to deliver the King of Scots to Philippa, and, as a remuneration for his signal services, made him a knight banneret, with an income of five hundred pounds a-year. After tarrying two days at Calais, Copeland returned to England, and, attended by his friends and neighbours, carried the King of Scotland to York, where he presented him, in the King's name, to Philippa, who displayed a highly commendable magnanimity on the occasion, and assured Copeland that, although he had refused to obey her delegated authority, he deserved praise for his great valour in the battle-field, whilst his having so cheerfully complied with the in-

junction of her royal lord, had satisfied her, and insured for him her good will.

The Scotch King was conveyed with all joy and speed to London, and, on the sixth of January, 1347, mounted on a tall black war-horse, conducted in triumph from Westminster through the streets of the metropolis, which were thronged with spectators, to the Tower, and lodged in the state prison in that fortress.

Meanwhile, the Queen proceeded to Calais, accompanied by most of the high-born ladies of England, who were all anxious to enjoy a temporary reunion with their husbands and kindred, occupied at the blockade of that important city. The fair voyagers reached Calais, in safety, on the twenty-ninth of October, 1346, and Edward welcomed their arrival by a grand court and a sumptuous feast, presided over by himself and his victorious consort.

The blockade of Calais continued till the third of August, 1347, when the brave garrison, overcome by famine and despair, surrendered at discretion. The Governor sent a messenger soliciting easier terms, and after much entreaty, Edward ordered Sir Walter Mauny to go and say, that all should be pardoned save six of the principal burghers, who must surrender their lives as a sacrifice to his vengeance.

This answer struck the dejected inhabitants with consternation. They met the weeping Governor in the marketplace to consult, when, after a brief pause, Eustace de St. Pierre, the most wealthy of the citizens, dispelled the common gloom by naming himself first of the six to die for the behoof of their starving fellow-townsmen. His example was immediately imitated by five others, and the procession walked from the gate to the English camp with the greatest sorrow and lamentation. It was headed by the Governor, mounted on a small horse, on account of his wounds; then followed fifteen knights bare-headed, with their swords pointed to the ground, and next came the six citizens walking with their heads and feet bare, clad only in their shirts, and with halters round their necks.

When presented to Edward by Sir Walter Mauny, the six citizens fell on their knees, handed him the keys of the town and the castle, declared they surrendered themselves to his absolute will and pleasure to save their fellow-citizens from starvation and misery, and with uplifted hands implored his mercy.

The English nobles present wept over their misfortunes, but Edward received them with an air of severity, and, rejecting the intercession of his barons, ordered their heads to be struck off.

Being determined, if possible, to save them, Sir Walter Mauny stepped forward and said :—

"I beseech you, sire, cool your wrath; for if you put to death these six good citizens, the act will tarnish your fair fame, and the world will brand you as a cruel despot."

The king gave a wink to his attendants, and answered :—

"Let the world think as it will, I am resolved that these men shall suffer for the evil done me by the stubborn inhabitants of Calais." Then addressing his marshal, he concluded :—

"Send for the executioner, and see that he instantly decapitates them."

On hearing this, Philippa fell on her knees before her royal lord, and with dishevelled hair, and bathed in tears, exclaimed :—

"Ah, gentle sir! since I have voyaged over the perilous waters to see you, I have never asked you one favour; now I earnestly implore, for the sake of the Son of the blessed Mary, and for your love to me, that you will spare the lives of these six good men!"

Edward looked at her for a few seconds in silence, and then said :—

"Dearest Philippa, I would you had been anywhere else than here, for I cannot refuse your entreaty. I give them you, do as you will with them."

The gentle Queen then conducted the prisoners to her chamber, took the halters from their necks, clothed them in becoming apparel, served them with a plentiful repast, made to each a present of six nobles, and had them safely escorted out of the camp. On their departure, St. Pierre exclaimed :—

"Ah, my country, it is now that I tremble for you! Edward only wins our cities, but Philippa conquers our hearts!"

Immediately the castle was prepared for their reception, the King and Queen entered the tower in grand procession, and took up their abode there, where they stayed till all the natives who refused to swear fealty to the King of England were expelled, and the town re-peopled with a colony of Englishmen. Of the Calaisans who transferred their allegiance to Edward, one of the first was the generous burgher Eustace de St. Pierre. The King gave him most of his former property and additional lands; and he, on his part, undertook to maintain, by his influence, peace amongst the native inhabitants—a trust which he well and faithfully performed. Being fully aware of the importance of Calais as a mart for English merchandize, Edward made it a staple town, and from time to time appointed one of the leading merchants of England to be mayor of the staple there. It rapidly rose to a place of considerable opulence, and so continued during the two hundred and ten years that it was held by England.

Having signed a truce with France, which, at the pressing instance of the Pope, was afterwards prolonged for six years, Edward, accompanied by Queen Philippa, the Black Prince, and a host of nobles and their ladies, embarked for England. Whilst at sea a terrible tempest burst forth, and wrecked several of the ships. However, after encountering much danger, the fleet entered port on the fourteenth of October, 1347, and the sovereigns and their attendants landed in safety, and proceeded to London. Shortly afterwards—the precise date is not known—Edward established the renowned Order of the Garter. The origin of this order is veiled in obscurity; doubtless it was established partly to commemorate the victories in France, and partly to spur the nobles and knights to acts of personal courage and chivalry. But, although the reasons assigned for its motto, *HONI SOIT QUI MAL Y PENSE*, evil to him who evil thinks, are all vague and unsatisfactory, the order,

limited as it is to twenty-five persons besides the sovereign of England, has to the present time outvied all other similar institutions in the world, it being deemed one of the proudest and most envied rewards of eminent birth and merit. The first chapter of the Garter was held at Windsor; Queen Philippa, attended by many noble ladies, was present. And at the tournament, Edward appeared with a white swan emblazoned on his surcoat and shield, together with the motto:—

"Ha! ha! the white swan,
By God's soul I am the man!"

It being the first motto in *English* borne by a Plantagenet.

When Philippa returned after the surrender of Calais, England was in the enjoyment of plenty and prosperity. The lustre of British arms was brightened by the valour, wisdom, and good fortune of the King, and the prowess, the high endowments and accomplishments of the Black Prince—heir-apparent to the Crown—afforded prospects of a brilliant future. But this happy state of things was of short continuance. That horrible pestilence, known by the significant name of the Black Death, or the Plague, after ravaging Asia to the banks of the Nile, swept the coasts of the Mediterranean, depopulated the continent of Europe, and in August, 1348, made its first appearance in Dorsetshire, reached London in November, and thence spread itself over the whole island, inducing a mortality so great, that the living could scarcely suffice to bury the dead. In a short time its effects were such, that business was suspended, husbandry neglected, the courts of justice closed, the parliament again and again prorogued, and the healthful, thinking only of their own safety, slighted every call of humanity, honour, and duty; and, abandoning the infected, endeavoured to escape death by flight, or by a round of dissipation and riotous carousal. Few of the victims of this appalling malady lived more than two or three days. According to some writers, two-thirds of the population perished, and although this is probably an exaggeration, the mortality must have been alarmingly great. In London the cemeteries were soon filled.

In a field of thirteen acres, where the Charter-house now stands, purchased for a public burial-ground by the munificence of Sir Walter Mauny, a daily average of two hundred bodies were deposited for several successive weeks. "In one year," says Stow, "fifty thousand persons who died of this plague, were herein interred." The mortality in Yarmouth was seven thousand and fifty-two in one year, in Norwich fifty-seven thousand one hundred and four in the six months ending July, 1349, and in other places in proportion.

The ravages of the pestilence were confined chiefly to the lower orders, as the more wealthy greatly escaped the infection by shutting themselves up in their castles, and avoiding communication with the neighbourhood. Of the few victims of the higher classes may be mentioned Dr. Stratford, Archbishop of Canterbury, also his successor, the celebrated Thomas Bradwardine, and Philippa's second daughter, the Princess Joanna, who, after a short but severe attack, whilst on her way to be married to the infant of Castile, expired on the second of September, 1348, in the fifteenth year of her age.

By the piety of the age this plague was attributed to the anger of the Almighty; and whatever might be the cause which provoked that anger, certain it is that plenty and prosperity had brought excess and profligacy into the land. The women, say the writers of the times, attired in objectionable clothing, and mounted on spirited chargers, partook of the diversions at jousts and tournaments, and by their levity and indiscretion afforded food to the lovers and retailers of scandal. Indeed, some chroniclers affirm that, renouncing the native modesty of their sex, they vied with each other in becoming the mothers of illegitimate offsprings, whilst the manners and conduct of the men were, if possible, more reprehensible. But, exaggerated as this statement may be, certain it is, that in 1363, a statute was passed to repress extravagance of dress, to which in the preamble is attributed the poverty of the nation.

The ravages of the pestilence caused

such a scarcity of labour, that Edward published a proclamation prohibiting the relief of mendicants able to work, and compelling all healthy men and women under sixty, and without visible means of subsistence, to hire themselves as servants at the same wages as in former years to any masters desiring their services. But although these orders were enforced by fines, imprisonments, and the pillory, the provisions of the proclamation were eluded by the avarice and ingenuity of the labourers. During the harvest the most exorbitant wages were demanded and given; and the next parliament, dreading the consequences if the hand of labour was allowed to dip so deeply into the purse of the capitalist, converted the ordinance into a statute regulating the amount of wages, and enacting new and severe penalties against the transgressors.

In 1348, Philippa gave birth to a prince at Windsor, christened Thomas, who died in his early childhood. Her next and last born entered the world at Woodstock, on the seventh of January, 1364, and being a male infant, by the express desire of his royal sire, also received the name of Thomas at the baptismal font.

From this period Philippa resided mostly in England, and gave her earnest attention to the improvement of the trade and commerce of the nation. By her queenly influence the working of the Tynedale coal mines, which had been stopped during the Scotch war, was again commenced with vigour; and ship building, the coal trade, the woollen manufactures, and other valuable branches of national industry, were greatly encouraged. In 1360, she and her son, the Black Prince, held a tournament at Norwich, the seat of the woollen manufacture, where they were entertained with great splendour by the Corporation.

All efforts to re-establish peace between England and France proved futile; when Edward, convinced by experience that the French crown was beyond his reach, offered to renounce his pretensions thereto in exchange for the sovereignty of the provinces, which he held as a

vassal in the right of himself and his queen. The proposal was scornfully rejected by Philip; and although, shortly after Philip's death in 1351, his son and successor John the Second discovered a willingness to accept it, the French, after delay in negotiation, declared that they would never suffer their king to surrender a sovereignty which formed the brightest jewel in the French crown.

In 1355, Edward, indignant at what he deemed the bad faith of the French, again took up arms. The war was commenced by Prince Edward, who, with an army of sixty thousand men, issued forth from Bordeaux, and, in the short space of seven weeks, pillaged, burnt, and destroyed about five hundred French cities, towns, and villages in the provinces, from which the King of France drew a considerable portion of his revenue.

During this expedition King Edward marched from Calais towards the heart of France with a powerful army. But he had scarcely proceeded on the work

of devastation, when he was startled by the intelligence that the Scots had taken Berwick by surprise, passed over the borders and ravaged the northern counties. He, therefore, hastened to England, assembled his forces at Northumberland, recovered Berwick by the sole terror of his approach, and at Roxburgh purchased from Baliol his right to the Scotch throne for the present sum of five thousand marks, and a yearly rent of two thousand pounds. He then marched through the Lothians to the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, committing such havoc that the natives in their similar excursions into England long afterwards, animated themselves to equally horrible acts by the cry of "The burnt Candlemass!"

Whilst these devastations were being committed, Philippa resided in quiet retirement chiefly at Windsor, as the continuance of the plague in the metropolis rendered it dangerous for her to visit either the Tower or the Palace at Westminster.

CHAPTER III.

France devastated by the Black Prince—The battle of Poitiers—King John of France and his son Philip taken prisoners—Received and entertained with courtesy by Philippa and her lord—Du Guesclin's ransom—Tournament in Smithfield—Another, in which the King personates the Mayor of London—Edward reinvades France—Philippa accompanies him thither—He negotiates a peace and returns with the Queen to England—Releases King John—Marriage of the Princess Isabella—And of the Black Prince—King John returns to England and dies—Philippa's sickness—Deathbed—Burial—Tomb—Children—Edward's unfortunate widowhood—His love for Alice Perrers—Miserable death—Acts of magnificence—Person and character.



HE ever-memorable victory of Poitiers signalized the year 1356. The success of the late campaign stimulated Prince Edward to a similar attempt in a different direction. With an army of twelve thousand men he desolated with fire and sword the fertile provinces of Ouerai, Limousin, Auvergne, and Berri. His object was not to conquer, but to

enrich his followers at the expense of his enemies. What his army could not consume or carry away, was destroyed. Towns, villages, and farm-houses, were levelled with the dust, the cattle were slaughtered, and every wealthy prisoner was conducted to Bordeaux, and there held captive till his ransom was paid. Having penetrated into the very heart of France, he resolved to march into Normandy and join his forces with those of the Duke of Lancaster, and the partisans of the King of Navarre; but

finding all the bridges on the Loire broken down, he resolved to retire through Touraine and Poitiers into Guienne. This movement was rendered imperative by the news which he had heard of the King of France, who, provoked at the insult offered to him by the Black Prince in thus devastating the kingdom, had collected an army of sixty thousand men, and was advancing by forced marches to intercept him. The armies came in sight of each other at the village of Maupertuis, when, perceiving the danger of his situation, the Prince exclaimed:—

“God help us! for it only remains for us to fight bravely!”

The Prince's inferiority of force was partly balanced by the advantage of his position,—a rising ground covered with vineyards, and accessible only on one point through a long narrow lane, which would only admit of four horsemen abreast, and with a thick hedge on each side. The armies were scarcely drawn up in battle array, when the Cardinal Perigord hastened to the field, and implored King John to permit him to endeavour to bring the English to terms without further bloodshed. Having obtained from the King a reluctant consent, he rode to the Prince, who, in reply to the application, expressed his readiness to enter into any terms that would not compromise his own honour, or the character of England. This the Cardinal promised. But as John imagined he had the Prince in his power, he demanded, as his ultimatum, the surrender of the Prince and a hundred of his knights as prisoners of war. These terms were rejected with indignation; and as the day was well nigh spent, the night was passed in busy preparations for battle.

At the dawn of day, on the nineteenth of September, the Prince, addressing his army, told them that victory depended not on numbers, but on the will of God. “Therefore,” he continued, “be you courageous and fight bravely; and, please God and St. George! I will this day triumph or die in the attempt,—for it shall never be said that England had to ransom her Black Prince.”

Animated by this address, the little band received the charge of the French with cool intrepidity. The battle was commenced by the French cavalry galloping into the lane. For a period they advanced without being molested, but when at length the order was given, the English archers stationed behind the hedges poured in such a destructive volley of arrows, that the passage became choked with dying men and horses. Seizing the propitious moment, the Black Prince, with a body of men-at-arms, rushed down the hill on to the moor, which had become the theatre of war, with such steadfast courage, that the main body of the French fled in disorder. The victory was most decisive. The King of France, with his fourth son, Philip, and many hundred knights, were made prisoners.

The story of the courtesy of the Black Prince to his royal captives, and his triumphant entry with them into London, is told in every History of England.* We may add, that by all the members of the royal family John was treated rather as an illustrious guest than a captive, the King and the Queen and the nobles frequently visiting and being visited, and sumptuously entertained by him. The palace of Savoy was his London residence; and on one occasion he was entertained with royal splendour by that wealthy merchant Sir Henry Picard, who was honoured with the visit at one time of the King, the Black Prince, and the Kings of France,

* When King John entered London a prisoner, so delicate were the attentions of the Black Prince and the citizens, that all the pomp that was displayed seemed as if intended only to honour the captive monarch. In the streets, as he passed to Westminster, the citizens hung out their armour, their vessels of gold and silver, and their tapestries of Tyrian dye, bedecked with streamers of every hue. “The like,” says Barns, “had never been seen before in the memory of man.” When they made their entry into London, the King of France was mounted on a stately white charger adorned with costly trappings, whilst the Prince rode on a black palfrey by his side. The procession was received by the Lord Mayor, and other members of the Corporation, with all the respect which they used to pay to their own monarchs.

Scotland, and Cyprus, at his mansion in the Vintry.

One of the prisoners of Poitiers was the renowned warrior, Sir Bertrand du Guesclin. At an entertainment given by Philippa to the noble French prisoners, the Black Prince proposed that Du Guesclin should, in accordance with the etiquette of the times, name his own ransom, declaring that, be the sum great or small, it should set him free.

"I value myself at one hundred thousand crowns," answered the proud Breton.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the prince, astonished at the largeness of the amount: "How can you possibly raise such a sum?"

"How?" retorted Du Guesclin, readily, "for all the knights in Brittany would rather mortgage their castles and their lands, than Sir Bertrand should pine in prison or be rated below his value. Besides, as I have ever demeaned myself towards the gentle sex with kindness and courtesy, all the fair spinners in France would devote a portion of their earnings to set me free. Think, then, prince, if I should long remain your captive, when all the French women who toil at the distaff would employ their hands to procure my liberty."

Philippa, who had given an attentive ear to this discourse, now spoke as follows:—

"Fair son, I will myself contribute fifty thousand crowns towards Du Guesclin's ransom; for, although my husband's enemy, he deserves my assistance, on account of the many times he has perilled his life to afford protection to the weaker sex."

On this, Sir Bertrand fell on his knees before the Queen, and, with uplifted hands, thanked her for her bounty, declaring that, being the least comely knight in France, he only expected goodness from those ladies whom he had aided by his sword.

In 1357, King Edward celebrated the victory of Poitiers by a grand tournament, held in Smithfield, in the presence of the Queen and the ladies of the court. The spectacle was one of the most splendid of its kind. At the feast, the cap-

tive monarchs of France and Scotland sat on each side of the king as guests; and the armour in which they tilted at the tourney has been preserved, and is now in the possession of Queen Victoria. This tournament was followed, in the spring of 1359, by one held also in London, if possible still more imposing, and at which the King in disguise personated the mayor, his two eldest sons the sheriffs, and two other of his sons, with several noblemen, the aldermen of the city. A tolerable proof that the mayor and sheriffs of London possessed the same rights as the privileged classes, and, also, that the wealthier order of citizens were educated in the use of knightly arms.

Being unable to obtain from the French nobles such terms as he desired for the release of their captive monarch, Edward closely confined John in the Tower of London, and prepared to reinvade France with forces more formidable than ever. He embarked on this campaign on the twenty-ninth of October, 1359, accompanied by his consort Philippa and all his sons, saving Thomas of Woodstock, who, although but five years old, was nominated guardian of the kingdom during the absence of his father, and when parliaments were held, actually took his seat on the throne as the representative of the majesty of the country.

After traversing France from end to end, and committing the most disgraceful ravages, Edward, whilst proceeding to besiege Paris, was stopped in his career of devastation by the outburst of one of those dreadfully destructive thunderstorms, which occasionally pass over the French continent. The fury of this storm was so overwhelming, that thousands of men and horses were struck dead before the eyes of the English king; and the sight of this, the bulk of the hailstones, the violence of the wind, the incessant glare of the lightning, and the unintermitting roll and crash of the thunder, awakened in the heart of Edward a sense of the horrors occasioned by his ambition. Overcome by remorse, he sprang from his saddle, knelt down on the spot, and stretching his hands towards the cathedral of Chartres, vowed

to stop the effusion of blood by making peace with France on any terms compatible with his own honour. Philippa, who greatly respected the honourable-minded French King, held her husband to his word, and after much negotiation, a peace was concluded at Brittany, on the tenth of May; and ten days afterwards, the King, Queen, and royal family, after a prosperous voyage, landed in safety at Rye, in England.

Shortly after this peace, the French King was released, on condition of paying a ransom of three million crowns of gold; and, on his departure, Edward, with a commendable courtesy, presented him and his nobles with plate and jewels to the value of two thousand eight hundred marks. As security for the payment of the ransom, Edward detained twenty-five French barons as hostages. One of these hostages, Lord de Courcy, won the heart of Philippa's eldest daughter, the Princess Isabella, to whom he was married with great magnificence at Windsor, on the twenty-seventh of July, 1365.

On the tenth of October, 1361, the Black Prince was married to the singularly beautiful Joanna of Kent, widow of Sir Thomas Holland, at Windsor chapel, in the presence of the King, the Queen, and a brilliant assemblage of nobles. After the marriage, the Prince was invested by his royal sire with the Duchy of Aquitaine, and, at an unlucky hour, he proceeded with his bride to govern that territory.

As the Duke of Anjou, one of the French hostages, had, in violation of his patrol, fled to Paris, and as difficulties had arisen in regard to the payment of the ransom of the King of France, that monarch, disregarding the entreaties of his council, who maintained that love for the Countess of Salisbury, and not honour, was the motive of his journey, resolved to visit England. He landed on the thirtieth of December, 1363, was received by Edward and Philippa with every token of affection, resided in splendour in the Savoy, and spent several weeks in giving and receiving entertainments. But before he could transact any business of importance, he was seized with an alarming illness, which

put a period to his existence, in April, 1364. By the desire of Philippa, King Edward sent the corpse with a splendid retinue to France, where it was buried with royal magnificence in the abbey church of St. Denis.

About two years after the death of John, Philippa was attacked with dropsy, which, despite the efforts of the ablest physicians, slowly but surely brought about her dissolution. Her death is thus touchingly narrated by her grateful historian Froissart:—"In the meantime there fell in England a sad case, though a common. Howbeit, it was right piteous for the King, his children, and all his realm, for the good Queen of England, that so many good deeds had done in her time, and so many knights aided, and ladies and damsels comforted, and had so largely given of her goods to her people, and naturally loved the nation of Hainault, the country where she was born, fell sick in the castle of Windsor, and that sickness continued on her so long, that there was no remedy but death. And the good lady, when she knew and saw that there was for her no remedy but death, she desired to speak to the King her husband; and when he was before her, she put out of bed her right hand, and took the King by his right hand, who was very sorrowful of heart. Then she said:—

"‘Sir, we have in peace, and joy, and great prosperity, passed all our time together. Sir, now I pray you at our parting to grant me three requests.’

"The King, shedding tears in abundance, answered, ‘Madam, ask what you will, I grant it.’

"‘Sir!’ said she, ‘I ask first of all, that all the people I have dwelt with on this side of the sea and the other, that it may please you to pay every thing I owe them; and next, sir, all such intentions and promises as I have made to churches as well of this country as beyond the sea, where I have paid my devotions, that you will fulfil them; and thirdly, I ask that it may please you to take none other sepulture, whensoever it shall please God to call you out of this transitory life, but beside me in the church of Westminster.’

"The King, in tears, answered:—

"Madam, I grant you all your desire."

"Then the good Queen made the sign of the cross upon her, and commended the King her husband to God, and her youngest son Thomas, who was then beside her; and, in fervent prayer, gave up her spirit, which, I surely believe, was caught by holy angels and carried with joy up into heaven, for, both in thought and deed, she was a holy and virtuous lady."

Thus died the good Philippa of Hainault, on the fifteenth of August, 1369. The news of her death filled the land with mourning; and when the sad tidings was conveyed to the English army at Tournham, "every creature was greatly afflicted and sorely sorrowful." In compliance with her desire, she was interred with magnificent funeral rites in Westminster Abbey. The King and her two youngest sons followed her to her grave, which is not, as she had wished, by the side of her husband's, but at his feet. The beautiful altar-tomb of black marble, with delicate alabaster tabernacles, formerly enclosing eight angels, and which still points out in the Confessor's Chapel where the remains of Queen Philippa repose, was sculptured by John Orchard, stone-mason of London; and the effigy which surmounts the tomb, and which, as a work of art, is considered to rank high, was the work of Hawkin Liege, a Flemish sculptor, who was paid two hundred marks for it.

On a tablet near to the tomb are some Latin verses, with the following translation made by Skelton:—

"Faire Philippa, William Hainault's child
And younger daughter deare,
Of roseate hue and beauty bright,
In tomb lies hilled here.
Edward III., through mother's will
And nobles' good consent,
Took her to wife, and joyfully
With her his time he spent.
Her brother John, a martial man,
And eke a valliant knight,
Did link this woman to this king,
In bonds of marriage tight.
This match and marriage thus in blood
Did bind the Flemings sure
To Englishmen, by which they did
The Frenchmen's wracke procure.
This Philippa flowered in gifts full rare,
And treasures of the mind,

In beauty bright, religious faith,
To all and each most kind.
A fruitful mother Philippa was,
Full many a son she bred,
And brought forth many a worthy knight,
Hardy and full of dread.
A careful nurse to students all,
At Oxford she did found
Queen's College,* and Dame Pallas' school,
That did her fame resound.

Learn to live!"

Philippa was the mother of twelve children, and of these, five sons and four daughters attained to maturity. Although tall, stalwart, and well-proportioned, scarcely one of Philippa's sons lived to old age. Edward, named from the colour of his armour the Black Prince, was created Prince of Wales, Duke of Aquitaine and Cornwall, and Earl of Chester. He was also Earl of Kent in right of his wife, the fair Joanna, daughter of Edmund, Earl of Kent, brother to Edward the Second. Joanna had been twice previously married, first to the Earl of Salisbury, from whom she was divorced, and next to the Lord Thomas Holland, who, dying, left her a widow. By the Black Prince she had two sons: Edward, who died in his seventh year, and Richard, who, at the death of Edward the Third, ascended the throne of England. The Black Prince died at Canterbury, on the eighth of June, 1376, and was buried in the cathedral, where his tomb may still be seen.

Lionel of Hatfield, Duke of Clarence, ended his days in Italy, and left only a daughter named Philippa, by his first wife, Elizabeth de Burgh. Like all the sons of Queen Philippa, he was a famous warrior.

John of Gaunt, the renowned Duke of Lancaster, was three times married. By his first wife, Blanch, daughter of Henry, Duke of Lancaster, he had a son Henry, who became King of England, under the title of Henry the Fourth, and two daughters: Philippa, wife of John the First, King of Portugal, and Elizabeth, married to the Earl of Huntingdon. His second wife,

* This is an error: Queen's College, Oxford, was founded not by Philippa, but by her worthy chaplain, Robert de Eglesfield, who modestly placed it under her protection, and named it the College of the Queen.

Constance of Castile, brought him a daughter named Catherine. This daughter was married to John of Portugal's son, Henry the Third, who, in her right, became King of Castile and Leon. By his third wife, Catherine, daughter of Payn Roet, a Gascon, whose younger daughter was married to the Poet-laureate, Geoffrey Chaucer, he had John, Earl of Somerset, Thomas, Duke of Exeter, Henry, Bishop of Winchester, and a daughter christened Joanna.

Edmund of Langley was created Earl of Cambridge by the king his father, and afterwards Duke of York, in the reign of Richard the Second, his nephew. He married Isabella of Castile, by whom he had a son, Richard Plantagenet, Duke of York.

Thomas of Woodstock was made Duke of Buckingham by Richard the Second, and afterwards Duke of Gloucester. Although passionate, self-willed, and petulant, he was valiant, accomplished, and highly intelligent. He was the great patron of the poet Gower; and his work on the Laws of Battle is remarkable for perspicuousness, power, and brilliancy of style. In right of his wife, Eleonora, daughter and heiress of Humphrey de Bohun, he obtained the Earldoms of Essex and Northampton, and the constablership of England. His wife made him father of a son, Humphrey, Earl of Buckingham, and two daughters—Ann and Joanna.

The Princess Isabella, married to Lord de Courcy, in 1365, became the mother of two daughters: Mary, married to Henry of Barre, and Philippa, the wife of Robert de Vere, Earl of Oxford. Isabella died in 1397, and was buried at the head of the tomb of Queen Margaret, Edward the First's second wife, in Christ Church, Aldgate.

The Princess Joanna died, as has been previously mentioned, on her journey to Castile. Mary lived but thirty weeks after her marriage with the Duke of Brittany, which was solemnized at Woodstock, in 1361, when she was but seventeen years of age; and Queen Philippa's youngest daughter, Margaret, was married, in 1359, to the Earl of Hastings, and died two years afterwards

without issue, and at the girlish age of sixteen.

With the life of the amiable Philippa of Hainault, the sun of Edward's happiness and greatness set for ever. In 1370, the brave Sir John Chandos was killed in France. In the following year, Edward's valued friend, Sir Walter Mauny, died; and when, in person, he directed a fleet to the scene of his former triumphs, a storm arose, scattered the vessels, and compelled him to return unsuccessful. At home, only misfortune and disaffection seemed to reign. On the death of the Black Prince, John of Gaunt was suspected of aiming at the crown. The court was embroiled with factions; and, although King Edward had expressed the greatest sorrow at the loss of his beloved consort, and cheerfully complied with her dying requests, her remains were scarcely laid underground, when he made the worthless Alice Perrers—a married woman, of distinguished wit and beauty, who had been one of her ladies of the bed-chamber—her successor in his affections. This infamous woman acquired such an ascendancy over the mind of the doting old king, that she obtained a grant of her deceased mistress's jewels, tutored the king in his answers, sat by him at the bed's head, dispensed the royal favours; and, on one occasion, appeared at a tournament in Cheapside, in splendid apparel, and on a cream-coloured palfrey, as lady of the sun, and mistress of the day.

From this time Edward sunk into a state of debility of body and mind, from which he never recovered. Abandoned to the care, or rather cruel mercy, of Alice Perrers, he lived in obscurity at Eltham, and when his end was approaching, was removed to Sheen, now Richmond, where he expired on the twenty-first of June, 1377. On the morning of his death, and whilst he lay speechless, Alice Perrers took the rings from his fingers, and fled. The other domestics had gone to plunder the palace, and but for the kindness of a priest who chanced to be passing by, and heard his dying groans, the mighty Edward would have breathed his last without a soul to

succour or console him. The priest admonished him of his situation, and holding up the crucifix, bade him prepare to appear before his Maker. The forsaken monarch thanked the priest for his kindness, took the symbol of salvation into his hands, kissed it, pronounced the name of Jesus, wept, and expired.

Amongst other acts of munificence, King Edward the Third rebuilt Windsor Castle, founded King's Hall, in Cambridge, now part of Trinity College, and the collegiate chapel of St. Stephen's.

at Westminster, for a dean and twelve secular canons.

In personal accomplishments and in mental powers, Edward is said to have been equal, if not superior, to any of his predecessors. He could speak English, French, German, and Latin. His person was elegant, his deportment graceful. He defended the privileges of the people, as well as the prerogatives of the crown; and, being bold, enterprising, active, and sagacious, most of his projects were planned with prudence, and executed with vigour.

ANNE OF BOHEMIA,

First Queen of Richard the Second.

CHAPTER I.

Vain endeavours to obtain a consort for Richard the Second—Successful negotiations for the hand of Anne of Bohemia—Her birth—Parentage—Lack of personal charms—Disposition—Procurators for her marriage appointed—Their proceedings—The marriage delayed by the Wat Tyler insurrection—Anne journeys to England—Her reception—Marriage to Richard the Second—Coronation—Head-dress, side saddles, pins, introduced by her—Her dower—Religious opinions—Bohemian knight slain—The King condemns his brother—Death of the Princess of Wales—The Duke of Ireland falls in love with one of the Queen's maids.



ALTHOUGH when Richard the Second ascended the throne he was a boy in the eleventh year of his age, his council, two years afterwards, entered into negotiations for his marriage with a daughter of the Duke of Milan; but this project failed; and in the subsequent year an effort was made to obtain for him the hand of a daughter of the late Emperor Lewis, but with no better success. The council next proposed an alliance with Anne of Bohemia, and her uncle, the Emperor Wenclaus, lent a willing ear to the suit.

The Princess Anne entered the world at Prague, in Bohemia, about the year 1367. Her father, Charles the Fourth, King of Bohemia, and Emperor of Germany,—a monarch remarkable for duplicity and avarice,—was the son of the

blind King of Bohemia, who fell at the battle of Crécy, whilst bravely fighting in the cause of France. Her mother, Elizabeth, daughter of Bogislaus, Duke of Stetten, and grand-daughter to Casimir the Third, King of Poland, was the fourth wife of the Emperor Charles; and being a princess of great parts and virtue, she educated her family with the utmost care; and to this is the kind, gentle disposition of the amiable Anne greatly to be attributed.

Anne of Bohemia possessed few or no personal charms. Several of our chroniclers call her the beautiful queen; but they certainly have erred in so doing, as her figure was short, square, and undignified, her forehead and chin narrow and peaky, her cheeks high and bony, her complexion sallow and muddy, and her face vacant and inexpressive. This lack of beauty, however, was more than counterbalanced by a rightly-directed, well-informed mind, and a tender, sym-

thising heart, which rendered her an endearing wife, and a Queen so gracious and beneficent, that after her death she was long remembered by the people under the appellation of the "Good Queen Anne."

John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, wished the King to marry one of his daughters, but the alliance was objected to, and the choice of the council fell upon Anne of Bohemia. Sir Simon Burly was deputed to go to Germany and negotiate the marriage; and on his reaching Prague, and opening the business, the Emprress despatched to the Court of England Duke Primislaus, of Saxony, whose report being favourable both the Emperor and Richard appointed procurators to treat of the marriage; and shortly afterwards, Anne, of her own free will, nominated procurators on her own part.

In their subsequent proceedings, the procurators stipulated that Anne should be married and crowned within a given time, and have conferred on her all the honours and income usually enjoyed by the Queens of England; and the preliminaries were concluded by Anne herself writing a letter to the English council, declaring that she accepted King Richard of her own free will and choice. Preparations were next commenced for the marriage, but ere they were brought to a conclusion the formidable Wat Tyler insurrection happened in England, and absorbed the whole attention of the King and his advisers.

These troubles quelled, the arrangements of the marriage were proceeded with, and towards the close of the year 1381, the Princess Anne set out for England, accompanied by the Duke and Duchess of Saxony, and a large retinue. From Bohemia she proceeded through her uncle's Duchy of Brabant to Brussels, where, detained by a fear of being captured, she tarried for about a month, it being reported that the French King intended to carry her off, and that, for this purpose, twelve large Norman warships were coasting between Calais and Holland. Her uncle sent envoys to King Charles of France, who, for the love he bore to his cousin Anne, granted

passports for her and her suite,—an act of condescension which greatly pleased the royal bride and all concerned.

From Brussels Anne and her train were escorted by one hundred spears through Ghent and Bruges to Gravelines, where she was met by the Earls of Devonshire and Salisbury, who, with an escort of five hundred spears, and the same number of archers, conducted her in safety to Calais, where an English embassy awaited her arrival. From Calais she sailed without delay, and landed at Dover just in time to escape the destructive effects of a violent ground swell, which before her very face rent into pieces the ship in which she had voyaged, and tossed and greatly injured the rest of the fleet. After tarrying two days at Dover to repose herself, she proceeded on her journey to Canterbury, whence the King's uncle, Thomas, conducted her with great pomp to London. On approaching the metropolis she was met by the Mayor, aldermen, and commons, in grand procession, and welcomed to the City with an enthusiasm which she remembered with pleasure to the day of her death. On this occasion all the mysteries of the City were arrayed in vestures of red and black, each mystery wearing its own conuance thereon. The most splendid of these were the goldsmiths, who, on the red of their dresses, wore bars of silver-work and powders of trefoils and silver, and each man of the same mystery, to the number of seven score, had upon the black part fine knots of gold and silk, and upon their heads they wore hats covered with red, and powdered with trefoils. They also hired and richly appressed seven minstrels to do honour to the Caesar's sister, as they called the imperial bride, at an expense of four pounds sixteen shillings and a penny; whilst, at their own cost, was erected, at the upper end of Cheapside, a castle with four towers, on two sides of which ran fountains of wine. From these towers beautiful damsels with white vestures blew towards the King and Queen small shreds of gold leaf, and showered upon them counterfeit florins. This, the most striking of the several pageants, was

furnished by the Goldsmiths' Company, at an expense of thirty-five pounds and ninepence halfpenny.

Shortly after this pompous entry into London, the marriage of Anne of Bohemia to Richard the Second was solemnized, with royal splendour, on the fourteenth of January, 1382, in St. Stephen's Chapel, Westminster. At the end of the week, Richard and his consort, accompanied by the Princess of Wales, the Duchess of Brittany, and other royal and noble personages, proceeded to Windsor, where for several days they kept open house, feasting and magnificently entertaining all comers, high and low, gratuitously.

These festivities terminated, the royal pair returned to London, and the splendid coronation of the Queen was performed at Westminster by Courtney, Archbishop of Canterbury. At the intercession of the Queen, the King marked her marriage and coronation by proclaiming a general pardon to all implicated in the late insurrection,—an act of grace much needed, as since the suppression of the popular tumults under Wat Tyler, Jack Straw, John Ball, and other ultra-democrats, upwards of one thousand five hundred of the deluded peasantry had been executed as traitors.

At her wedding, the Queen's head-dress consisted of an ungainly horned cap, about two feet high, and as many wide, made of pasteboard, like an expanding mitre, and with light gauze tissue spread over the top. Ugly as this "moony tire" was, the royal bride no sooner appeared in it, than every maid, wife, and widow, who aspired to the rank of a lady, imitated her example, and horned caps became so general, that, both at home and abroad, the heads of the lords of the creation were quite eclipsed by the ambitious head-gear of their better halves.

Although the importer of this hideous fashion from Bohemia, Queen Anne deserves credit for introducing the first side-saddles used in this country, and also for making us acquainted with pins, such as are at present in use. Previous to her arrival in England both sexes used ribands, loop-holes, laces with

points and tags, clasps, hooks and eyes, and skewers of brass, silver, and gold.

Shoes were worn in this reign with long pointed toes,—a fashion probably introduced by Anne of Bohemia. "Their shoes and pattern," says Camden, "were snowted and piked more than a finger long, which, as they look like the claws of the devil, they call cracowes, and which they fasten with chains of silver or gold to their knees."

According to Froissart, Richard the Second dowered his consort, Anne, with property worth twenty-five thousand nobles a-year; and, instead of her bringing a marriage portion, her royal husband gave the Emperor ten thousand marks for the alliance, and paid all the expenses of her journey over to boot,—indeed, the expenses of the bridal were so enormous, that, to cover them, the coronet of Aquitaine, and much of the royal jewellery and plate, were pawned to the London merchants.

By the Protestant Church, the name of Anne of Bohemia is enrolled at the head of the list of the illustrious princesses who supported those principles of religious freedom which ultimately led to the Reformation. Shortly after her arrival in England, Wickliffe triumphantly referred to the Queen as possessing a Bible, a polyglot translated into the Bohemian and German, which she perused with pride and diligence: and he urged, that by rendering the Scriptures available to all, he did but that which she greatly approved of. Whether Anne ever met Wickliffe, or studied his writings, is not known; but certain it is, that she was surrounded by many of his converts: and when he was condemned by the Council of Lambeth, in 1382, it was chiefly her secret influence with the King that saved him from the vindictive vengeance of Archbishop Courtney, who, above all things, desired his destruction. Not the least of the illustrious disciples of the bold reformer was Joanna of Kent, Princess of Wales. This Princess had been introduced to him by his follower, John of Gaunt, and she greatly aided the Queen in saving his life. The efforts of the Queen to extend a purer faith pro-

cured her many enemies. Walsingham, in a spirit of bitterness, which was doubtless occasioned by her adherence to the new tenets, complains of her and her Bohemians visiting the abbeys and monasteries, not to give, but to take away. And, according to Prynne, the Parliament, in 1384, after inveighing against the King's extravagance and misrule, petitions, amongst other articles more or less reasonable, against the Queen's gold; but this request the King promptly negatived, declaring that he would never consent to diminish the revenue of his beloved consort.

In 1385, an incident occurred which further increased the hostility of the King's relations to Anne of Bohemia. Whilst Richard was on his way to repel the incursions of the Scots with a powerful army, the King's half-brother, John Holland, murdered Lord Stafford, who was about proceeding from York to London with letters from the King to the Queen. Feelings of bitter jealousy led to the perpetration of the foul deed. Stafford was a brave knight, a great favourite, and a powerful adherent of the Queen's, whilst Holland bitterly hated her and her friends. According to Froissart, whilst Stafford's archers were protecting Sir Meles, a Bohemian knight and friend of the Queen's, they, in the fray, slew an esquire of Holland's, and he, to be revenged, drove his dagger into the heart of Stafford, and killed him on the spot. The murderer fled for sanctuary to the shrine of St. John of Beverley. The father and relatives of the slain loudly demanded justice; and although Joanna, the mutual mother of the King and the homicide, implored the mercy of her son in favour of his brother, her pleadings were vain. Richard confiscated the property of the assassin, and threatened him with the gallows

if ever he quitted the sanctuary of Beverley. In a few days the Queen-mother died of grief, which so overcame Richard, that, unable to save the life of his mother, he pardoned his brother, who shortly afterwards married Elizabeth, second daughter of the Duke of Lancaster. The King's reluctance to pardon his brother was attributed to the influence of the Queen; but this was evidently a purposed misrepresentation, as, although her friends were the wronged persons, she sought not to be revenged on the murderer or his excusers.

Anne of Bohemia made it a rule of life to sedulously comply with the will of her beloved husband. "It is my unbounded duty," she would say, "to love all that the King loves, to do all that he desires me, for I have vowed before God and man to cherish and to obey him." In one instance this womanly obedience—a rare but commendable quality—carried her beyond the bounds of justice, and lost her the esteem of every descendant of the royal house of Plantagenet. In her household was a beautiful Bohemian woman, mentioned in the "Fœdera" as the Landgravine of Luxembourg, with whom the King's especial favourite, the young Duke of Ireland, fell deeply in love. This nobleman had been married to Philippa, daughter of Lord de Coucy, and grand-daughter of the late King Edward the Third, "but now," says Walsingham, "he divorced her to marry the Bohemian damsel;" and Richard the Second, being quite blind to the faults of his favourite, had the weakness to shock the nation by sanctioning this abandonment of his fair cousin, whilst the Queen, by not opposing the disgraceful transaction, infinitely injured the good name of herself, and the husband she so adored.

CHAPTER II.

The regal power usurped by the Duke of Gloucester—The King's friends condemned to death or exiled—Execution of Burleigh—Sorrow of the King and Queen—The King recovers his authority—The sovereignty of Aquitaine conferred on the Duke

of Lancaster—The Queen presides at a grand tournament—Richard quarrels with the Londoners—Greatly oppresses them—The Queen intercedes for them—Grand entry of Richard and Anne into London—By the Queen's entreaty the Londoners are pardoned—Hospitality of the Queen—Her death—Bitterly bewailed by the King—Her funeral, and tomb—Patronage of Chaucer.



It availed not to Richard that, in the spring of 1386, his dreaded uncle, the ambitious Duke of Lancaster, departed with his Duchess to prosecute their claim to her hereditary dominions; as shortly afterwards the great barons, under the guidance of the Duke of Gloucester, fomented the dissension of the nobility, remodelled the government, left Richard little more than the empty title of King, condemned as traitors several of the royal officers and partizans; and although the Queen on her knees, seconded by the earnest solicitations of the King, implored the Duke of Gloucester to spare the life of their greatly respected friend, Sir Simon Burly, their tears and entreaties were disregarded, and, in the absence of the King and his friends, Burly was hurried before the merciless Parliament, as it was called, impeached, and condemned as a defaulter to the amount of fifty thousand pounds, and on the same day decapitated.

Overwhelmed with sorrow at the death or exile of all their dearest and ablest friends, the King and his beloved consort retired to Eltham, where they tarried during the summer, in the confident hope that ere long a reaction of public opinion would enable Richard to regain that power which had been so triumphantly wrested from him.

After remaining for nearly a twelvemonth a mere cipher in the hands of Gloucester's party, Richard, on receiving assurances of support from several influential barons, entered the Council-chamber on the third of May, 1389, and, unexpectedly, asked his uncle his age. "Twenty-two," your Highness, replied the Duke. "Then, my lords," observed the King, with a self-possessed air, "I am of full age to manage my own concerns; I have been longer under control

than any ward in my dominions. I thank you, my lords, for your past services, but need them no longer." This dignified address struck the Council with silence; and before they had time to recover from their surprise, Richard demanded and obtained the seals from the Archbishop of York, and the keys of the Exchequer from the Bishop of Hereford. He next appointed a new chancellor and new treasurer, dismissed the former Council, and chose a new one; and, by proclamation, informed the people that he had taken the reins of Government into his own hands. This proclamation—a most temperate and conciliatory document—was evidently more than mere words, as, from this period to the death of his beloved consort, Anne, the King's administration was wise, liberal, tranquil, and happy.

In November, the Duke of Lancaster returned to England; and shortly afterwards, Richard, to rid himself of the presence of the ambitious noble, conferred on him the sovereignty of Aquitaine. The King and Queen, however, professed the greatest friendship towards him, paid him a week's friendly visit at his castle of Lancaster, and, ere he departed to his newly-acquired territory, marked the occasion by holding a grand festival, at which the King invested him with the sword and coronet of Aquitaine, whilst the Queen presented his Duchess with an elegant golden circlet. Lancaster, however, might have spared himself the expense and the trouble of the voyage, as the people of Aquitaine refused to acknowledge any other than the King of England for their Duke.

Queen Anne and her royal lord kept the Christmas festival of 1389 with great pomp at Woodstock; and in the subsequent spring, Richard's full assumption of the regal reins was celebrated by a magnificent tournament held in Smithfield, and which had been proclaimed throughout England, Scotland, Flan-

ders, Germany, and France. The most imposing feature of this tourney was a procession of sixty richly attired ladies, mounted on docile palfreys, each leading a completely armed knight by a silver chain along West Cheap to Smithfield, attended by heralds sounding their trumpets, and the cheering chorus of numerous minstrels. The Queen, all the ladies of the Court, and the many high-born foreign dames and damoiselles who had come over sea to witness the gorgeous spectacle, took up their places in the tilting grounds in the richly decorated open stands, whence they witnessed the pageants with delight, and before whom the gallant knights "tilted courteously, and with blunted lances." The prizes were bestowed by the Queen, who presided as umpire in chief; and after continuing three days, the festival was concluded by a grand supper given by the King. On the Saturday following, the Queen and her husband, accompanied by the Court and the foreign nobles, proceeded to Windsor, where they devoted the whole of the succeeding week to one continuous round of pleasure and festivity.

From this period nothing remarkable occurred in the Court of Queen Anne till 1392, when the violent contest between the King and the Londoners was healed by the kindly mediation of the good Queen.

The rapacity and poverty of Richard the Second led to this quarrel.

In one of the many pecuniary difficulties in which this Prince was involved by his prodigal habits, he made a demand on the city for the loan of a thousand pounds. The city not only refused to pay the money, but when a wealthy Italian merchant, of more exuberant loyalty, offered to make the advance out of his own purse, they, actuated less by a regard for the money itself than to check the profusion in which Richard indulged, raised a tumult and murdered him. The moral censorship which they chose to exercise cost them, however, dear. Richard called his nobles together, to whom he represented in indignant terms the presumption and maliciousness of these London-

ers, and with their concurrence suspended the mayor, aldermen, and sheriffs, from their offices; revoked and annulled the whole of the rights and privileges of the city, removed the courts of law to York and Nottingham, ordered the magistrates to pay into the royal treasury the sum of three thousand marks, and the commonalty the more enormous sum of one hundred thousand pounds; and, in the meantime, committed the mayor and other principal citizens to different and distant prisons, there to remain till these fines were paid. Nor were they even then to expect restoration to favour, for it was decreed that in future the citizens should have no government of their own, but that the king should appoint one of his knights to be ruler of the city.

Happily, it was not long before the King shewed a disposition to commute these severe penalties, which seemed, indeed, to have been made thus severe for the very purpose of enabling his majesty the more readily to turn the remission of them to profitable account. The citizens appreciated the character of Richard's proceedings quite correctly, when, as Stow informs us, they concluded that "the end of these things was a money matter." They first tried the cupidity of the king with an offer of ten thousand pounds for a restoration of their privileges, but this proposal was not thought worthy of an answer. In this dilemma they applied to Queen Anne, and she being a gentle, gracious lady, exerted her influence over her royal lord with such success, that soon afterwards they were informed that the King had taken compassion on them, and meant, with his Queen, to pay the city a visit, when they would have an opportunity of shewing, by the reception they gave their majesties, how far they were deserving of the royal favour.

Richard and his consort having set out on this visit of conciliation from the palace at Sheen, were met at Wandsworth by four hundred of the principal inhabitants of the city, mounted on horseback, who tendered the humble submission of the city, and besought the King's pardon for all its offences. As

the King and Queen entered the city, their coming was greeted by the salutations and blessings of assembled thousands, in all the streets through which they passed; the horses were decorated with cloths of gold, silver, and silk; the conduits ran with the choicest wines; and at every step, the most costly gifts were heaped on the monarch and his queen. Crowns, and tables, and vessels of gold, horses proudly caparisoned, cloths of the richest fabrics, coins, jewels, and precious stones are enumerated amongst the offerings made on this occasion, by an injured people, to appease the wrath of their sovereign. The citizens now imagined that their pardon was secure, but in this they were mistaken. Richard was not to be won over till he had obtained from them a further gift of ten thousand pounds, and his affectionate consort had, on bended knees, and with most urgent and persuasive entreaties, implored him to restore to them their ancient charters and privileges. A request which, with all his anger and rapacity, he had not the heart to refuse.

"We pardon them," said the offended monarch, "at the earnest entreaty of our dearly-beloved Queen."

With rejoicing hearts the oppressed citizens went home; and they henceforth carefully avoided furnishing Richard with a pretext for interfering with the government of their city. Nor, indeed, were their rights and privileges again invaded by the royal plunderer during the life-time of Queen Anne, who, by her conduct on this occasion, won the highest esteem of the Londoners, and who, had her life been longer spared, would, doubtless, have averted the crimes the unfortunate end of her ill-starred husband Richard the Second.

At this period famine and pestilence were raging throughout the land, and both the King and the Queen, by an example of profuse hospitality, endeavoured to alleviate the terrible sufferings of the people. "The King," says Walsingham, "entertained six thousand poor persons daily. He valued himself in surpassing in magnificence all the sovereigns of Europe, as if he possessed an inexhaustible treasury.

In his kitchen alone three hundred servants were employed, and the Queen had the like number of women in her service."

But whilst the good Queen was thus occupied in works of charity, she was smitten down by that pestilence, which occasioned those sufferings she was so sedulously endeavouring to alleviate. Whilst at her favourite palace of Sheen, the gentle Anne of Bohemia was suddenly overcome with illness, said to be the plague, and after a few hours' suffering, breathed her last, on the seventh of June, 1394. She left no issue, and the King, who was with her when she ceased to breathe, bewailed her death with the deepest anguish, as he tenderly loved her. In the first paroxysm of grief, he cursed the place of her death, and, in compliance with his orders, the apartments which she occupied at Sheen were either destroyed or dismantled.

On the tenth of June, the king, in dolefully worded letters, commanded his very dear and faithful cousins to attend the obsequies of his dearly-beloved companion the Queen (who to God is departed), on the third of August, and desired them to bring with them their consorts, and on their honour to accompany the royal remains in solemn procession from Sheen to the abbey at Westminster, where the interment would take place.

That the funeral might be performed with unusual magnificence, about two tons of wax were purchased to make tapers and torches to burn about the hearse, and in the churches where the corpse rested, the citizens of London were ordered to dress themselves in deep mourning and join the procession; and all the bishops, abbots, and priors in the kingdom, were requested to have a funeral service performed in their churches on the solemn occasion.

Thus, on the third of August, the body of the gentle Anne, attended by all the male and female nobility, and the citizens of London, was conveyed in solemn procession, and amid the abundant tears of thousands of spectators, from Sheen to St. Edward's chapel in Westminster, where Thomas Arundel, subsequently Archbishop of Canterbury,

performed the service; and, in an impressive funeral sermon, urged his hearers, with all the eloquence in his power, to imitate the worthy example of her who, although a Queen, had had the Holy Scriptures translated into her native tongue, and daily read and diligently studied a portion of them.

On the burial of the Queen, Richard was so overwhelmed with sorrow, that, to divert his melancholy, he was advised to visit his Irish dominions, then in rebellion. "All this and the next year," says Froissart, "he appeared inconsolable; and it was not till full ten months after Anne's death, that he could decide on a tomb worthy of her memory; and even then, so linked was his heart in hers, that, on the tomb made of fine marble, he had the monumental statue of himself placed by the side of the Queen's, with her hand clasped within his."

The tomb was began in 1395, and ordered to be completed by 1397. The marble part was made by Messrs. Yemely and Lot Loudon, stone-masons. The effigies were formed of copper by Messrs. Broker and Priest, citizens and copper-smiths, and, according to the "Fœdera," the whole was to cost four hundred pounds.

On a tablet by the side of her tomb is a Latin inscription, of which the following is a translation by Skelton:—

"Queen Anne, Richard the Second's wife,
Lyeth buried in this place,
Adorned with the Britons' crown,
With whom she found much grace.
Whose noble sire, of daughter proud,
Of son-in-law full glad,
Of Rome thrice happy Emperor was,
And that large empire had.
Wincelause so called by name,
Who thus in joyful plight,
Sent her to London guarded well,
With valiant men of might,
Against whom coming plays were made,
And sights and shows were seen,
With princely pomp to gratify

This noble virgin queen.
But all men's treasures last not long,
They hang but on a twine
Of slender thread, death kings and queen
Doth all catch up in fine.
This queen was of the royal race
Of Romans by descent,
Of all beloved, most dear to most,
In honour reluctant.
Full liberal and bountiful,
Adorned with virtues rare;
No child she had, but issueless
She lies without much care."

It would be an act of injustice to the memory of the gentle Anne of Bohemia, to conclude these memoirs without mentioning that in her the renowned poet Chaucer found a patroness, and a warm and sincere friend. With Richard, Chaucer had been intimate from his early childhood. Previous to 1384, he filled more than one public appointment; but in that year he became involved in the riots of the Lollards, as the followers of Wickliffe were called; and, as these transactions endangered his personal liberty, he fled to Holland, and when he returned, two years afterwards, he was imprisoned in the Tower, where, in all likelihood, he would have remained till the day of his death, had not the good Queen Anne by earnest entreaties procured his liberation, and appointment as clerk of the works, a kindness which he ever afterwards remembered, and for which he in numbers sweet, and tones of earnest gratitude, addressed her in the prologue to his legend of Gode Women, as—

"The clereness and the veray light
That in this darke world me wins and ledeth,
The herte within my sorrowful brest yw
dredeth,

And loveth so sure, that ye ben verily
The maistress of my wit, and nothing I."

Again, in "the Cuckoo and the Nightingale," he alludes to

"A maple that is fair and grene,
Before the chamber window of the Queene
At Woodstock."

ISABELLA OF VALOIS,

Second Queen of Richard the Second.

CHAPTER I.

Isabella of Valois, although a child, sought in marriage by Richard the Second—Her parentage—Birth—Beauty—Brothers and sisters—Accomplished mind—Interview with the English procurators—Her betrothment to Richard—Annoys the Duke of Gloucester—Marriage of the Duke of Lancaster with Catherine Swynford—Richard and his train proceed to Calais—The King's uncles entertained by the French—Richard, after feasting with the French King, receives Isabella—Marries her at Calais—Carries her to England—Her reception by the Londoners—Coronation—Marriage portion—Jewels—Residence—Governess—Life threatened by Gloucester—Death of Gloucester and Arundel—The King's remorse.



DEEPLY as Richard the Second deplored the death of his dearly-beloved consort, Anne of Bohemia, her remains had been consigned to the tomb little more than two years when negotiations were entered into for his second marriage. But as he still clung with dotting fondness to the memory of his departed one, and as her image was so deeply graven on his heart, that nothing, save the hand of time, could erase it out, the bride he sought was no beautiful, blooming woman, but the French King's daughter, Isabella, a child who had not yet completed her ninth year, and whose marriage was sought solely for the powerful aid her potent father might

afford Richard in his projects of revenge.

Many were the fair maidens proposed to Richard as his future partner, but to no purpose; for, when informed that there were daughters and sisters of the King of Navarre, and a daughter of the Duke of Gloucester, besides other less eligible ladies, all beautiful and marriageable, he flew into a rage, and vowed to marry the royal French girl, or for evermore remain a widower.

Isabella of Valois, the eldest daughter of Charles the Sixth of France, and his Queen, Isabella of Bavaria, was born on the ninth of November, 1387, in the Louvre Palace at Paris, and grew up one of the most accomplished and captivating brunettes of her age. Her countenance beamed with expression, her eyes were large and dark, her complexion was clear

and bright, and her figure a model of grace and beauty. She had six brothers; three died young, and the others, Louis, John, and Charles, were successively dauphins; and five sisters—Joanna, who died in her cradle, Mary, the Nun of Poissy, a second Joanna, married to John the Sixth, Duke of Brittany, Michelle, the first wife of Philip the Good of Burgundy, and Catherine, the fair Queen of Henry the Fifth.

After the marriage of Richard and Isabella had been duly debated in council, an embassy, consisting of the Earl of Rutland, the Earl Marshal, the Archbishop of Dublin, the Bishop of Ely, Lewis Clifford, Henry Beaumont, and about five hundred attendants, proceeded to France, to treat with King Charles. On reaching Paris, they met with a cordial reception from the French monarch; and when introduced to Isabella of Valois, they found, to their delight, that, although a child in years, she possessed the mind and accomplishments of an educated, intellectual lady.

The first meeting of Isabella and the English nobles took place at the Hôtel de St. Pol, near the river Seine, where the young Princess and her parents then resided. On entering the presence chamber, the Earl Marshal went down on his knees, and, in respectful tones, said to Isabella:

"Madam, by the blessing of God, you shall be our Queen."

"Sir," answered the young Princess, with dignity, and without being prompted, "if God and my father so desire it, nothing will please me better, as I am told I shall then be one of the greatest ladies on the earth."

Then taking the Earl Marshal by the hand, she bid him rise, and led him to her mother, who, in conjunction with the English ambassadors, was greatly pleased at the manner in which she had conducted herself.

"The French King," says the chronicler, "had assembled all his council, to the intent to make the better answers to the ambassadors of England. He allowed these ambassadors two hundred crowns daily for their small expenses, and for their horses; and the chief, as

the Earl Marshal and the Earl of Rutland, were oftentimes with the King, and dined with him. After being eleven days at Paris, the English lords were told that the French approved of the match, but that it could not be done shortly, because the lady, who was yet very young, was affianced to the Duke of Brittany's eldest son; therefore, as that promise must be broken before they could proceed any further, the French King should send into England the next Lent to show how the matter went. The ambassadors being content with this answer, they took their leave, and departed from Paris to Calais, and so to England, where King Richard was joyous of their coming, and pleased at the progress they had made.

"Shortly afterwards, the English ambassadors being at Paris with the French King, their matters took such effect, that it was fully agreed that the King of England should have in marriage Isabella of Valois; and, by virtue of procurement, the Earl Marshal affianced and espoused her in the name of King Richard the Second, and so from henceforth she was called Queen of England.

"When the ambassadors returned, the King was right glad, and so were others; but, withal, the Duke of Gloucester, uncle to the King, made no joy thereof, for he saw well that an alliance of peace would now be concluded between the two kings and their realms, which grieved him sore; and of this matter he spoke so oftentimes to the Duke of York, his brother, who was a prince of weak intellect, that he drove him at length to be almost of his opinion."

About this time the Duke of Lancaster dishonoured his royal name by marrying Catherine Swynford, a knight's widow, and governess to his two daughters by Blanch, his first wife. With Swynford he had cohabited about twenty years, during which she had borne him a daughter and three sons, renowned in English history as the Beauforts. The lords and the ladies of the royal blood took great umbrage at the marriage; but Richard, to gratify his uncle, openly approved of it, legitimated the children,

and created the eldest son Earl of Somerset. But this kingly favour, although pleasing to Lancaster, by no means appeased the ferment into which the Court had been thrown. The Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, the Countess of Arundel, and other royal lords and ladies, declared that as the low-born, immoral Duchess would, in right of her husband, take rank as second lady in the kingdom, they would leave others to do the honours of the Court if she attended the Queen, as disgrace themselves by entering her presence they would not.

Whilst the Court was thus embroiled, the Count St. Pol, who had married Richard's half-sister, Matilda Holland, was sent to England by the French King. Richard promised the Count that he would go to Calais, meet the French King, receive his bride, and if a peace could not be concluded, at least to establish a truce for thirty or forty years.

King Richard, accompanied by Count St. Pol, the Dukes and Duchess of Lancaster, York, and Gloucester, numerous other nobles, and several prelates, went to Calais, held a conference with the Duke of Burgundy, returned again to England to dispatch important business, and immediately afterwards crossed once more to Calais; the French King and Queen with their infant daughter proceeding at the same time from Paris to St. Omer, where they were waited upon by the English King's uncles and their wives, with many other English lords, knights, esquires, and ladies. These noblemen the French cordially welcomed, entertained with show and feasting, and presented with valuable gifts of jewels, and gold and silver plate. But, although all the others felt proud and grateful at the honour done them by their polite French neighbours, the Duke of Gloucester, on whom the most marked attention and valuable presents had been bestowed, greatly murmured; whenever the peace was mentioned, he, in tones of anger, declared that France was too rich a country to be on other than terms of war with. Nor, indeed, was his powerful voice obtained in favour of the marriage till Richard promised, on

returning home, to present him with fifty thousand nobles, and to elevate his only son Humphrey to the earldom of Rochester, with a yearly pension of two thousand nobles.

The obstacles to the marriage and peace being now removed, "in every part about there were pitched up tents and pavilions, and all the country was full of French and English people." On the morning of the twenty-seventh of October, 1396, the two kings left their lodgings and went in grand procession to their tents, which were placed not far asunder. From their tents they proceeded on foot to an appointed spot, which was surrounded by four hundred French and four hundred English knights, armed cap-à-pie, and with drawn swords. Through the ranks of these knights the two kings passed, Richard being supported by the Dukes of Berri and Burgundy, and the French King by those of Lancaster and Gloucester; when the Kings neared each other, the eight hundred knights, weeping for joy, went down on their knees. Richard and the French King met together bare-headed and warmly saluted each other, when the French King led Richard into his tent, which was noble and rich; and the four dukes joined hands and followed the two Kings. The knights all the time stood regarding each other with pleasant countenances till the ceremony was concluded.

When the two Kings, hand in hand, entered the tent, the four dukes fell on their knees before them. The dukes, after they had risen at the bidding of the Kings, went and talked together at the front of the tent, whilst the Kings remained inside and held conversation by themselves. In the meantime wine and spices were brought in. The Duke of Berri served the comfit box, and the Duke of Burgundy the wine to the French King, and the Dukes of Lancaster and Gloucester served the King of England; and after the Kings had partaken of wine and spices, the other knights and esquires served the prelates and lords.

On the day following, about eleven o'clock, the King of England and his

uncles, and the other lords, visited the French King in his tent. They were received with extreme honour and courtesy. The dinner-tables were laid out with fare the richest, choicest, and most varied, whilst the profusion of plate on the sideboards was dazzling to behold. The two Kings sat at table by themselves, the French King at the top, and the English King at the bottom. They were served by the Dukes of Berri, Burgundy, and Bourbon, and the last being a droll, merry fellow, greatly amused them with his witty remarks. The dinner over, and after wine and spices had been taken, the young Queen, attended by a splendid train of ladies and damsels, entered the tent and there was delivered to the King of England, who immediately afterwards took his departure. Isabella of Valois was placed in a rich litter made expressly for her; but of all the French ladies in her train only the Lady de Courcy went with her, for there were present the Duchess of Lancaster, York, and Gloucester, the Ladies Namur and Poinings, and many other noble English ladies, all of whom received her with great joy. When the ladies were ready, King Richard, accompanied by the English nobles and their ladies, departed with the infant princess, and overcome by the fatigue of a long, wearisome journey, reached Calais the same night.

On All-Saints' Day, Isabella of Valois was married to Richard the Second, in the church of St. Nicolas, at Calais, by the Archbishop of Canterbury, amid great feast and rejoicing. On the morrow, Richard and his bride, after receiving a short visit from the Dukes of Orleans and Bourbon, embarked for England. During the passage which, as the wind was favourable, occupied under three hours, a terrific storm arose and parted the fleet; but, although the tents and valuable stores were lost, the voyagers landed at Dover in safety. After partaking of refreshments at Dover Castle, the King and Queen proceeded with their noble train through Rochester and Dartford to Eltham, and thence to London. At Blackheath they were met by a procession of the Londoners in

grand array, who escorted them to Kennington, where the King and Queen took up their lodging.

On the thirteenth of November, the young Queen, with a courtly bery of ladies, was conducted with royal pomp from Kennington through Southwark to the Tower, when such a multitude of people went to see her, that on London Bridge nine persons were trampled to death. On the following day she was conveyed in state from the Tower to Westminster, where the King awaited her arrival, and where she was crowned with regal magnificence on the seventh of January, 1397.

By Isabella's marriage treaty it was stipulated that her portion should be eighty thousand crowns, to be paid by annual instalments; that the existing truce between the two nations should be prolonged for twenty-eight years; and, to the indignation of the Duke of Gloucester and his partizans, that the heirs of her body should not derive from their mother's descent any additional claim to the French crown.

Besides five hundred thousand crowns' worth of plate and jewels, Isabella brought with her an extensive and magnificent wardrobe, and embroidered satin chamber hangings, the most rich and beautiful money could procure.

Shortly after her coronation, the infant Queen proceeded to Windsor, where she principally abode, and was educated under the superintendence of the King's cousin-german, Lady de Courcy.

The alliance with France, and the heavy expenses incurred by this marriage, greatly offended the nation. The popular party made court to the prejudices of the people by inveighing against both the debt and the truce with France. After a struggle, which cost the Duke of Gloucester and the Earl of Arundel their lives, Richard succeeded in establishing a reign of terror, which, however, led in a short time to his own deposition and dreadful death.

In the summer of this year a rumour was circulated that the Duke of Gloucester had formed a plan with his former associates, Arundel, Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Earls of Arundel and

Warwick, to seize and imprison the King and Queen for life. This report, probably invented by the royal favourites to serve as a reason for arresting the duke, the King believed, or affected to believe; and when Count St. Pol visited the English court to learn if the infant Queen Isabella was being maintained in regal state and dignity, the King one morning sent for him and the Dukes of Lancaster and York, and after telling them what danger threatened himself and his Queen, begged their advice and assistance. The dukes not being able to deny the report, comforted the King by declaring that neither they nor the nation would ever suffer him or his Queen to be imprisoned, and concluded by denouncing Gloucester as a headlong, conceited braggadocio, whose bellicose threats were too rash and ridiculous to be worth a moment's thought.

Although the dukes thus spoke to the King, they, to avoid the threatened storm, immediately left the court with their families, and retired to their own castles. Shortly afterwards, Sir Thomas Percy, steward of the King's household, and several other of the royal servants, followed their example; whilst those of the King's household who were too loyal or ambitious to resign, told Richard to his face that they dreaded longer remaining in their offices, and assured him that neither the court nor the country

would know quiet whilst Gloucester lived. Whether these representations encouraged Richard in his scheme of vengeance against Gloucester and his abettors is nowhere recorded; but certain it is, that in July, and in violation of all ties of honour and social intercourse, the duke was treacherously seized by the King's orders and sent a captive to Calais; whilst, at the same time, the Earls of Warwick and Arundel were arrested and imprisoned. Believing that now was the time to render himself despotie, Richard, by bribes and threats, prevailed upon the parliament to justify his proceedings. By this merciless session several nobility lost their lives; the Earl of Arundel was put to death, and the Earl of Warwick and the Archbishop of Canterbury were sentenced to banishment; in the same session Gloucester was condemned as a traitor, but before his condemnation was passed he died, or, according to the more probable account, was smothered between two beds in the King's prison at Calais. After the murder of Gloucester, and the illegal decapitation of the Earl of Arundel, Richard enjoyed but little peace of mind. His own wickedness smote his conscience and destroyed his gaiety of heart. Disturbed in his sleep by horrible dreams, he would wake up in a frenzy and call aloud for help, declaring that the bed was covered with the blood of his uncle.

CHAPTER II.

The King's tyranny—Treasonable dialogue between Hereford and Norfolk—They quarrel—The case referred to wager of battle—The King banishes them—The Earl of March dies—The Queen's tournament—Richard wins her heart—He goes to Ireland—Revolt under Lancaster—Richard returns—Seeks safety in Wales—Mourns his absence from Isabella—Is deceived by Northumberland—Carried a prisoner to Flint—His interview with Lancaster—Suffering on his journey to London—Imprisonment in the Tower—Isabella confined in Leeds castle—Lady de Courcy banished.



ALTHOUGH every thing seemed to contribute to support the King in his despotie rule—the great officers of the crown and the governors of the towns

and counties being all devoted to his interest—his unconstitutional power was but short-lived. By the people he was hated, by the nobles only obeyed through constraint. Every man who, on any occasion, had incurred the royal displeasure, was appalled at the late proceedings. The Duke of Norfolk enter-

tained a suspicion that the high place he apparently possessed in the King's favour was but a blind to ensnare him. Of the original lords-appellants, he and the Duke of Hereford alone remained. One day, meeting the latter on the road between Trentford and London, he exclaimed: "Cousin, we are on the point of being undone on account of the affair of Radcot-bridge."

"How can that be?" demanded Hereford, "since the King has granted us pardon, and has declared in parliament, that we behaved as good and loyal subjects?"

"Our fate will be like others before us," answered Norfolk; "he will annul that record."

"It will be marvellous, indeed," rejoined Hereford, "if the King should cause to be annulled what he has solemnly said before the people."

"The world that we live in is marvellous and false," said Norfolk. "For had it not have been for some persons, my lord, your father of Lancaster, and yourself, would have been taken or killed when you went to Windsor, after the parliament. The Dukes of Albemarle and Exeter, and the Earl of Worcester and I, have sworn never to consent to the undoing of any lord, without just and reasonable cause. But this malicious project belongs to the Duke of Surrey, the Earls of Salisbury and Wiltshire drawing to themselves the Earl of Gloucester. They have sworn to undo six lords—the Dukes of Lancaster, Hereford, Albemarle, and Exeter, the Marquis of Dorset and myself; and what is more alarming, have sworn to reverse the attainder of Thomas, Earl of Lancaster, which would turn to the ruin of us, and many others."

"God forbid!" exclaimed Hereford. "It would be a wonder if the King should assent to such designs. He appears to make me good cheer, and, indeed, he has sworn by St. Edward to be a good lord to me and the others."

"So has he often sworn to me by God's body," rejoined Norfolk; "but I do not trust him the more for that. He is attempting to draw the Earl of March into the scheme of the four lords, to destroy the others."

"If that be the case," said Hereford, "we can never trust them."

"Certainly not," answered Norfolk; "for, although they may not accomplish their purpose now, they will, doubtless, contrive to destroy us in our own houses in years hence."

Shortly after this conversation, Hereford and Norfolk quarrelled; and the former exhibited a charge against the latter, for having spoken seditious words against the King in a private conversation. For want of proof to support the accusation, the lords in parliament declared that the case should be decided by wager of battle, to be fought at Coventry, on the 10th of September.

On the appointed day, Hereford, the challenger, first appeared on a white charger, gaily caparisoned, armed at all points, and with his drawn sword in his hand. When he approached the lists, the mareschal demanded who he was. To which he answered, "I am Henry of Lancaster, Duke of Hereford, come hither, according to my duty, against Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk, a false traitor against God, the King, the realm, and me." Then taking the oath that his quarrel was just and true, he desired to enter the lists, which being granted, he sheathed his sword, pulled down his beaver, crossed himself on the forehead, seized his lance, passed the barrier, alighted, and sat down on a chair of green velvet, placed at one end of the lists. He had scarcely taken his seat when the King came into the field with great pomp, attended by the peers, the Count of St. Pol, who came from France on purpose to see this furious trial, and ten thousand men-at-arms, to prevent disturbance.

His Majesty being seated on his chair of state, the king-at-arms proclaimed that none but such as were appointed to marshal the field should presume to touch the lists, upon pain of death. Then another herald proclaimed aloud, "Behold here, Henry of Lancaster, Duke of Hereford, who has entered the lists to perform the devoir against Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk, on pain of being counted false and recreant."

The Duke of Norfolk immediately appeared in arms, mounted upon a barbed horse, with a coat of arms of crimson velvet, embroidered with lions of silver and mulberry-trees, and having taken his oath before the constables and mareschal, entered the field, exclaiming aloud, "God defend the right!" Alighting from his horse, he placed himself in a chair of crimson velvet, opposite his antagonist, at the other end of the lists. Then the mareschal having measured their lances, delivered one to the challenger, and sent a knight with the other to the Duke of Norfolk; and proclamation was made that they should prepare for the combat. They immediately mounted their horses, then closed their beavers, fixed their lances on their rests, and the trumpets sounding a charge, the Duke of Hereford began his career with great violence; but before he could join his antagonist, the King, throwing down his warder, took, in the language of the age, the battle into his own hands, and closed the scene by banishing Norfolk for ten years, and Hereford for life.

By this act Richard showed, if not just, at least humane policy; yet so inconsistent was his character, that in the very next year he committed a most wanton and despotic wrong. Hereford had been banished but three months when his father, the Duke of Lancaster, died; and the exile expected to succeed, by his attorneys, to the ample estates of his sire, as secured by the King's own patent. But Richard, jealous of that succession, pretended to have discovered that his banishment had rendered him incapable of inheriting property; and at a great council, it was decreed that the patent granted to him was null and void, and that his banishment should be perpetual. Hereford, who, on the death of his father, had assumed the title of Duke of Lancaster, had long been the idol of the nation. On his last departure from London he was warmly greeted by thousands. The greatest part of the people, goaded to a spirit of resistance by the wrongs they themselves suffered, and the new injury offered to their favourite, turned their eyes on him as their leader. Private meetings were

held, the dispositions of the great lords sounded, and the whole nation appeared ripe for rebellion.

Whilst the court and country were in this state of feverish ferment, the Earl of March, presumptive heir of the crown, and viceroy in Ireland, was slain, in a skirmish, by the native Irish; and Richard, in his eagerness to revenge the loss of his cousin, shut his eyes to the designs of his enemies, and, at the head of a large army, went over to Ireland, to chastise the turbulent Septs.

Before departing for Ireland, Richard held a grand tournament at Windsor, where four hundred knights, and as many esquires, splendidly arrayed in green, and bearing a white falcon, the device of Isabella, tilted against all comers. Such numbers resorted to this tourney, that two hundred oxen and three hundred sheep, besides fowls out of number, were daily consumed. The King wore a rich garment made for the occasion, of silk, gold, silver, and precious stones, worth three thousand marks; and the young Queen, attended by the fairest and noblest in the land, presided, and bestowed the prizes.

After appointing the Duke of York regent during his absence, Richard assisted at a solemn mass in Windsor church, chaunted a collect, and made a rich offering. At the church door he took wine and comfits with his young consort; and, lifting her up in his arms, repeatedly kissed her, saying, "Adieu, Madam! adieu, till we meet again!"

It was during this visit that Richard won the heart of the young Isabella. She was then eleven years old, tall in stature, graceful in carriage, and with features already tinged with the bloom of youthful maidenhood. But, although the King treated her with great kindness, was struck with her beauty, and well pleased at the progress she had made in her education, he, with an unaccountable inconsistency, sent to dwell with her, probably under restraint, the deeply dejected widow and children of the murdered Duke of Gloucester.

It was at this period that the King, exasperated at the extravagance and profuse display of the Queen's government,

Lady de Courcy, dismissed her from her office, ordered her out of the country, and filled her place by his niece Eleanora, widow of the Earl of March.

Richard, accompanied by several noblemen, proceeded from Windsor to Bristol, and thence, despite the reports of plots and conspiracies which reached him, hastened to Milford Haven, where he joined his army, and on the twenty-ninth of May, 1399, embarked with a fleet of two hundred sail, on that expedition into Ireland which consummated his ruin.

When the Duke of Lancaster landed at Ravenspur, the Queen, by the Regent's order, was taken from Windsor, and placed for greater security in Wallingford Castle, where she remained during the eventful period that Lancaster won from her husband the crown of England.

On returning to England, Richard saw himself in the midst of an enraged people, whilst those who in the sunshine of power had contributed to fan his follies, forsook him to swell the ranks of the triumphing Lancaster. Of the twenty thousand men he brought with him from Ireland, two-thirds deserted on landing, and being unable, with the faithful remnant of his force, to make stand against the swelling numbers of his antagonist, he stole away in disguise, and sought safety in Conway Castle; but here the accommodations were so wretched, and the danger of falling into the hands of his foe so imminent, that, with the Earl of Salisbury, he examined the castles of Beaumaris and Caernarvon; but finding them without garrisons or provisions, the unfortunate wanderers returned with heavy hearts to their former quarters, where Richard, in the following strains of bitter grief, bewailed his absence from his beloved Queen.

"Oh! my mistress and my consort, accused be the man who thus separateth us! I am dying of grief because of it. My fair sister, my lady, and my sole desire, since I am robbed of the pleasure of beholding thee, such pain and affliction oppresseth my whole heart, that I am oft-times near despair. Alas! Isabella, rightful daughter of France,

you were wont to be my joy, my hope, my consolation! And I now plainly see, that through the violence of fortune, which hath slain many a man, I must be deprived of you, whereto I often endure so severe a pang, that day and night I am in danger of bitter death. And it is no marvel, when I from such a height have fallen so low, and lost my joy, my solace, and my consort!"*

At Conway, the King's distress was so severe, that he sent his brothers, the Dukes of Surrey and Exeter, to visit Lancaster at Chester, and sound his intentions. Lancaster received them with courtesy, detained them, so that the King, instead of making his escape, might await their return, and sent the Earl of Northumberland ostensibly to confer with Richard, but with the real purpose of making him a prisoner. Northumberland proceeded on his delicate mission at the head of four hundred men-at-arms, and one thousand archers. After, in his journey, taking possession of the castles of Flint and Rhuddlan, and a few miles beyond the latter placing his men in ambush under a rock, Northumberland proceeded forward with only five attendants. On reaching Conway, and obtaining an audience with the King, he demanded, in the name of Lancaster, that a parliament might be immediately summoned to remove his sentence of banishment, and restore him to the possession of his estates, and that the Dukes of Exeter and Surrey, the Earl of Salisbury, the Bishop of Carlisle, and Maudelin, the King's chaplain, should be tried for having advised the assassination of Gloucester, and that on the concession of these terms Lancaster should meet the King at Flint, ask his pardon, and accompany or follow him to London.

Richard approved of the articles, but previously consulted his friends in private, and assured them that he would on no account abandon them in their trial, and that on the first opportunity he would be bitterly revenged on his and their enemies; "for," said he, "there

* Translated by the Rev. J. Webb from a MS. in the British Museum, and published in the 20th vol. of the *Archæologia*.

are some amongst them whom I would flay alive, and not spare for all the gold in Christendom." "Northumberland," saith the chronicler, "next took an oath to observe the conditions, and departed to make arrangements for the interview at Flint. The King, with his friends and their servants, soon afterwards followed. On descending a declivity on the road, with the sea on the left and a rocky barrier on the right, the King suddenly exclaimed, 'God of Heaven defend me! behold, the valley is full of armed men!' At the moment Northumberland came up with eleven knights in armour, and affected to be ignorant of the circumstance, when the King addressing him, said, 'My lord, remember your oath, and the God who heard it. Did I think you capable of betraying me I would return, for it is not too late to do so.'

"'You cannot return,' rejoined the Earl, seizing the King's bridle, 'I have promised to convey you to the Duke of Lancaster.'

"By this time three hundred troops had come up, and seeing escape impossible, Richard exclaimed, 'May you and your accomplices receive the reward of your treachery on the day of judgment.' Then addressing his friends, he added, 'We must bear our misfortune with fortitude and resignation, for even our Lord and Saviour was betrayed into the hands of his enemies.'

"On reaching Flint, and being left with his friends, Richard, in a fit of despondency, exclaimed:—

"'Fool, fool, that I was, to deal out indulgence to this villanous Henry of Lancaster. Thrice did I save his life—once, when his father, bless his soul! would have put him to death for his treason and treachery, I rode all night to save him. Another time, he had the audacity to draw his sword on me in the chamber of the Queen, on whom God have mercy. He was also the accomplice of Gloucester and Arundel, and consented to the murder of his father, of myself, and of all my council. By the God of paradise! I forgave him all, only to bring about my own ruin. Oh! it may well be said, that we have no greater

enemy than the man we have saved from the executioner's axe.'

"After a sleepless night, the King arose, and on ascending the tower, and surveying the host of his enemies, amounting to eighty, or, according to some authors, one hundred thousand men, and surrounding the castle from sea to sea, went down on his knees, and with uplifted hands, cried out, 'Lord God of Heaven, to thy holy keeping I commend myself. Grant mercy unto thy servant, and pardon all my sins! Oh! Christ, give me strength to bear my misfortunes patiently, and if they put me to death, grant that I may forgive all my enemies, and die as thou didst for us all, with holy meekness and Christian resignation.'

"On descending from the tower, Richard took dinner. The Earl of Salisbury, the bishop, Sir William Feriby, and Sir Stephen Scrope, sat with him at the same table. As his heart was oppressed, he ate but little, and when he arose, he went into the court to receive the Duke of Lancaster. The duke in complete armour, save his helmet, approached the King, and cap in hand, made his obedience with an air of affected humility.

"'Fair cousin of Lancaster,' said Richard, politely bowing, 'you are welcome.'

"'My lord,' answered the duke, bowing three times to the ground, 'I am come before you sent for me, and for this reason: your people complain, that in a period of one-and-twenty years, you have ruled them with rigour and indiscretion. But if it please God, I will help you to govern them better.'

"'Fair cousin,' replied the King, 'since it pleases you it pleases us well.'

According to the chronicles of those in his suite, Richard was from this time made to suffer every conceivable indignity. A prisoner in the hands of the triumphing Lancaster, he was deprived of his much-prized spirited charger, placed on a lean, miserable animal, not worth a crown, and, amidst the sarcasms and threats of the excited rabble, conveyed to Chester, and thence to London. At Lichfield he attempted to escape, by letting himself down from the window

of his chamber; but being perceived, he was retaken in the garden, and from that moment placed under a strong, rigorous guard. On reaching London, he was met by a concourse of citizens, who cursed him and extolled the Duke. The streets rang with the incessant acclamation of "Long live Lancaster, our friend and deliverer!" but for the King, to use the emphatic words of the poet, "None cried, God bless him!" He was sent to Westminster, and thence on the following day to the Tower, and as he went along he was hooted at, and greeted with the appellation of "the Bastard," in allusion to a report which had been spread that he was not the son of the Black Prince, but of a canon of Bourdeaux. This report, absurd and false as it was, was generally received as a true story amongst the vulgar; and although the absurdity was too gross to be openly avowed either by Lancaster or his friends

in parliament, every pains was taken to promulgate it and give it the colouring of truth, as it greatly strengthened the cause of the usurper.

The news of Richard's captivity was immediately followed by the surrender of Wallingford Castle, where the Queen resided, to Bolingbroke, who, in the eventful changes that followed, hurried the young Queen from place to place, as policy or necessity dictated. Whilst detained a state prisoner in Leeds Castle, Isabella was visited by Lady de Courcy, that governess whom Richard had dismissed for her neglect and extravagance. But delighted as the Queen was with the society of her first English instructor, the popular party, convinced that Lady de Courcy secretly favoured the cause of the King, expelled her from the Castle, and threatened to take her life, if she ever again held oral or written correspondence with the Queen.

CHAPTER III.

Richard's dejection and mad despair—He demands Isabella—Resigns the crown—Is deposed—Lancaster is elected King, by the title of Henry the Fourth—Isabella joins in the revolt for the restoration of Richard—Death of Richard—His burial—Tomb—Epitaph—Isabella's widowhood—Loss of her dower and jewels—She refuses the Prince of Wales in marriage—Returns to France—Is welcomed back with joy—Married to the heir of Orleans—Murder of her husband's father—His death—Verses to her Memory—Grave—Her husband's misfortunes and death.



HILST Richard lay a forsaken, dejected prisoner in the Tower, the ambitious Leicester exerted all his power to obtain from him a resignation of the crown. Promises, entreaties, and threats were alike resorted to, ere the royal captive could be prevailed upon to solemnly renounce his royal dignity. Generally, he abandoned himself to lamentation and despair. But once, at least, he made the insolent usurper quail before the lion-like fury of his wrath.

On this occasion, Lancaster, accompanied by York and Aumerle, went to the Tower, and ordered the King into their presence.

"Tell Lancaster," said Richard to the messenger, with an air of pride, "I consent to give him audience by himself, but he must come to me."

On entering, Lancaster, with a respectful salute, said, "Sir, our uncle of York and our cousin of Aumerle would speak with you."

"Take them away, they are not worthy to speak to me," answered the King, angrily.

"They are here, I beseech you give them audience," said the Duke, at the same time ushering York and Aumerle into his presence.

"By the cross of Christ!" exclaimed Richard, "this I will not hear." Then addressing York, he continued, "Thou double-faced villain! thou whom I left regent of England, and who surrendered

the trust to my mortal enemies without a struggle, how darest thou look me again in the face? Traitor of Rutland!" he concluded, casting his anger-glistening eyes on Aumerle, "thou art too vile for the feet of royalty to trample on; foul betrayer, and offspring of a deeply villanous father, by thy wicked counsel Gloucester was assassinated, and by thy treachery the last prop of my hope, the loyal city of Bristol has just been given over to mine enemies. Out of my sight, accursed one! or I shall go frantic with rage."

Aumerle, in a great passion, threw down his cap at the King's feet, exclaiming, "Richard Plantaganet, thou art a vile liar!"

"I am your King and lord," retorted Richard, "and despite mine enemies, will continue a King, and yet be a greater lord than ever."

Upon this, Lancaster commanded Aumerle to be silent; when Richard turned to Lancaster, and demanded, "Why am I thus guarded? Am I your King or your prisoner?"

"You are my King, sir," replied the Duke with coolness; "but the council of your realm have thought proper to place a guard about you, till the decision of parliament."

"Then this day let me have my beloved consort," rejoined the King, with a bitter oath.

"Pardon me," said Leicester, "this cannot be, for the council have decreed that you are not to see your Queen."

More than ever enraged by this reply, Richard heaped curses and infamy on the heads of them all, and as he hurriedly paced the apartment, threw down his cap as a challenge, and offered to fight any four of them.

To appease the King, Lancaster went down on his knees, and exercised all his art. But finding his efforts vain, he with respectful obedience withdrew from the monarch, whose crown he was about to place on his own brow.

On the day before the parliament met, threats, indignities, and the utter hopelessness of his cause had so quelled the proud spirit of the fallen King, that if the entries inserted by the order of Lancas-

ter, in the rolls of parliament, are to be accredited, he, before a deputation of prelates, barons, knights, and lawyers, who waited upon him at the Tower, of his own free will, absolved his subjects from their allegiance, renounced all his kingly authority, pronounced himself, from his past demerits, incapable of reigning, and worthy to be deposed, and solemnly swore, that he never would endeavour to retract this deed, and that he desired his cousin of Lancaster, who was present, for his successor, and to whom he formally delivered the signet ring from his own finger, and the crown from his head. On the following day, September thirtieth, 1399, the assembled parliament accepted his resignation, formally voted his deposition, and overlooking the prior claims of the heirs of the late Earl of March, elected the Duke of Lancaster in his stead, by the title of Henry the Fourth. Thus was laid the foundation for the contests between the houses of York and Lancaster, which for several years afterwards deluged the country with blood, but which in the end contributed to give strength and consistency to the constitution.

At this period the Queen was kept a state prisoner at Sunning Hill, where she was surrounded by the tools of Lancaster, and grossly misinformed regarding the misfortunes of her husband. Every pains was also taken to keep the news of Richard's deposition from the ears of the French King, but to no purpose. The Lady de Courey, shortly after her expulsion from Leeds Castle, hastened to Paris, and, with her own lips, informed Charles the Sixth of the imprisonment of his daughter, Isabella of Valois, and her lord, Richard; and the intelligence so overcame the French Monarch, that he was seized with one of those agonizing fits of frenzy to which he was so liable, and which, at length, put a period to his existence.

Henry the Fourth was soon convinced that the crown of an usurper is ever a tottering one. At a tournament held by him during the Christmas festival at Windsor, Huntingdon, Salisbury, Aumerle, and others, conspired to murder

him, and proclaim and liberate Richard. As the time approached for putting the plot into execution, the conspirators sent a letter to Aumerle, in which their designs were disclosed. This letter was, through accident, seen by the Duke of York, and as Aumerle found it impossible to conceal his secret, he hastened to reveal it to King Henry. The King, however, disregarded the disclosure, till the Mayor of London visited Court on the same morning, and fully confirmed it, when the alarmed Monarch hastened to London, in the company of the Mayor and a few attendants. But a few hours after the King had quitted Windsor, the conspirators, to the number of four hundred, entered the castle. On finding that he had fled, they hastened to Sunning, where the Queen was abiding, and told her that Richard had escaped from prison, and was then in full march, on the road to Sunning, with a powerful army; and prevailed upon her and her attendants to accompany them to meet him. Previous to setting out, the delighted Isabella, little dreaming that the tale of the deposed King's escape was a fiction, invented by his partizans to strengthen their cause, ordered her household to destroy the badges they wore of Henry the Fourth, and again adopt those of her royal lord, and issued a proclamation, denouncing Henry as an usurper, and declaring that the only lawful King of England was her beloved husband, Richard the Second. The high hopes of the young Queen were, however, speedily clouded by disappointment. At Cirencester, she witnessed the defeat and ruin of the rebel lords, whilst the Richard she had so anxiously expected to meet, proved to be no other than his late chaplain, who, in general appearance and manners, was exceedingly like the deposed monarch, and who, for the occasion, was arrayed in royal robes, with a crown upon his head. The leaders of this insurrection were taken by the hostile inhabitants of Cirencester, and immediately executed, without trial or mercy, in the marketplace;* and Isabella, being too young

* Several of the other nobles and knights, who had taken part in this conspiracy, were seized in other places, and executed as traitors.

to be punished for the part she had taken in the uprising, except by rigorous confinement, was escorted by a strong guard to the palace of Havering Bower, where she afterwards principally resided, under severe restraint, during her stay in England.

The usurper, Henry the Fourth, was solemnly crowned and anointed on the thirteenth of October, 1399, and shortly afterwards, and by his orders, Richard was removed from the Tower to the secluded castle of Pontefract, where, on the thirteenth of February following, he breathed his last, in the thirty-third year of his age. That his death was not a natural one, is agreed by all historians; but whilst, by some accounts, he died of starvation—voluntary starvation—caused by grief for the fate of his adherents, say his foes, and compulsory starvation, if his friends are to be believed, according to another tale—the one dramatized by Shakspeare, from the Chronicles of Fabian—he was murdered

tores. As an example of the barbarous manner in which executions for treason were then conducted, may be mentioned that of Sir Thomas Blount, one of the eighteen conspirators, who suffered in the Greenwitch at Oxford. He was hanged, says a contemporary writer; but the halter was soon cut, and he was made to sit on a bench before a griffin, and the executioner came with a razor in his hand, and knelt before Sir Thomas, whose hands were tied, begging him to pardon his death, as he must do his office. Sir Thomas asked, "Are you the person appointed to deliver me from this world?" The executioner answered, "Yes, sir; I pray you pardon me." And Sir Thomas kissed him, and pardoned him his death. The executioner knelt down, and opened his belly, and cut out his bowels straight from between the stomach, and tied them with a string, that the wind of the heart might not escape, and threw the bowels into the fire. Then Sir Thomas was sitting before the fire, his belly open, and his bowels burning before him. Sir Thomas Eryngham, the King's chamberlain, insulting Blount, said to him in derision, "Go seek a master that can cure you!" Blount only answered, "Te Deum laudamus—Blessed be the day on which I was born, and blessed be this day, for I shall die in the service of my sovereign lord, the noble King Richard." The executioner knelt down before him, kissed him in an humble manner, and, soon after, his head was cut off, and he was quartered. The head of Sir Thomas, and those of the other noblemen executed for this rebellion, were sent to the capital, and fixed on London Bridge.

by one Sir Piers Exton. This Piers, says our author, suddenly entered the King's cell, with seven assassins, at the dinner-hour. Convinced of their object, Richard jumped on his feet, wrested a weapon (a brownbill) from one of their number, and, whilst manfully defending himself therewith, laid the four stoutest of them dead at his feet. At this moment Exton, in a fit of surprise, leaped upon a chair, seized the opportunity when the King, chasing the ruffians round the cell, came near him, and, with a well-aimed blow from his pole-axe, brought him to the ground, and killed him on the spot.

Thus died Richard the Second, a Prince possessed of worthy and enduring domestic affections, but whose love of extravagant display, thirst for revenge, and absurd notions of despotic rule and kingly infallibility, led to the forfeiture of that authority which he had vainly sought to exalt above the laws and the constitution of his country, and rendered him a deserved object of hatred to the people, on whose liberties he had so ill-advisedly trampled. Much, however, as he was detested by the nation, compassion for his sufferings and his horribly-mysterious death made more converts to his family and cause than his most meritorious actions during his life had gained him.

His dead body, followed by eight mourners, was conveyed in a funeral-car from Pontefract to London, where it lay two days in St. Paul's, exposed, with the face uncovered, to the gaze of the people, who, to the number of twenty thousand, hastened to obtain a last glimpse of the remains of the murdered King. After mass, on the second day, the royal corpse was removed to Westminster, a solemn service was performed, the procession moved on to Langley, and there it was buried in the church of the Friars Preachers, with but little pomp, on the fifteenth of March, the funeral rites being performed by the Bishop of Chester and the Abbots of Saint Alban's and Waltham. Langley, however, was not the final resting-place of the murdered Richard. In 1414, and by order of Henry the Fifth, the body was exhumed,

and, with imposing obsequies, conveyed to Westminster Abbey, and interred in a royal tomb, built of stone and gilded brass, with an inscription in Latin, which has been thus translated, and which, certainly, is more flattering than appropriate :—

"Richard II., of noble mien,
Lies underneath this stone;
A King by name, a King by right,
A King by fortune vanquished quite.
By Bollingbroke o'erthrown:
A King most wise, most just, most true,
In worldly prudence matched by few.
The church he favoured reverently,
His Queens he loved both tenderly,
Who would his royal state confound,
He proudly cast upon the ground."

Although Isabella's father was labouring under a severe fit of insanity, brought on by the news of the revolt in England, her cause was earnestly espoused by the court of France. On the first intimation of the deposition of Richard, four ambassadors were appointed to hasten to England, and treat for his restoration. But before they could depart, the people of France clamoured so loudly for war, that the project was abandoned, and preparations made for hostilities. To avert the threatened storm, King Henry endeavoured to procure a confirmation of the existing truce, and to cement the amity between the two nations, he proposed intermarriages between members of his own family and of the royal family of France. With this view, commissioners were appointed and authorized to treat with the King of France and his uncles for marriages to be entered into between the Prince of Wales, his brothers and sisters, and the children, male or female, of the French King, or of his uncles. The commissioners proceeded to Calais, but when they sent an envoy to Paris, soliciting a safe conduct for them, the French Court sent a prompt refusal, declaring that they knew no King of England but Richard the Second. Both nations now contemplated nothing less than a hot war; but, before the armies could be equipped, the King of France recovered his senses, and received intelligence which left no doubt on his mind that Richard was dead. Having no-

thing, therefore, to fight for, Charles abandoned the thoughts of war, declared that he should not disturb the truce which had been concluded in the lifetime of his murdered son-in-law, Richard the Second, and sent Count d'Albert to inquire into the situation of his daughter Isabella, and demanded that she should be restored to him, together with her dower and her jewels.

Henry received Count d'Albert with courtesy, sent him with the Earl of Northumberland to see the maiden widow at Havering Bower, charged him on no account to mention the name of her dead husband, Richard—a charge, we are told, he strictly observed; and, in answer to the request for her restoration, said she ought, in his opinion, to live in England, upon her dower, like other Queen-Dowagers, but that he would consult his council on the matter, and concluded by proposing to marry her to his eldest son, the Prince of Wales. When the Count returned from Havering Bower, the King made him dine with him, and, at parting, presented him with a brooch set with sapphires, and two valuable gold rings, and assured him that Isabella should on no account be injured by word or deed, and that, be circumstances what they might, she should never be degraded below the state and dignity befitting so exalted a personage.

The French King, Charles, irritated at the forced retention of Isabella, refused the offer of marriage with indignity, and, by a private messenger, forbade her to give her consent to marry any one without his previous permission; a command she obeyed with delight, as, despite the earnest wooing of Prince Henry of Monmouth, urged too, as it was, by Henry the Fourth, she resolutely declared that the mysterious death of her beloved lord, Richard, was an eternal barrier to her union with the house of Lancaster.

Relinquishing the idea of the marriage of Isabella with the Prince of Wales, the English council, after mature deliberation, resolved that she should no longer receive revenue as Queen-Dowager of England, and that she should be sent back to her parents, with all the

jewels, clothing, trinkets, et cetera, which she brought with her. These terms were accepted by King Charles, but it was soon discovered that they could not be complied with. Henry the Fourth had seized the Queen's jewels, and distributed them amongst his six children; and now that he wrote to have them returned, all he obtained was promises that they should be sent to London—promises which, of course, were never fulfilled. Richard the Second, in his will, had stipulated that the jewels which his dear wife, Isabella, had brought with her from France, should, in the event of his death, be restored to her; and as this will had, in violation of honour and justice, been torn open during Richard's lifetime, to furnish articles of accusation against him, Henry the Fourth could not have been ignorant of its contents. The usurper, however, overlooked the solemn bequest of him he had deposed, to enrich his own family; and now that the council desired that the Queen's jewels should be returned to her, he, after delays and subterfuges, declared that it was out of his power to do so, and issued orders for her to be sent back to France without them.

In compliance with these orders, Isabella set out from Havering for London, on the twenty-seventh of May, and in the custody of the Duchess of Ireland and Countess of Hereford, ladies who, from the harsh treatment they had received from Richard the Second, entertained no very good feeling towards her. In her train she had four ladies of honour, seven maids of honour, two French chambermaids, a French chamberlain, and a confessor and secretary. The Bishops of Durham and Hereford, with ten armed knights, formed her escort. On reaching Tottenham, she was joined by the Earl of Worcester and ten chevaliers, the Lord Mayor and City Corporation fell in with her train at Stamford Hill, and King Henry's second son, Thomas, and the Constable and the Marshal of England, and other state officers, joined her procession at Hackney. Thus accompanied, and in grand array, she entered London, and took up her residence in the Tower, where she princely

pally resided till the subsequent July, when she was conveyed to Dover, and thence, in the charge of Sir Thomas Percy, afterwards the Earl of Worcester, who distinguished himself in the Percy rebellion, across the Channel, to Calais.

On the twenty-sixth of July, the English and French embassy met at Leulinghen, a small town between Calais and Boulogne, and Percy, with weeping eyes, delivered Isabella over to Count St. Pol, and, in return, took a receipt, worded like an ordinary receipt for merchandise, acknowledging her safe delivery into the hands of the French. Thus plundered and penniless, and dressed in deep mourning, the youthful Queen was consigned to the charge of her French relations and friends. The English embassy, with a brazen falsehood, declared they returned her just as she had been received; and Percy, to give strength to the lie, challenged to mortal combat any one who should dare assert to the contrary. But the assertion and the challenge were both disregarded by the French, who, overjoyed at the presence of Isabella, conveyed her with royal pomp to the presence of her parents at Paris.

The kind-hearted Queen, but yet a virgin in her fifteenth year, had so completely won the affections of her English attendants, that the parting was painful in the extreme. With many fond farewells, Isabella distributed the little jewellery she possessed amongst the ladies who had come with her from England; and although "weeping herself all the time, she comforted them with kind, cheering discourses, and warmly thanked them for their unceasing attention to her on the journey."

Although Isabella was returned stripped of her marriage-portion and jewels, and without dower or revenue as Queen-Dowager of England, she was received back with paternal tenderness by her parents, and with marked honour by the court and the people of France. The Duke of Orleans, desiring to marry her to his heir, sent the English King a challenge, as the plunderer of the ill-used Queen, and the murderer of her lord,

Richard the Second, and offering to fight him in single combat, or with a hundred knights on each side. Henry replied that it was beneath the dignity of a king to fight with a subject, be that subject ever so high-born. However, he concluded, we shall doubtless shortly meet in the battle-field, when, rely on it, whatever else happens, the Duke of Orleans will receive that punishment which his lying insolence so amply merits. This answer produced a letter of defiance from Isabella's uncle, denouncing King Henry as a traitor, an usurper, the murderer of his King, and the man who plundered the Queen of her wedding-portion, her jewels, and her dower, and sent her back to her parents a penniless, disconsolate widow, weeping for the loss of her assassinated husband!

Exasperated beyond measure by these defiance, Henry, in a vindictive missive, replied, that he had neither ordered nor consented to the death of his dear cousin, Richard, on whose soul he prayed God to have mercy; and if the Duke or any one else, said otherwise, they spoke a foul lie, for God only knew by whom the death was done—an admission, to say the least of it, that Richard died by violence.

In 1406, the council of France, after a lengthened debate, consented to the union of Isabella with Charles of Angoulême, heir of the French King's brother, Louis, Duke of Orleans, and, as the young Charles had completely won the heart of the virgin widow, the marriage was one of love as well as state policy.

The royal lovers were betrothed in 1406, and, in the subsequent year, united in holy wedlock, in the presence of Isabella's mother, and most of the male and female nobility of France. At the altar, the bride shed an abundance of tears. The loss of the crown of England, says the chronicler, and the murder of the husband of her first love, Richard the Second, preyed upon her heart and sorely afflicted her. Perhaps, however, the tears were only the result of that commingled feeling of joy and sadness mostly experienced by the more sensitive

of the fair sex, when before God they, for their livelong existence, resign their happiness, their purse, and their persons to the will of the lover of their choice. The ceremony was followed by gorgeous pageants, feasts, and merry-makings, such as only Frenchmen can enjoy.

Isabella's husband was tall, handsome, and well-proportioned. Endowed with a superior and highly-accomplished mind, he liberally encouraged literature and art, and was the author of several elegant poems, a copy of which, said to have been transcribed for Henry the Seventh, exists in the British Museum. On the diabolical murder of his father, in 1407, he became Duke of Orleans; but Isabella did not live long to enjoy the happiness which the elevation of her affectionate and beloved husband afforded. Whilst yet in the prime of life, the pains of parturition put a period to her existence, on the thirteenth day of September, 1410. Although the mother died, the child (a daughter) lived, and, in after-years, became the wife of the Duke of Alençon. Isabella died in the twenty-second year of her age, at the castle of Blois. Her husband deeply mourned her loss, as the following elegant verses, penned by the bereaved Duke, and translated by the gifted Mr. Carey, will shew:—

"To make my lady's obsequies,
My love as minister wrought;
And in the chantry-service there
Was sung by doleful thought.
The tapers were of burning sighs,
That light and odour gave;
And grief, illumined by tears,
Irradiated her grave;
And round about, in quaintest guise,

Was carved.—'Within this tomb there lies
The fairest thing to mortal eyes.'

Above her lieth spread a tomb
Of gold and sapphires blue;
The gold doth shew her blessedness,
The sapphires mark her true;
For blessedness and truth in her
Were livelyly pourtrayed,
When gracious God, with both his hands,
Her wondrous beauty made.
She was, to speak without disguise,
The fairest thing to mortal eyes.

No more, no more, my heart doth faint,
When I the life recall,
Of her who lived so free from taint,
So virtuous deemed by all;
Who in herself was so complete,
I think that she was ta'en
By God to deck his Paradise,
And with His saints to reign:
For well she doth become the skies,
Whom, while on earth, each one did prize,
The fairest thing to mortal eyes."

The body of Isabella was interred, with imposing obsequies, in the abbey of St. Laumer, at Blois, where it rested undisturbed till 1624, when it was removed to the burial-place of the Orleans family—the church of the Celestines in Paris. Her husband enjoyed but little happiness after her death. In 1415, he fought in the battle of Agincourt, was left by the French in the field for dead, dragged from beneath a heap of slain, and restored to life by the humanity of an English knight, named Waller, conveyed a prisoner to England by Henry the Fifth—the man Isabella so obstinately refused for a second husband—and after a captivity, principally in the Tower, which lasted for twenty-three years, and where he composed several of his pleasing poems, died a miserable death.

JOANNA OF NAVARRE,

Queen of Henry the Fourth.

CHAPTER I.

Joanna's parentage—Birth—Childhood—Marriage to the Duke of Brittany—Horrible death of her father—Her husband's jealousy of Clisson—Its consequences—Joanna's children—The Duke and Clisson at war—The Duke orders the ambassadors from the court of Paris to be seized—Joanna prevents his purpose, and prevails on him to do fealty to King Charles of France—He protects the murderer of Clisson—The King of France, whilst marching against his Duchy, goes mad—Joanna intercedes and again restores peace, which is soon broken—Marriage of Joanna's son John, and her daughter Mary—The Duke of Brittany visits England.



JOANNA of Navarre, a Queen scarcely mentioned by English historians, was the daughter of Charles d'Albert,* that King of Navarre whose evil reputation obtained for him the surname of the Bad, and his wife, Joanna, daughter of the unfortunate John the First, King of France. Joanna entered the world about the year 1371, and whilst yet a laughing girl, she and two of her brothers were made captives, and detained as

hostages for the future good conduct of their bad, bold father, who, to obtain the disputed crown of France, resorted again and again to treachery, craft, and crime, the foulest on record. After remaining for a considerable period in not dishonourable nor rigorous confinement at Paris, they were released at the earnest instance of John of Castile, a prince to whom Joanna had been betrothed in 1380, but who, for political reasons, had broken his troth with her, and espoused a Princess of Arragon.

* His mother was Joanna, the only surviving child of Louis the Tenth of France. The Salic law prevented Joanna from ascending the French throne; but she married the Count of Evreux, and transmitted to her son, Charles, the kingdom of Navarre, and the counties of Brie and Champagne, petty dominions which she possessed in her own right.

To obviate the advantages of an alliance with England, the Dukes of Burgundy and Perri, her maternal uncles, selected her as the third wife of Duke John the Fourth of Brittany, surnamed the Valiant. The marriage was negotiated early in the year 1386, and solemnized on the eleventh of September, at Saillé, near Guerrand, in Navarre. All the leading nobility of Brittany and

Navarre graced the nuptials with their presence, and Duke John testified his joy by keeping an open house for a fortnight afterwards at Nantes, where all comers were sumptuously feasted and entertained with pageants, mummeries, jousts, and other sports and gaieties.

Joanna had been a wife but a few months, when her no less profligate than perfidious father met with a horrible death.

"At last," says Mezerai, "by a just punishment from heaven, Charles the Wicked, who had blown up so many flames, and burnt so many entrails with his deadly poisons, and who had long suffered from so many bodily maladies, was most cruelly burnt himself. He had caused the whole of his body to be wrapped in sheets, saturated with a solution of spirits of wine and sulphur, with a view to restore heat and vigour to his paralytic frame. By some accident this took fire, and burned him so dreadfully that the flesh fell from the bones, and three days afterwards he expired in excruciating agony, on the first of January, 1387."

Just previous to his death, which none but his relations moaned, Charles the Bad basely insinuated to Duke John that a criminal intimacy had taken place between his fair young bride, the Duchess of Brittany, and his wealthy vassal, Clisson, the powerful Constable of France. This insinuation so excited the ire of the irascible duke, that he vowed to be revenged or die in the attempt; and but for the wise counsel and strenuous efforts of Joanna, who possessed great influence over his heart, he, to punish the guiltless Clisson, would, doubtless, have brought ruin on the heads of his friends and himself.

Not dreaming of harm, Clisson, in 1387, went to dispatch the fleet destined for the invasion of England, from Triguier in Brittany, to join the armament at Sluys.

On hearing that Clisson was in Brittany, Duke John resolved to be revenged upon him. For this purpose he invited him to dinner; and afterwards prevailed on him, together with the Lords Laval and Beaumanoir, to come with him and

see his newly-built castle of Ermine. After they had examined the chambers, the stables, and the wine-cellars with infinite delight, the constable incautiously went into the keep alone, where he was suddenly seized by four armed men, who loaded him with irons, and shut him in a dark, dank dungeon. As they closed the door upon him it was slammed with violence; Laval and Beaumanoir heard the noise, and suspecting a plot against the constable, accused the Duke to his face of treachery. Words ran high—villain, traitor, and other opprobrious epithets passed from mouth to mouth; and at length, the Duke, in a fit of fury, ordered Beaumanoir to be arrested, ironed, and locked up. The duke then called in his trusty servant, Bazvalen, and taking him aside, commanded him to see that Clisson was privately assassinated at midnight. Bazvalen, however, had not the heart to commit so brutal a murder; and on the next morning, when his anger had subsided, the Duke, right glad that his sanguinary mandate was unfulfilled, released Clisson and Beaumanoir for a ransom of one hundred thousand francs, and several castles.

The constable, incensed beyond measure against the Duke of Brittany, now hastened to Paris, and accusing him of treason, threw down his gage of battle, which, however, no one took up. The French King, indignant at the arrogance and disloyalty of the duke, addressed to him several sharp reproofs; but so far from apologizing, John the Valiant replied that he regretted nothing so much as releasing Clisson, when he might have taken his life. The French monarch answered these insolent taunts by a declaration of war, which was met with bombastic threats and scornful defiance from the more valiant than discreet duke. The fury of the gathering storm was, however, averted by the tact and discretion of Joanna, who seconded the efforts of the council of Brittany so effectually, that in 1388, Duke John relented, restored to the constable his money and his castles; and by the favour of the Dukes of Burgundy and Berri, was received with kindness by his

king, to whom he performed a reluctant homage at Paris.

Meanwhile Joanna became enceinte. As the two former wives of her husband, Duke John, had proved childless, he now longed for an heir; but, to his annoyance, the infant proved a girl, who, to the sorrow of her mother, died when only a few months old. The Duke's desire for a successor was, however, soon gratified; in December, 1388, Joanna brought into the world a son, christened Pierre, but whose name was afterwards changed to that of John. The birth of the Princess Mary occurred shortly afterwards, and Joanna became the mother of five other children by the Duke of Brittany, all of whom were born in quick succession.

In 1391, the Duke and Clisson were again at open war, and the King of France, to prevent the effusion of blood, summoned them both to appear before him. Instead of obeying this summons, the Duke renewed his ancient alliances with England; a step so repugnant to the court of France, that an embassy, headed by the Duke of Berri, waited upon him, and demanded a renewal of his fealty to his suzerain, the monarch of France. Believing that these ambassadors were only sent to humble him in the eyes of his subjects and strengthen the cause of Clisson against him, the haughty Duke John gave orders for their arrest. Fortunately, ere these orders were put in execution, Joanna, dreading the dangers to which so perfidious an outrage would expose the duchy, took her children in her arms, hastened to the presence of the Duke, and throwing herself at his feet, prevailed upon him, by the eloquence of her prayers and tears, to desist from his diabolical purpose, to receive the ambassadors with the honour due to their sacred office, and to do the bidding of his liege lord by renewing his oath of allegiance.

But as the self-willed duke had obeyed the commands of his suzerain with reluctance, and as his hatred towards Clisson had so increased, that in defiance of his sovereign, he afforded a hiding-place to the outlawed Sir Pierre de Craon, who, in 1392, had made a das-

tardly attempt upon the life of the constable in the Place de St. Katherin, Paris, the French King again declared war against him, and with a large army marched against the duchy. The ruin of herself and her family was now fully anticipated by the sorrowing Joanna. But by a singular turn of fortune, the dreaded blow was arrested when just about to fall. The French King, bent upon the ruin of the ancient House of De Montfort, collected a large army at Mans; the route lay across an arid plain, the month was August, the heat intense, the army proceeded slowly onward for several miles, when suddenly and with uncontrollable fury, the King, sword in hand, run at and maimed or killed all who came within his reach. For more than an hour he leaped in the air—writhed on the ground—gnashed his teeth—gnawed his clothes—and whilst foaming at the mouth, vented his passion in horrible oaths. His uncles were sent for, and when, by their orders, he was disarmed, it was discovered that he was raving mad. The army halted till the following day, when, as the King had not recovered his reason, he was conveyed home in a chariot, the troops were disbanded, and the expedition was abandoned.

Clisson and the duke now carried on fierce and murderous private warfare. From a petty feud the strife became general; every Breton who could bear arms took part in the contest; no quarter was shewn on either side; and at length, the arts, trade, commerce, and the operations of husbandry were all suspended, and throughout the desolated duchy no sound was so audible as the din of arms; no cry so universal as the dying groans of the warrior, and the deep wailings of the famishing widows and orphans.

At length, however, Joanna, who was certainly a better politician than her hot-headed husband, succeeded in mediating a peace. The Duke, saith the Breton historians, was closely besieging Clisson in his castle of Josselin, when Viscount Rohan came to the duchess, and implored her to prevail on the duke to raise the siege, and take the rebel

Brown nobles again into favour. Towards Clisson Joanna entertained no animosity, she therefore urged the duke so effectively that he raised the siege, and on Clisson agreeing to pay ten thousand gold francs, made peace with him and his confederates, who, in return, swore fidelity to the duke, the duchess, and their heirs. This treaty of peace was concluded in 1393 at Nantes, and being broken shortly afterwards, the duchy was again desolated by war.

In 1394, a marriage was proposed between the heir of Brittany and Joanna, the fourth daughter of the King of France, and shortly afterwards Joanna's daughter, Mary, was contracted to the Prince of Wales, afterwards Henry the

Fifth. This union was, however, prevented by the intrigues of France, and Mary of Brittany was subsequently married to John of Alençon. The marriage was solemnized in 1396, in which year the heir of Brittany was espoused to Joanna of France with great splendour at the Hotel de St. Pol.

It was in 1398, that John the Valiant visited England, and after doing homage to Richard the Second for his English possession, the Earldom of Richmond, gave him a receipt in full for all his debts to him: the English king gave the duke a similar acquittance, entertained him with great magnificence at Windsor, and on his departure presented him with a richly wrought golden circlet.

CHAPTER II.

Joanna's first interview with Henry of Lancaster—Her husband furnishes Henry with ships and men for his invasion of England—Death and burial of the Duke of Brittany—He names Joanna Regent during their son's minority—Inauguration of Duke John—Henry of Lancaster ascends the throne of England—He makes overtures of marriage to Joanna—She entreats the Pope—Is betrothed and married to Henry the Fourth—Her coronation—She endeavours to make peace between England and Brittany—Failure of her efforts—Her unpopularity—Her foreign attendants dismissed—Her dower and revenues—Her dress and the King's.



HE troubles in England now attracted the serious attention of the continental courts of Europe, and led to the first interview between Joanna of Navarre and her second husband, Henry of Lancaster. When banished from England Henry took up his residence in Paris, where he was hospitably entertained by the French king, Charles. About December, 1399, he offered his hand to Marie, a daughter of the Duke of Berri. The jealousy of Richard the Second took alarm, and the Earl of Salisbury hastened to Paris, pronounced Henry an English traitor, prevented the match, and prevailed on the French king to order him to withdraw from Paris. At this juncture Lancaster received intelligence that King Richard was in Ireland quelling a civil war, and

that his English friend only awaited his arrival to receive the standard of revolt. He therefore determined to return to England, and, to elude the suspicions of the French ministers, procured permission to visit the Duke of Brittany.

By John the Valiant and his Duchess Lancaster was cordially welcomed and honourably and magnificently entertained. When he departed, he praised the beauty and accomplishments of Joanna, presented her with several valuable jewels, and placed in her bosom a sprig of that ancient emblematic flower the *myosotis arvensis*, or forget-me-not. Little did the Duke John dream when he fitted out Lancaster with three ships full of cross-bow men and men-at-arms to proceed on his venturous invasion of England, that before the close of the year he would be numbered with the dead, that the crown of England would be worn by Lancaster, and that that

crown would be shared by the widowed Duchess of Brittany, Joanna of Navarre.

As Duke John was the sworn friend and faithful ally of Richard the Second, King of England, certainly nothing short of the all-powerful influence of his beloved Duchess could have prevailed upon him to receive his nephew, Henry of Lancaster, with open arms, and furnish him with the means of the invasion of England. But whether it was a presentiment that Lancaster would ere long be her husband, or any other less potent consideration, that induced Joanna to procure for him the friendship and support of the Duke of Brittany, is nowhere recorded.

Shortly after the departure of Lancaster from Brittany, Duke John died rather suddenly. His fatal illness, although short, was so severely painful, that the Breton chroniclers attribute his death to either poison or sorcery. He expired on the first of November, 1399, at the castle of Nantes, and in the presence of his affectionate wife Joanna, who soothed him in his dying moments, mourned his loss with bitter grief, and followed his remains to their final resting-place, the cathedral church of Nantes, where his effigy, in complete marble, may still be seen.

By his will Duke John appointed Joanna one of his executors, and regent during the minority of his heir, John de Montford. Immediately on assuming the regency, Joanna made overtures of peace to Clisson and the other malcontent Breton nobles, and after much negotiation a reconciliation was effected, and Clisson and his partizans, together with the other nobles and knights of Brittany, swore allegiance to Joanna as regent during the minority of their young Duke, her son John. This arrangement was effected in January, 1400, and towards the close of March in the subsequent year, Joanna put her youthful heir in possession of the duchy. The young Duke, then only in his twelfth year, was solemnly inaugurated in the presence of a brilliant assemblage of magnates and prelates in the cathedral at Rheims. On the day before he was invested with the circlet and ducal sword. Clisson con-

ferred on him the honour of knighthood, and immediately afterwards he knighted his younger brothers Arthur and Jules, the latter of whom was so young, that he could scarcely walk alone.

The inauguration of Duke John whilst yet a minor, startled the courts of Brittany and France. But Joanna's reasons for thus early relinquishing the regency could not long be kept a secret. Henry of Lancaster had succeeded in his bold enterprise, and ascended the throne of England as Henry the Fourth, and being a widower (death had deprived him of his first wife, Mary de Bohun, in 1394), he made proposals of marriage to Joanna of Navarre. These proposals were received with extreme pleasure by the widowed Duchess. Only a religious obstacle stood in the way of the match, and this was speedily removed by the tact and discretion of Joanna. Henry the Fourth, being a Wickliffite at heart, favoured the antipope, Boniface, and as Joanna supported the orthodox pope, Benedict, she kept the intended union a profound secret till she had obtained a bull from Benedict to marry any person she pleased in the fourth degree of consanguinity. This bull was obtained on the twentieth of March, 1402, and immediately afterwards the marriage articles were signed, and on the third of April Joanna was betrothed by proxy to Henry the Fourth, at the palace of Eltham. The betrothment was performed in the presence of the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Earl of Worcester, the Lord Chamberlain, and other court and state personages. After the King, the Archbishop, and others were arranged, Joanna's proxy, Antony Ricze, entered, and taking his place, read aloud a letter from the Duchess, authorizing him to act for her; he then took a solemn oath that Joanna was free to marry whom she pleased, received the troth-plight from the King, who placed the bridal ring on his finger, and afterwards said:

"I, Antony Ricze, in the person of my worshipful Lady, Dame Joanna, the daughter of the late King Charles the Second of Navarre, Duchess of Brittany, and Countess of Richmond, take you, Henry of Lancaster, King of England

and France, and Lord of Ireland, unto my husband, and thereto I, Antony, in the name and in the spirit of my before-mentioned Lady Joanna, plight you my troth."

Meanwhile, the Duchess, to satisfy the people of Brittany, and to stifle the fears of the Court of France, who viewed her union with the King of England with alarm, placed her sons under the guardianship of the powerful Duke of Burgundy. The Duke went to Nantes on the first of October, gained the good-will of the Duchess, her children, her court, and her attendants, by presenting them with splendid gifts; and after formally taking charge of the young Duke, and his brothers, Arthur and Jules, bade adieu to the Duchess on the third of November, and proceeded with her three sons to Paris.

Immediately Joanna's betrothment became known, the clergy of the Duchy, who to a man supported Pope Benedict, denounced her marriage with the schismatic English King as a deadly sin. Filled with alarm, Joanna earnestly implored Benedict to grant a dispensation for her union; and as the Court of Avignon judged that her presence and influence in England as Queen might check the spread of schism and heresy there, her request was complied with, on condition that she should not change her faith, and should acknowledge only Benedict the Ninth as Pope.

In December, 1402, Henry the Fourth dispatched a fleet, having on board the Earls of Somerset and Worcester, and other nobles, to convey his betrothed to England. Whilst the fleet lay off Camaret, the mariners and men-at-arms clamoured for arrears of pay. To avoid trusting herself to the mercy of a mutinous crew, Joanna offered the Government of Nantes to Clisson for twelve thousand crowns. But the Governor of Nantes would neither yield the castle nor the city, which he had sworn to maintain for the Duke of Burgundy, as the guardian of the young Duke, John. Joanna, therefore, quieted the clamours of the seamen with promises; and with her daughters, Blanche and Margaret,

and a noble train of Bretons and Navarrese, embarked at Camaret on the thirteenth of January, 1403. On the following day the fleet sailed for Southampton, but was driven by stress of weather into Falmouth. Having landed here in safety, the Duchess and her illustrious train hastened to Winchester, where the King and his nobles received them with infinite joy, and where, on the seventh of February, Joanna of Navarre was married with great pomp to King Henry the Fourth, in St. Swithin's Church.

The subsequent week the Queen made her public entry into London; and being the consort of the King of their choice, the citizens received her with processions, pageants, and tumultuous rejoicings. The Grocers' Company went to considerable expense on this occasion. Their books record an allowance of six shillings and eight pence to Robert Sterns, their beadle, to ride into Suffolk to furnish minstrels. These minstrels, six in number, had four pounds for riding with the Company to Blackheath to meet the Queen, and two shillings for their dinner and wine. That their appearance might correspond with the magnificence of the occasion, they were dressed in showy vestments with gold and silver chains; ten shillings and two pence were paid to provide them with new caps and hoods, and they rode on richly harnessed horses. The other entries of expenses connected with this part of the Company's show, were to the said minstrels on the morrow, when the Queen passed through Cheapside to Westminster, thirteen shillings and fourpence; for wine for them whilst there eighteen pence; and for a horse for the beadle twelve pence,—a tolerable proof that Joanna after passing the first day at the Tower, went on the second to Westminster, where she was crowned on the twenty-sixth of February.

The coronation of the Queen was solemnized with unbounded magnificence by Archbishop Arundel. All kinds of entertainments followed; and for weeks afterwards, serious business was suspended, and all classes, from the peasant

to the peer, took part in the joyous festivity. At one of the tournaments which marked the occasion, the Earl of Warwick amused and delighted the King and his consort, by, in their presence, triumphantly keeping joust in the Queen's name against all comers.

As Joanna dreaded that the hostility subsisting between the English and their French and Breton neighbours would render her position as Queen of England, and mother of the young Duke of Brittany, unpleasant, or perhaps critical, she endeavoured to conciliate the Bretons, by immediately after her coronation confirming the guardianship of her sons, the Duke of Brittany and his brothers, and their patrimony, to the Duke of Burgundy, and prevailed upon the King of England not to sanction the hostile descents of the English mariners upon the coast of her son's duchy.

But her efforts failed of their purpose. Since the death of Richard the Second, the French King and his ministers had, without either a declaration of war or an interruption of the external relations of amity, encouraged their nobles to insult Henry, by making descents on the most exposed parts of England, and plundering and murdering his subjects. Before Joanna's marriage rejoicings were ended, Walleran de St. Pol, who having married a sister of Richard, declared that it was his duty to revenge the fate of his brother-in-law, fitted out a formidable fleet, and inflicted severe injuries on the inhabitants of the Isle of Wight, and of the southern coast of England; and shortly afterwards, the Admiral of Brittany, being completely under the control of France, swept the channel, and after committing fearful havoc off the coast of Cornwall, returned home with fifty English vessels as prizes, and about two thousand prisoners,—a proceeding which annoyed the King, and rendered the Queen unpopular with the nation.

These injuries, however, were not permitted to go unrevenged. William Wilford and other daring English mariners sailed to Brittany, sacked and burned several of the coast towns, and took or destroyed every Breton or French

ship that came in their way. The Parliament, too, which in this reign firmly established its right to vote the public money, and inquire into all grievances which endangered the nation, or increased the burdens of the people, demanded in 1404 that the King would moderate his expenses, and reform the government of his household; that he would discharge four persons from his Court—his Confessor, the Abbot of Dore, Richard Derham, and Crossby, a valet of his chamber; and, above all, that he would banish all the Queen's foreign attendants, and permit no alien, male or female, to remain in the royal household, except the Queen's daughters, and Marie Sante, Nicholas Alderwyche, and John Puryan, and their wives, "because," say the Commons, "these foreigners are mostly Bretons, French, or Navarrese, who, being hostile to Englishmen, might inform the enemies of the state secrets of the kingdom. Henry, remembering that he had been placed upon the throne by the voice of the people, replied to these requests by declaring in parliament that he knew of no cause why his Confessor, and other three attendants, should quit his service; but, as he was convinced that what the lords and commons should ordain was for the advantage of the nation, he had discharged them all; adding, that he would do as much by any other about his person, whom he should find to have incurred the indignation of his people.

Although the recommendation of the parliament respecting the Queen's household was assented to by the King, it was only carried out in part. Joanna, less politic than her royal husband, applied to the lords; and, having obtained their permission, retained six of her men and five of her women attendants, mostly Bretons, besides eleven washerwomen and a valet, all natives of Brittany. And, to add to her unpopularity, she shortly afterwards greatly increased the number of her foreign domestics. Joanna, however, soon learned that she must bow to the will of the parliament. In 1406, the commons, in bold language,

complained, through their speaker, that their orders for the removal of aliens from the Queen's court had not been complied with; and, enumerating forty-four persons in her service, demanded their instant dismissal. The King returned a favourable answer; and, to the grief of the Queen, her obnoxious foreign attendants were all banished three weeks afterwards.

Joanna was the first widow since the Norman Conquest who wore the crown of England as Queen Consort. Shortly after her marriage to Henry the Fourth, she was in the receipt of a splendid income. Her annuity as Duchess Dowager of Brittany was princely. When the Percy rebellion was crushed by the sanguine battle of Shrewsbury, the King granted her the Earl of Northumberland's mansion in Aldgate, and other of the confiscated estates of the Percys and their adherents. In 1406, the commons voted her revenues to the yearly value of ten thousand marks; and in the subsequent year, on the conclusion of the truce with Brittany, Henry added the town of Hereford to the dower of his beloved consort Joanna, and requested the parliament to make her further pecuniary grants.

But large as was Joanna's income, she was by no means free from pecuniary cares. The expenses of quelling rebellion and repelling foreign foes, quite exhausted the coffers of Henry, and drove him more than once to encroach upon the resources of his consort, who about this time found such great difficulty in procuring her dower from Brittany, on account of the hostility between France and England, that in June, 1406, she sent her faithful secretary, John de Boyas,

to arrange with her friends and officers there for the more regular and safe transmission of it to England for the future. On departing, De Boyas received letters of protection from King Henry, who about the same time granted a safe conduct to two ships bringing horses, lamps, and other things for the Queen's use from Brittany.

It was more from want of money than from want of will that the King, during the first six years of his reign, afforded such slight encouragement to tournaments, feastings, pageantry, and other splendid entertainments in which his predecessors had so delighted to indulge. When Earl of Derby, Henry excelled and delighted in chivalric exercises; but it was now rare indeed that he sported with lance or sword, or even graced the lists with his presence as a patron or spectator. However, whenever he or the Queen presided at a tourney or a feast, they made a right royal display, and conducted themselves as befitted the sovereigns of England. The Queen wore rich and costly dresses and robes, pearls, rubies, and jewels in abundance, and generally, what then was the vogue, a cap about two feet high, looking more like a portable castle than a head-dress. The King, whether with a cap or crown on his head, or a robe or a gown on his body, always wore that especial Lancastrian badge the collar of S. S., enamelled with flowers of the forget-me-not, and the motto *Souveraigne vous de moy*, a device and motto which heralds and antiquarians have endeavoured in vain to explain the origin of, and of which nothing is really known beyond the fact that Henry adopted them some ten years previous to his accession.

CHAPTER III.

Joanna's gift to the dukes of Brittany—Marriage of her daughters Blanche and Margaret—Voyage to Pleshy—Encounter with pirates—The tomb of her departed husband—Death of her son Jules—Quarrel between Prince Henry and the King—She effects a reconciliation—Her conduct as a step-mother—The King falls ill—Admonishes Prince Henry, and dies—His will—Political state of England—Lollardism—Execution of Santré, the first man in England who suffered for his religious opinions.



ALTHOUGH it was through the exertions of Joanna that the truce with Britain had been concluded in 1406, many of the nobles still viewed her with feelings of distrustful dislike. They remembered that more than once she had obtained royal pardons for the Breton prisoners taken in the act of plundering the coast, and they accused her of neglecting the King's interest, because in 1404, when the exchequer was exhausted, she had presented her son, the Duke of Brittany, with seventy-six thousand livres due to her from various sources in Navarre and Normandy; a gift, however, which was of the utmost service to the young Duke, as the officers of his French guardian completely controlled his income from his duchy, and to his annoyance only permitted it to be expended as they pleased.

In 1406, the King's daughter, Philippa, was married to Eric, King of Denmark, a minor, under the guardianship of Margaret, his mother, and on the thirtieth of June in the same year, Joanna's daughter, Blanche, then in her thirteenth year, was espoused to Viscount Lomagne, son and heir of Bernard, Count of Armagnac. The marriage of Blanche was solemnized in Brittany.

She quitted England in the spring of the year, in the company of her sister Margaret, who was present at the espousals, and who, on the twenty-sixth of that month twelvemonth, was herself made a wife and a widow on the same day. Her unfortunate husband, Alan de Rohan, the grandson of Clisson, died

suddenly two hours after his marriage. His death was attributed to poison, but whether justly or not, has never been proved.

In 1407, the plague raged in England with such destructive severity, that in London alone it swept away thirty thousand of the inhabitants. To avoid the deadly contagion, the King and Queen retired to their castle of Leeds, in Kent. After spending part of the summer there, their Majesties "took shipping," says Stowe, "at Queenborough, in the Isle of Sheppey, to sail over to Essex, and so to go to Pleshy, there to pass the time till the ravages of the plague had ceased. But as the King was on the sea, certain French pirates, which lay lurking at the mouth of the Thames for prey, got knowledge of the King's passage, and thereupon, as he was in the midst of his course, they entered amongst his fleet, and took four vessels next to the King's ship, and in one of which was Sir Thomas Rampstone, the Vice-Chamberlain, with all the chamber stuff and apparel of the King and Queen. They then followed the King so near, that if his ship had not been swift, he would have landed sooner in France than in Essex. But such was his good-hap, that he escaped, and arrived with the Queen in safety at his appointed port."

The year following, the splendid alabaster tomb of John the Valiant, which Joanna had caused to be made by English workmen, was conveyed to Brittany and set up in the cathedral of Nantes, over the grave of the departed Duke. Two years afterwards, Joanna received from the King the valuable grant of six lead-mines, with men to work them, and porters to load the ships; and as it had been the custom to export

the bulk of the ore from these mines to Brittany, the King wrote to the Duke, and prevailed upon him to henceforth admit it duty free.

As Joanna had obtained an extension of the truce between England and Brittany for two years longer, her third son, Jules, paid her a visit in 1412. But shortly after landing, the young Prince was taken ill, and died. His remains were interred with royal pomp, and followed to the grave by the disconsolate Queen, his mother, who, as a token of maternal affection, caused services to be performed for the repose of his soul in Westminster Abbey and other churches.

In 1412, the peace of the royal household was disturbed by the insolence and immorality of Henry, Prince of Wales. This prince, although brave in the battlefield and active at the council-table, was headstrong and impetuous in the pursuit of pleasure; and when not actively employed in military or civil service, recklessly plunged into all the vices and follies of youth. Shakspeare's portraiture of the frolics and associates of this prince, although the particular personages and facts are the creations of the poet's imagination, is in perfect consonance with the accounts handed down to us by history and tradition. But it was not only the immoralities of Prince Henry that disturbed the mind of his father. In his hours of merriment and folly, he had dropped some unguarded expressions. These were conveyed to the King by his courtiers, who impressed him with a belief that the prince had ill designs against him. To justify himself, Prince Henry went to his father, threw himself at his feet, and said, "Sir, I am told you entertain suspicions that are injurious to my honour, and to the reverence and veneration I have for your person. I have been guilty, I must confess, of words and actions that deserve your indignation. But, by the holy gospels! I never had a thought of any attempt upon your person or government, and they that dare charge me with so heinous a crime, seek only to ruin your happiness and mine. Therefore, Sir, I entreat you to clear me from this foul imputation, by causing my conduct to be rigorously canvassed. Let my

words and deeds be scrutinized as though I were one of your meanest subjects, for, being innocent, I fear not the severest test."

"Ah, my son!" replied the King, with a stern, mistrustful countenance, "I would to heaven that you were free from the crimes and charges laid to your door."

"By Saint Mary! Sir," rejoined the prince, "is it, then, possible that you believe the lying insinuations of your false counsellors?"

"Son, I believe that a debauchee might speak, or even act, treason, when under the influence of wine," exclaimed the King, angrily.

This angry outburst so overcame the prince, that he burst into tears, handed a dagger to his father, and with the deepest emotion implored him to take his life, since he had deprived him of the royal favour. Fortunately for Prince Henry, the Queen, whose conduct as a step-mother was always pure and praiseworthy, at this instant entered the apartment, and added her tears and entreaties to his so effectually, that the King softened down, took the Prince by the hand, made him rise, kissed him, and restored him again to royal favour.

We have stated that the conduct of Joanna as a step-mother was irreproachable, and this statement is fully borne out by her general character as a wise, discreet princess, by the circumstances in which she was placed as the consort of Henry the Fourth, and by the total absence of all proof or documentary evidence to the contrary. Some writers, with more zeal than sense, have affirmed that she fomented the difference between the King and his heir, to check the growing interest of her son-in-law, to diminish his fame, and to tarnish his honour. But this assertion carries an absurdity on the face of it. Joanna had no children by her second marriage. The King's four sons, now men grown, were sworn friends, and being herself a stranger in England, it would have been an act of insanity had she incited her husband, now on the verge of the grave, against a son who, on his death, would wear the crown of England. Besides,

that from this period to the end of his father's life, the prince was on terms of cordial friendship with his step-mother, is proved by the indubitable evidence of two entries in the issue rolls of the first year of Henry the Fifth, both to the following effect:

"To Joanna, Queen of England, one hundred pounds, in part payment of a greater sum due to her on a private agreement made between her and the present King, concerning a license for the marriage of the Earl of March, which license the said Joanna did obtain from her late lord Henry the Fourth, especially for and sold to the present King when he was Prince of Wales."

As it was greatly to the interest of Henry the Fourth to prevent the marriage of the Earl of March, he being by descent the rightful heir to the throne, these entries, besides marking the amity subsisting between the prince and the Queen, are indisputable records of the powerful influence possessed by Joanna over the mind of her lord, nor are they less deniable evidence of that Queen's over-covetous disposition.

Henry the Fourth, whilst yet in the meridian of manhood, was worn out with mental anguish and bodily sufferings. According to Maydstone, on the very day that the patriotic Scroop, Archbishop of York, was, by royal orders, beheaded, without judge, jury, or trial, the conscience-smitten King became afflicted with loathsome leprous eruptions, which, increasing in virulence, broke out on his face, and, in the autumn of 1412, quite disfigured the features of his finely-chiselled countenance, exhausted his bodily powers, and precluded him from attending to public business. This malady was accompanied by a succession of epileptic fits, which gradually increased in violence; and the common people considered it as a punishment from heaven for the murder of the prelate Scroop.

Henry and his consort kept their Christmas, this year, at Eltham. The King was confined to his bed, and the Queen herself waited upon him. But, with all her care and affectionate attention, Joanna could not quiet the com-

punctions of his guilty conscience. The presentiment of his approaching end brought to his mind, in vividly-horrifying colours, the blood which he had spilt to conquer and maintain his usurped crown, and harassed him with terribly-tormenting terrors. He, however, rallied sufficiently to return to Westminster at Candlemas, and keep his birthday there with some degree of state; but, immediately afterwards, the violence and frequency of the fits increased, and he became worse than he had ever been. One day, whilst lying in a fit, and to all appearances dead, the Prince of Wales conveyed away into another room the crown, which, according to custom, had been laid upon his pillow. But soon afterwards, the King, recovering his senses, angrily inquired for it. The Prince immediately returned, and replaced the crown on the pillow, when the King, pacified by his dutiful expressions, exclaimed, with a sigh:

"Alas! fair son, what right have you to a crown, when you know that your father had none?"

"My liege," replied the Prince, "with the sword you won it, and by the sword I will maintain it."

"Well," rejoined the King, with a faint, faltering voice, "do as you deem best; I leave the issue to God, and pray he will have mercy on my soul!"

The King was seized with his last fit whilst he was praying at the shrine of St. Edward the Confessor, in Westminster Abbey, and thence he was carried into the Jerusalem Chamber. On recovering, and learning where he was, he remembered that, years back, it had been predicted that he should die in Jerusalem; and, glancing at his attendants, exclaimed: "Alas! I expected to have visited the Holy City, but now the prophecy is fulfilled—I shall never quit this chamber alive."

Before expiring, he sent for the Prince of Wales, and said: "My son, I fear me sore, after my departure from this life, some discord will grow and arise between thee and thy brother Thomas, Duke of Clarence, whereby the realm may be brought to destruction and misery; for I know you both to be of great

stomach and courage. Therefore, I fear that he, through his high mind, will make some enterprise against thee, intending to usurp upon thee, which I know thy stomach will not abide easily; and for dread thereof, as oft as it is in my remembrance, I sore repent me that ever I charged myself with the crown of this realm."

The Prince answered: "Right redoubted lord and father, by the pleasure of God your grace shall long continue with us, and rule us both; but if God so provides that I ever succeed you in this realm, I shall honour and love my brothers above all men, so long as they continue faithful and obedient to me as their sovereign lord. But should any one of them conspire against me, I would as soon execute justice upon him as upon the worst and meanest person in this your realm."

Pleased with this reply, the King, after exhorting the Prince to avoid sin and crime, and live a life of virtue, wisdom, and valour, blessed him; and whilst the attendant priests were reading the *Miserere*, breathed his last, without a struggle.

Henry the Fourth died on the twentieth of March, 1413, and was buried with solemn pomp in Canterbury Cathedral, close to the grave of Edward the Black Prince.*

By his will, dated January, 1408, Henry the Fourth bequeathed the duchy of Lancaster to Queen Joanna, commanded that restitution should be made

* Clement Magdestone, who wrote about the year 1440, assures us that whilst the royal corpse was being conveyed by water from London for interment at Canterbury, a storm arose, and so alarmed the mariners, that they threw the dead body of the King into the river, and proceeding to Canterbury, deposited the empty coffin in the grave. To ascertain the truth of this statement, the grave was opened in 1832, when the remains of a body, but to all appearances not that of the defunct King, were found in the coffin; it is therefore probable that although Canterbury Cathedral contains the tomb of Henry the Fourth, the dead body of that monarch perished in the sea.

to all persons whom he had wronged or unjustly deprived of their goods, and named Henry the Fifth, together with the Archbishop of Canterbury, and four others, as his executors. This curious document, the first of the royal wills written in the English tongue, was discovered by the industry of Sir Simon d'Ewes, and commences thus:—

"In the name of God, Fadir, Son, and Holy Gost, three persons and one God, I, Henery, sinful wretch, by the grace of God Kyng of England and Fraunce, and lord of Irland, being in my hole mynd, mak my testament in manere and forme that suyth, Fyrst, I bequeth to Almyghty God my sinful soul, the whyche had never been worthy to be man, but thro' hys mercie and hys grace, whiche lyffe I haveth myspendyd whereof I put myselfe wholily in his grase and his mercye with all myn herte. Also, I thank my lordis and trew peple for the trew avyse that they have dune unto me, and I ask them forgyvnis if I haveth mysentreded hem in anywyse."

In the reign of Henry the Fourth, the government assumed a form and liberty hitherto unknown; the distinctions between the nobles and the people were rendered less considerable, and the magistrates were less arbitrary and less venal than in times previous. In 1402, the long existing practice of holding fairs and markets in churchyards was prohibited, excepting in harvest time, and in the same year the spread of Lollardism so alarmed the clergy, that they prevailed on the King to call the attention of parliament to the subject. How reluctant soever the Commons might be, to prosecute a sect whose only crime was error, an act was passed for the protection of the church, and the burning of obstinate heretics. And William Santre, rector of St. Oswyth, London, an enthusiastic follower of Wickliff, was burned alive by virtue of the King's writ, delivered to the Mayor of London. This was the first man in England who suffered death on account of his religion.

CHAPTER IV.

Joanna's widowhood—Henry the Fifth shows her kindness and respect—Her son, Arthur, captured at Agincourt—The victory celebrated by public rejoicings—Truce with Brittany—Joanna accused of treason and sorcery—She is arrested, stripped of her dower and property, and imprisoned—The Duke of Brittany sues for her liberation—Mortal illness of Henry the Fifth—His remorse—Order for the release of Joanna—Her liberation—Restitution of her sequestered property—Her closing years—Death—Burial—Tomb.



DURING the first two years of her widowhood, Joanna was treated with the greatest kindness and respect by her royal step-son, Henry the Fifth. The new King permitted her to receive her dower as heretofore, presented her with jewels, trinkets, and other marks of royal favour, and when about to depart on his first French campaign, he took an affectionate leave of her, and by an order dated June the thirtieth, granted to his dearest mother, Joanna, Queen of England, permission to reside in his favourite palaces of Wallingford, Berkhamstead, Hertford, or Windsor. Which of these royal residences Joanna and her retinue occupied when she, to her more sorrowful than joyous, tidings of Henry's victory at Agincourt reached England, is nowhere recorded. Her position at this period was, however, a trying one, for whilst the sanguinary battle of Agincourt, fought on the twenty-fifth of October, 1415, stamped her martial son-in-law as the greatest warrior of the age, it brought death or ruin to those of her foreign relations and friends, who, from interest, policy, or patriotism, took part in the cause of defeated France. Her beloved son, Arthur, was wounded and made prisoner. Her son-in-law, John, Duke of Alençon, was slain on the battle-field, and her brother, Charles of Navarre, died of his wounds on the following morning. Yet, despite her sorrow for the misfortunes of her family, she was compelled, by her position as Queen of England, to head a procession of the Londoners, and return public thanks for

the victory ere she dared to make lamentations for the dead, or assume the garb of mourning. Even afterwards, when Henry the Fifth, the triumphant captor of her son, Arthur, and the destroyer of her house, returned with the fruits of his victory, Joanna had no recourse but to welcome him with deceptive smiles, and take part in the thanksgivings and rejoicings that ensued.

Arthur of Brittany had sworn fealty to Henry, as Earl of Richmond; by taking part against him in the battle of Agincourt, he had violated his oath of allegiance, and he certainly would have perished as a traitor, had not Joanna exerted her powerful influence with the King of England in his behalf. But although his life was spared, Henry would neither consent to his release nor his ransom. Joanna's eldest son, the Duke of Brittany, wisely avoided taking a part in the battle, and in 1417, by the advice and assistance of his judicious mother, he concluded another truce with England, greatly to the advantage of both parties.

The King still continued to treat Joanna with high consideration. In 1418, he issued orders for the landing of money, wines, lamps, cloth, and other articles, free of import duty, for the use of "our beloved mother, Joanna, Queen of England." And in the same year he granted protection and free export to a ship loaded with presents from Joanna to her daughter-in-law, the Duchess of Brittany. But these were the last of the royal favours conferred by Henry the Fifth on his widowed step-mother; in 1419, her confessor, John Randulf, a minorite friar, and others accused her of having conspired with Roger Cole

and Peronell Brocart, formerly her domestics, to compass the King's death by sorcery and witchcraft. Upon this charge she was seized, and without being permitted to defend herself, imprisoned, first in Pevensey, and afterwards in Leeds Castle. By an order of the King's, assented to by parliament, her rich dower and all her property of every kind, even to her clothing, were confiscated to the crown.

Whether Joanna really did plot against the King, or whether she was foully calumniated by her accusers, is a mystery which nothing can completely solve but the discovery of state documents of the period bearing upon the case; documents which we ourselves have searched for in vain. However, as at this period the King was in great poverty, and as Joanna was selfish and covetous to a fault, it is highly probable that on her refusing to assist him with heavy loans, the charge was brought against her as a pretext to replenish the exchequer with her forfeited riches. One thing is certain, the time for making the charge (about October) was chosen with judgment, for the King was then fully occupied with his designs upon France, whilst Joanna's son, Arthur, having just returned again from patrol to imprisonment, was precluded from going in person to the King to vindicate his mother's character, by order of the Duke of Bedford, the Regent of England.

The intelligence of his mother's disgrace induced the Duke of Brittany to sue for her liberation. History does not record with what success, but as Joanna's imprisonment made no change in the friendly relations between the Duke and King Henry, we may suppose that his request was not wholly disregarded.

Joanna continued a prisoner within the gloomy walls of Pevensey till the early part of the year 1422, when she was removed to less severe confinement in Leeds Castle. But the period of her captivity was now drawing to a close: Henry the Fifth felt that his end was approaching, and stung with remorse at the injury he had so long inflicted on his innocent mother-in-law, he sent an order for her immediate liberation, and com-

manding the restitution of her dower and confiscated property. This curious document, of which the following is a copy, was addressed to the prelates and nobles of the council.

"Ryght worshipful faders in God,oure ryght trusty and well-beloved: Howbeit that we had to tak into oure hande sicke (since) a certeyn tyme, and for sicke causes as yow knowe, ye douairs of oure moder Quene Johanne, excepte a certeyne pension thereof yerely, whych we assigned for the expens reasonable of hir, and of a certain menyne (*menials or domestics*) that shulde be a charge unto oure consciens for to occupye furth longer the saide douair in this wyse, the whyche charge we be aviseid no longer to bere in our consciense, wol and charge yow that as ye wol answer to God for us in this case, and stand discharged in youre own consciens, also that ye make deliverans unto oure said moder, the Quene, hoolly of hir said douair, and suffre hir to recieve it as she did hereafore. And that she make hir officers whom hir lyst, so they be oure ligemen and goodemen, and that therefore ye yave in charge, and command at this tyme to make hir plain restitution of hir douair as aforesaid. Furthermore we wol charge ye that hir beddes and all other thyngs movable that we had of hir ye deliver hir agen, and ordeineth hir that she have of sicke cloth, and of sicke color, as she wold devise herself, five or six gounes suche as she useth to wear. And bicaus we suppose she wol soon rymove from the place where she is now, that ye ordein hir horses for two chares (*chariots*), and let hir rymove into what oyer place wythin oure roiaume (*realm*) that hir lyst."

"Wryten the thirteenth day of Jule, the yere of our regne tenth."

This order was followed by the immediate liberation of Joanna, and on the thirty-first of the subsequent month, the hero of Agincourt breathed his last; when court etiquette forced the ill-used Queen to dissemble her feelings, by assuming weeds of mourning for the death of that monarch, who, in his order for her restoration to liberty and state, had

* Par. Rolls, first Henry the Sixth.

in effect, if not in words, admitted that he had unjustly plundered and imprisoned her.

The restitution of Joanna's sequestered property was found to be a matter of great difficulty. Henry the Fifth had sold, mortgaged, or given away the whole of it; his consort, Katherine of France, had received a large part of the dower; the Abbess Syon had come in for a thousand marks; numerous grants had been made to other persons; and, indeed, it had been so disposed of, that without the aid of parliament it could not be regained. But this aid Joanna applied for, and obtained, in the second year of Henry the Sixth; from which time we hear no more complaints on the matter.

From the period of her restoration to liberty, Joanna passed her remaining years mostly at her favourite Palaces of Langley or Havering Bower, in quiet retirement. But though she had in a great measure withdrawn from the world, she paid occasional visits to court, and maintained a state and dignity befitting her exalted station. With advancing age her avariciousness and meanness increased. To art, to the cause of religion, and other good works she afforded little or no encouragement; she seldom gave alms, and then under no circumstances more than a mark at a time. She appears to have experienced some difficulty in procuring her foreign income, as in 1430, and again two years afterwards, she entreated her son, the Duke of Brittany, to procure the arrears due to her from the county of Nantes. With the young King Henry the Sixth she maintained an affectionate intercourse. On one occasion she presented the youthful monarch with a unique gold tablet, on which the figure of St. George was formed with sapphires, rubies, and other

precious stones; and in 1437, he, in return, sent her a "golden tablyt with eight large pearls, four baleys, rubes, and a grete saphir in ye middle."

It was in this year that death put a period to the existence of Joanna of Navarre. Of the mournful event nothing is known beyond the fact that she died at Havering Bower, on the ninth of July, 1437. In compliance with her own desire, she was entombed in the grave of her second husband, Henry the Fourth, in the chapel of St. Thomas à Becket, in Canterbury Cathedral. Her funeral was pompous, and attended by the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, and most of the leading prelates and nobles. The body rested on its way to Canterbury at Bermondsey Abbey, where the monks watched and prayed by it the night through, and a solemn service was performed before it was removed in the morning.

The effigy of Joanna of Navarre reposes by the side of that of her husband, Henry the Fourth, on the splendid altartomb prepared by her royal commands for that monarch. The tomb is still in tolerable preservation; and presuming the effigy to be a correct likeness, Joanna must certainly have been a woman of surpassing loveliness. The features are regular and even; her figure rather slim, but round and finely modelled. She is robed in a rich flowing mantle, with a crown on her head, an elegant S.S. collar encircling her throat, and a band of choice jewels round her waist. She wears several brooches, studs, and other female ornaments, and her dress is remarkably elegant and graceful. At her feet is the badge of Brittany, and on the canopy of her tomb, her paternal arms, with her motto "Temperance," are carved in bold relief.

KATHERINE OF FRANCE,

Queen of Henry the Fifth.

CHAPTER I.

Katherine's birth, parentage, and unfortunate childhood—Her hand demanded in marriage for Henry the Fifth, then Prince of Wales—On his accession, Henry repels the demand, which is refused—Preparations for war—The Southampton conspiracy—Henry invades France—Reduces Harfleur—Battle of Agincourt—Terrible state of France—Katherine's portrait—Fall of Rouen—Conferences at Meulan—Henry falls in love with Katherine—Failure of her mother's finess—War renewed—Henry is made regent of France, and married to Katherine—Johan Ojort's letter—Sieges of Montreuil and Milan—Henry and Katherine enter Paris in triumph—Voyage to England—Coronation of Katherine—Progress to the north—Death of the Duke of Clarence—Release of the King of Scots.



KATHERINE OF FRANCE, youngest sister of Isabella, the second consort of the unfortunate Richard the Second, was born on the twenty-seventh of October, 1401, at the Hotel de St. Pol, in Paris, where she passed the early years of her truly unfortunate childhood. Her father, Charles the Sixth, of France, was incapacitated from ruling either his household or his kingdom, by severe fits of insanity. In 1404, say the chroniclers, France was in a truly pitiable plight. Pestilence, famine, and civil commotion, were rife throughout the land. The king was mad, the court distracted with party strife, when Katherine's mother, Isabella of Bavaria, a woman detestable in her character, and capable of the greatest crimes, intrigued with the Duke of Orleans, emptied the treasury, plundered the revenues of the royal household, and shutting up her helpless husband and children in the Hotel de St. Pol, left them to starve there, without money, clothing, or food. The superior attendants and domestics, being without food or wages, quitted the hotel one after the other, and at last, the king and his children were only kept alive by the kind attention of a few grateful menials, who, in this hour of trouble, had not the heart to desert them.

In 1405, the hapless sufferings of the royal children of France were brought to an unexpected termination. Towards the summer time, King Charles suddenly recovered his senses and assumed the regal reins, which so alarmed the Queen and the Duke of Orleans, that, conscious of their guilt, they precipitately fled to Milan. The royal children they ordered to be brought after them; but whilst in

the act of obeying this order, Louis, Duke of Bavaria, was overtaken, and the Dauphin, his three brothers, his sisters Michelle and Katherine, together with the children of the Duke of Burgundy, all of whom Louis was carrying off, were brought back to Paris, and shortly afterwards, Katherine was sent to the convent of Poissy, to be educated, and her wicked mother was imprisoned at Tours. Katherine was an inmate of Poissy when negotiations were first opened for her marriage to Henry the Fifth, then Prince of Wales. The success of these negotiations was prevented by the distracted state of France, the death of Henry the Fourth, King of England, and the animosity subsisting between the two nations. But although the matter rested for a period, Henry had determined to have the beautiful Katherine for his bride. Accordingly, in 1414, after his unconscionable demand from the crown of France had been made and refused, he agreed to relinquish his claim to the sovereignty of that kingdom; but, as the price of his forbearance, asked for the provinces of Normandy, Maine, Anjou, Aquitaine, and the half of Provence, for the payment of the arrears of the ransom of King John, amounting to one million two hundred thousand crowns, and for the hand of the Princess Katherine in marriage, with a portion of two million crowns, a sum equal to about five million pounds present money. The Duke of Berri, in the name of the French King, replied, that Aquitaine should be restored, and six hundred thousand crowns given with his daughter, a greater portion than had ever yet been granted with a princess of France. This conciliatory offer was refused with disdain, and the ambitious Henry, eager to wreath his brow with the laurels of a conqueror, summoned his council, and made known his resolution to recover his inheritance and win his bride by the force of arms. An announcement received with joy by the whole nation, as both the nobles and the people cherished a deadly hatred towards France, and had long and anxiously waited for an opportunity to emulate the chivalrous deeds of their fathers at Cressy and Poitiers.

Although Henry obtained from the willing parliament the grant of two tenths and two fifteenths, and the barons and the knights, all anxious to win wealth and renown on the plains of France, undertook to furnish troops according to their ability, the expedition was so gigantic, coin so scarce, the times so unsettled, that he was forced to pawn or sell his crown, his jewels, and, in fact, every valuable that could be found in the vaults of the treasury, and in the cupboards and closets of the royal castles, in order to pay his army.

Whilst the army and the fleet were being raised, ambassadors proceeded to France, and assured King Charles of Henry's intention to win the provinces and the hand of Katherine, at the point of his sword.

"If," replied the French King, "such is his purpose, tell him that his barbarous mode of courtship will meet from us the punishment it so justly merits."

This answer was only such as, under the circumstances, might have been expected; but the mad young Dauphin added to it an insult, by sending to Henry a present of a cask, which, on being opened, was found to contain nothing but French tennis balls, and an insulting letter, to the effect that he had better play at his favourite game of racket than embark in a war which he had neither the money, prestige, courage, or energy, to bring to a successful issue.

"The insolent varlet!" exclaimed Henry, angrily, on reading the Dauphin's letter. "By the gospels! I will return the compliment with English ball, such as shall batter to the ground the walls of Paris!"

Every preparation was now ready; the army had assembled at Southampton, and fifteen hundred sail rode in the harbour, all ready to convey the invading host across the channel. But at the very moment of embarkation, the King was alarmed by the intelligence that a conspiracy was hatching, to take his life, and place the young Earl of March upon the throne. An investigation ensued, which resulted in the condemnation of the Earl of Cambridge, Lord Scroop,

and Sir Thomas Grey, whose heads were struck off on the thirteenth of August, 1415, the very day on which Henry put to sea.

After a prosperous voyage, Henry disembarked his army, consisting of six thousand men-at-arms, and twenty-four thousand archers, on the banks of the Seine, about four miles to the seaward of Harfleur; a strong fortress, which he besieged with such vigour, that on the fifth week the garrison surrendered at discretion. But gratifying as this victory was, it was won at the cost of many brave lives; and what seemed to heighten the misfortune, the whole army was attacked with a dysentery, which made such ravages, that in a short time three-fourths of the troops were disabled from carrying arms, and the autumn rains had set in with such force, that the country around appeared one huge swamp. It therefore became necessary to retire to winter quarters, as with such a force, and under such circumstances, no expedition of importance could be attempted. The King's honour was now at stake; and, although he might have embarked at Harfleur, he, to avoid incurring the imputation of cowardice, and in opposition to the advice of his council, took the bold resolution of retiring by land to Calais. In this retreat, which was at once both painful and dangerous, Henry took every method to inspire his troops with courage and perseverance, and shewed them in himself an extraordinary example of patience and resignation. Meanwhile the Constable of France, at the head of one hundred thousand well-armed fighting men, obstructed his passage in a strong position, but a few miles from the village of Maisoncelles. To fight or surrender was now the only alternative; Henry chose the former, and with a few resolute Englishmen completely routed the gigantic French army, and won the glorious victory of Agincourt, on the twenty-fifth of October, 1415.

In this sanguinary battle France lost the flower of her nobility. Amongst the slain, which in all amounted to ten thousand, were numbered the three Dukes of Brabant, Bar, and Alençon, the Constable and Admiral of France, seven counts,

more than one hundred baronets, and eight thousand knights and esquires. The prisoners numbered fourteen thousand; amongst whom were the Dukes of Orleans and Bourbon, the Counts of Eu, Vendome, Richemont, and Estounerulle, and the Marshal de Boucicaut.

The defeat at Agincourt struck consternation into the heart of France, and was followed by calamities the most dreadful that well can befall a nation. King Charles was suffering from one of those severe fits of insanity to which he was so liable; the Dauphin, Louis, and John, poisoned, it was said, by their unnatural mother, Isabella, had followed each other to the grave in quick succession; the reins of government were fiercely contested for by the Count of Armagnac and the Duke of Burgundy; and, indeed, order and law were trampled under foot, and anarchy, famine, and pestilence, with their attendants, robbery and murder, were everywhere fearfully rife. Whilst matters were in this state, the detestable Queen of France, aided by the Duke of Burgundy, escaped from her confinement at Tours, and under pretence that the King, her husband, was captive in the hands of the Dauphin and the Count of Armagnac, assumed the regency, and obtained possession of Katherine, and other of her children.

Meanwhile, Henry, bent upon the conquest of France, had returned to England, recruited his forces, and with an army of twenty-six thousand landed in Normandy, where his efforts were crowned with complete success. Bayeux, Villors, Falaise, and, in fact, the whole of Lower Normandy, were conquered in the campaign of 1417. In the following year, the state of France was more deplorable than ever. The Queen and the Duke of Burgundy ruled at Paris, and the Dauphin and his partisans at Poitiers. The rival chiefs being more hostile to each other than to their natural enemy, the King of England, they each courted his assistance for their own interest, by offers such as no true French patriot could have made. These offers Henry judiciously refused, and the French Queen, talented as she was cruel, tried the expedient of sending him the per-

trait of Katherine, "which," says Monstrelet, "he gazed upon with raptures, and pronounced it matchlessly beautiful, but withal he would not abate one jot of his demands."

Whilst these negotiations were going on, Henry was busily occupied besieging the city of Rouen. The exertions made to save this important city were prodigious, but ineffectual. In January, 1419, Rouen fell, and its fall was received by the people of France as the death-knell of their nation's independence. Both the Dauphin and the Queen now solicited a separate interview with the victor; that with the Dauphin dropped through, but the Duke of Burgundy prevailed on Henry to meet the Queen in person. A plain on the bank of the Seine, near Mauleut, was the spot chosen for the interview. Here an enclosure was formed with palisades, and two magnificent pavilions erected in the centre, afforded the royal negotiators the convenience of withdrawing from the gaze of the spectators. Meanwhile, Henry took up his residence at Mantese, and Charles and his councillors hastened to Pontose. It chanced that on the thirtieth of May, the appointed day, the King of France was seized with a fit of insanity; but about eight in the morning, Isabella, her daughter Katherine, and the Duke of Burgundy, left Pontose, escorted by one thousand men-at-arms, and King Henry, with his brothers of Clarence and Gloucester, departed at the same time with an equal number of horsemen, from Mantese. At a signal given, they entered the enclosure by opposite barriers, and met in the centre at the same moment. Henry bowed to the Queen and the Princess, saluted them, and taking the former by the hand, led her into the pavilion, placed her in one of the chairs of state, and seated himself in the other. His intended bride was placed opposite him; it was the first time that he had seen her; and as she was young, graceful, and beautiful, and withal anxious to become Queen of England, she employed all her charms to captivate the heart of the conqueror. Whilst the Earl of Warwick was delivering a long address in French, Henry gazed on the fair Kath-

erine with fond earnestness—"in fact," says Monstrelet, "he fell desperately in love with her;" and though he strove to suppress, he could not conceal his emotion from the penetrating eye of Isabella, who, vainly believing that she could compel him, by hopes of again seeing her daughter, to consent to more favourable conditions, withdrew her from that moment from the conferences. But strong as love might be in the heart of the English king, ambition was stronger. At the end of a month, the conferences so artfully schemed and conducted by Isabella were brought to an abrupt termination, and Henry again betook himself to the, to him, more genial occupation of warfare.

Success, as heretofore, attended the efforts of the sanguine Henry. Fortress after fortress fell into his hands, and at length the tragical murder of the Duke of Burgundy, on the eleventh of September, 1419, by the partizans of the Dauphin, prostrated bleeding France at his feet.

In her eagerness to be revenged upon her foes, the Queen forgot the true interests of her country; and, as a peace-offering, proffered the conqueror the hand of Katherine, the regency of France during the lifetime of the King, and the succession to the crown at his death. To these terms Henry acceded. The important preliminaries were signed in December. On the twentieth of the subsequent May, Henry, attended by sixteen thousand men at arms, entered Troyes, the residence of the French court, and on the day following, the "perpetual peace" was signed; and the conqueror was betrothed, in the presence of a brilliant assemblage of English and French nobles, in the church of Nôtre Dame. King Charles was not present,—neither his health nor his feelings would permit him to take part in the scene, which apparently destroyed the independence of France, and deprived his young heir of the succession. The marriage of King Henry and the Princess Katherine was completed at Troyes on the second of June, in the presence of the Emperor Sigismund, and several European princes, with extraordinary pomp and

magnificence. Although gorgeous in the extreme, the welling festivities were of very short continuance, as the following letter shows.—

"Worshipful Maister, I recomand me to you. And as touchyng trydys the Kyng owre sovereyn lord was weddid with greet solempnitee in the cathedrale chirche of Treys abowte myd day on Trinitie Sunday; And on the Thysday sayyng he removed towards the toune of Sens XVI leges, thennis havving with hym thedir owre quene and the French estatzy; and on Wednysday thanne next sayyng was sege leyd to that toune, a greet toune and a notable towards Bourgoyneward holden strong with greet nombre of Ermynakes; The which toune is worthily beseged, for ther lay at that sege two Kyngs, two quennes, IV ducks (*dukes*), with my lord of Bedford, whanne he cometh hider the whiche the XII day of the monyth of Juyn shall logge besyde Parys hiderward; And at this sege also lyn many worthy ladys and gentelwomen, both French and English, of the whiche many of hem begonne the faits of armes long time agoon, but of lying at seges now they begynne first,

"JOHAN O FORT."

Thus, two days after her marriage, Katherine the Fair was hurried to the revolting scenes of warfare; and, if history is to be believed, her affection for Henry made her quite forget the woes of her country. The fall of France was to her a source of joy—her bridal music its dying groans. But a fortnight after, her espousal, Henry took the bravely-defended town of Montreau, and tarnished his fame by inhumanly butchering the garrison, under pretence of avenging the murder of the Duke of Burgundy. Nor did Katherine once intercede on behalf of these unfortunate Frenchmen, whose only crime was that of bravely defending their country from the arms of a cruel invader. After the fall of Montreau, Katherine accompanied her royal lord to the siege of Melun. Whilst the siege was going on, she resided with many dames and damsels in a house Henry had had built for the occasion, about a mile from the town. Here,

too, her imbecile father, King Charles, abode, that the voice of the cannon might not startle him; and as his malady was soothed by music, the King of England's military band, which consisted principally of clarions, nightly serenaded him for about an hour. On the surrender of Melun, in November, the two courts proceeded to Paris. Not knowing how the Parisians would receive the English, Henry and his suite, accompanied by King Charles, entered the city first in grand procession. "He was welcomed," says the chronicler, "with great shows, merry noises, sweet carols, and jocund dances;" and the chief citizens paid their conqueror the flattering compliment of wearing the English royal livery of red, instead of their accustomed blue. The two queens entered Paris on the following day, and their arrival was marked with a display of magnificence and enthusiasm too great to be described; the houses were decorated with banners and hangings; processions paraded the streets, and, indeed, every one was so joyed at the ratification of the "perpetual peace," that the shops were closed, all serious business stopped, and nothing but feasting and pleasure indulged in.

On the conclusion of the Christmas festivals, Henry, accompanied by Katherine, set out from Paris, with an escort of six thousand men, under the command of the Duke of Bedford. In their journey through France, the royal pair were greeted with enthusiastic demonstrations of loyalty, and when they embarked at Calais, the shore was thronged with the inhabitants, all eager to catch a last glimpse of their fair young queen. After a prosperous voyage, they landed at Dover in safety, and were conducted in triumph to London, where the queen was crowned, in Westminster Abbey, on the twenty-third of February, 1421, by Archbishop Chicheley. Mostrelet asserts that the coronation of Katherine of France was solemnized with a magnificence hitherto unparalleled in the English annals; and Fabian details the pomp and splendour of the feast that followed, with no little enthusiasm. The queen sat at dinner

in the Hall at Westminster, supported on the right by the Archbishop of Canterbury and Cardinal Beaufort, and on the left by James the First, King of the Scots, the Duchess of York, and the Countess of Huntingdon; whilst the Earl of March knelt on the dais on her right with one sceptre in his hand, and the Earl Marshal, kneeling on the left, held her other sceptre; and all the nobles gave their attendance, each according to his office or place. The feast being holden in Lent, every article, with the exception of brawn, mustard, and confectionery, consisted of fish. Amongst numerous other dishes, are enumerated porpoise, sturgeon, barbel, smelt, salmon, eels, soles, chub, roach, cray-fish, and lobster. The confectionery consisted for the most part of "subtleties"—puzzling political enigmas. One of these consisted of an image of St. Katherine disputing with the doctors, and a pelican on its nest, with this motto in its bill:—

"Great joy the King will bring to this sign,
And the people will bless his Queen Kath-
erine."

Another of these stupid subtleties displayed a full-grown tiger, looking into a mirror, with a man on horseback, armed cap-à-pie, holding in his hand a tiger's whelp, and making a show of

throwing mirrors at the great tiger, who had in his paw the motto,—

"The sight of this wonderful mirror
Will tame all fierce wild beasts of terror."

The English dower of Katherine the Fair was fixed at forty thousand crowns a year, and scoured on various royal manors and castles, several of which had been unjustly wrested from the Queen Dowager Joanna of Navarre, as detailed in the preceding memoir:—

"As spring advanced, Henry and the Queen made a progress through the northern parts of the kingdom, visiting together all the holy shrines on their way; but at York, their joy was clouded by the melancholy intelligence of the defeat and death of the King's beloved brother, the Duke of Clarence, by the Scotch auxiliaries at Beaujeu, in Anjou. Burning with revenge and vexation, Henry returned with Katherine to Westminster, in May. He then summoned a parliament, obtained a tenth from the clergy, raised loans in every county, and, to satisfy his vengeance, by opposing Scot to Scot, contracted with several Scotch nobles to fight under his banner—and released the Scotch King, who had been captive in England sixteen years—in consideration that he accompanied the expedition against the Dauphin in France, in quality of a volunteer."

CHAPTER II.

Henry prosecutes the war against the Dauphin—Katherine remains in England—Her disobedience—Birth and baptism of her son, Henry the Sixth—She returns to France—Meets her husband and her parents—Goes with them in grand state to Paris—Discontent of the Parisians—Death of Henry the Fifth—His pompous funeral—Katherine follows—Raises his tomb—His effigy broken—Henry the Sixth proclaimed—Katherine brings him to London—He is taken from her charge—Warrant to his governess, and to his guardian—His childish freaks—Katherine retires from court—Is requested to prevent a duel between the Dukes of Gloucester and Burgundy—She marries Owen Tudor—Her children by him—His career—Her closing years—Death—Burial—Body exhumed—Exhibited to the curious for three centuries—Epitaph.



Henry returned to France on the tenth of June. Before departing, he charged the Queen, then enceinte, on no account to give birth to her heir at Windsor: for ill would befall the monarch born in that fortress. Katherine, however, being a stranger to superstition, laughed at the prediction, and disobeyed the injunction of her royal lord. On the sixth of December, 1421, she gave birth to the unfortunate King Henry the Sixth; and when her royal husband, who was then besieging Meaux, heard that Windsor was the birth-place of the child, he exclaimed, with a sigh—

"All the glory that I,
Henry of Monmouth, have won,
Will be lost by this my first,
My truly ill-starred son!
My reign will be but short—
His, Henry of Windsor, long:—
But, as God has willed it,
So let it be done."

The infant was christened with great pomp by the name of his father; the Duke of Bedford and the Bishop of Winchester standing godfathers, and Jaqueline, Countess of Hainault, godmother. Katherine tarried at Windsor till the month of April, when she embarked, with her infant, at Hampton, and landed at Harfleur, with powerful forces, under the command of the Duke

of Bedford: the King's brother, Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, being appointed Warden of England in Bedford's place. At Bois de Vincennes she was met by her husband, her father and mother, King Charles and Queen Isabella, and many English and French nobles, who "received her as if she had been an angel sent from God," and conducted her with great pomp to Paris, where she and her warlike lord took up their abode at the Louvre; and King Charles and his Queen were lodged in the Hôtel de St. Pol. "King Henry and his consort Katherine," says Mezerai, "kept open court in grand state at the Louvre upon the feast of Pentecost, each crowned with their royal diadems. The leading princes and nobles of England and France partook of the sumptuous banquet; but the people that went to see the ceremony had cause to regret the munificence of their former monarch, and to detest the pride or parsimony of the English, who, instead of bestowing good cheer on all comers, neither proffered them a scrap of food nor a drink of wine." The citizens also gazed with envious eyes on the magnificence of Henry, and at the same time pitied and resented the comparative insignificance to which their own sovereign had been reduced. Neither by shows nor pageantries could their murmurs be stifled; little dreaming that what they so ardently desired was about to be accomplished, they sighed for the power to deprive England of the royal dignity of France. Nor did Henry, then at the summit of his greatness, anticipate that long ere another year had

commenced, all his conquests and his riches would be snatched from his ardent grasp by the levelling hand of death; yet so it was. At the urgent request of the young Duke of Burgundy, he left Katherine at Bois de Vincennes, and proceeded to raise the siege of Coesne; but, on reaching Corbeil, the malady which had for some time affected his constitution, and which he had hitherto quite disregarded, suddenly prostrated his strength, and rendered him unable to proceed. From Corbeil he was conveyed back in a litter to Bois de Vincennes, where, affectionately attended by his afflicted consort, he expired, after a few days' painful illness, on the thirty-first of August.

On the day of his death, Henry called to his bedside the Duke of Bedford, the Earl of Warwick, and four other nobles, when, after charging them to protect the interests of his infant heir, and naming the Earl of Warwick tutor to the Prince, and the Duke of Gloucester guardian to the kingdom, he fixed his eyes on the Duke, and in tears of earnestness continued, "Comfort my dear wife, the most afflicted creature living, and even as I have loved you, so extend your love to her." He then asked the physicians how long he had to live? "Attend to the health of your soul," answered one of them on his knees, "for without a miracle you cannot survive for more than two hours." He heard the awful announcement with composure, and having confessed his sins, ordered his chaplains to recite the penitential psalms. But at the verse "Thou shalt build up the walls of Jerusalem," he interrupted them, and with an earnest but faint voice, declared it had always been his intention to undertake a crusade to Palestine immediately he had completed the subjugation of France.

The obsequies of the truly chivalric Henry the Fifth were performed with unexampled splendour. The body was embalmed and conveyed with the greatest honour to Paris, where, whilst it rested in the church of Notre Dame, solemn requiems were performed, and an abundance of money and alms distributed. From Paris the royal remains were con-

veyed to Rouen, and when all necessary preparations were made for their transfer to England, "the body," says Stow, "was laid on a chariot which was drawn by four horses, and above the corpse was placed a figure made of leather, representing his person, as nigh as could be devised, painted curiously to the similitude of a living creature, upon whose head was set an imperial diadem of gold and precious stones, on its body a purple robe furred with ermine, in the right hand a sceptre royal, in the left hand a ball of gold with a cross fixed thereon." Thus adorned, and with its visage uncovered to the heavens, was this figure laid on a bed on the same chariot with the remains of the king. And the coverture of its bed was of red silk beaten with gold; and besides that, when the body should pass through any good town, a canopy of marvellous great value was borne over the chariot by men of great worship. In this manner, accompanied by the King of Scots and all the princes, lords, and knights of his house, he was brought from Rouen to Abbeville, and thence through Hesdin, Montreuil, and Boulogne to Calais. In all this journey, were many men about the chariot, clothed all in white, who bore in their hands burning torches, intermixed with persons carrying banners and pennons, after whom followed all the household servants in black, and after them came the princes, lords, and knights in vestures of deep mourning, and at the distance of about two English miles followed the Queen of England, right honourably accompanied; "her tender and pierced heart," says Speed, "more inly mourning than her outward sad weeds could in any sort express."

In this manner the body of King Henry the Fifth was borne to Calais, whence it was transported to England by a numerous fleet. On landing at Dover, the corpse was conveyed in solemn state to London, where the funeral train was met by the bishops in their pontifical robes, the mitred abbots, the clergy, the Mayor and Corporation of the city, and a multitude of people, all anxious to do honour to the memory of their departed warrior king. The pro-

cession through London was highly imposing. First came the clergy, chaunting the service for the dead, then succeeded the magnificent funeral car, followed by princes, nobles, knights, banner-bearers, taper-bearers, the Mayor and the Aldermen of London, and a host of less significant personages. On reaching St. Paul's, where the body rested for that night, a solemn service was performed in the presence of the whole parliament. On the following morning the procession again set out for Westminster, and to heighten the effect of the scene, every householder, from St. Magnus' church to Temple Bar, stood at his door with a lighted torch in his hand. Here, after the performance of the solemn obsequies, were interred, near the shrine of Edward the Confessor, the remains of Henry the Fifth; "a monarch," says Walsingham, "who was goodly in heart, sober in speech, sparing of words, resolute in deeds, wise in council, prudent in judgment, magnanimous in action, constant in undertaking, a great alms-giver, and a warrior so brave and energetic, that he never entered the battle-field but to triumph over his foes."

Thus ended the earthly career of the renowned Henry the Fifth, in the five-and-thirtieth year of his age, and the tenth year of his reign. On his grave the widowed Katherine placed, at her sole expense, his silver-plated effigy, large as life and an exact likeness, reclining on a tomb of grey marble, which was long visited by the people with feelings of veneration and sorrow. For more than a century the effigy remained in excellent preservation; but at the period of the Reformation, when the hammers of destruction sounded in almost every church, the head, being of solid silver, was broken off, and together with the silver plates that covered the body, carried away, leaving only the uncovered oak trunk behind. The rude Latin epitaph, of which the following is a translation, was at the same time defaced:

"Here Normandy's duke, so styled by conquest
Just,
True heir of France, great Hector, lies in
dust."

The obsequies of her husband concluded, Katherine retired to Windsor, where she mourned his loss in quiet seclusion. Meanwhile, her son, Henry, a babe not yet twelve months old, was proclaimed King of England and France. "The pretty hands," says one of our quaint chroniclers, "which could not feed himself, were yet made capable to wield a sceptre, and he who was beholding to nurses for milk, did nevertheless distribute the sustenance of law and justice to the two greatest nations in Europe." On the meeting of parliament, the baby king was conducted by his mother from Windsor to London. Katherine seated on a chair of state, and with her infant on her lap, passed through the city in great pomp to Westminster, where she took her seat on the throne, with the King on her knees.

For reasons nowhere clearly explained, the council took the King, when he was about two years old, from the keeping of his mother, and placed him under the guardianship of the Earl of Warwick, with Alice Boteler for his governess, and Joanna Astley for his nurse. That his governess might discharge her duty without restraint, the infant King was made to grant her authority, by special warrant, and, with the advice of his council, to reasonably chastise him from time to time as the case might require, without being subsequently called to account. In the seventh year of his age, Henry was taken out of female dominion, and consigned wholly to the charge of the Earl of Warwick, who was directed to educate him in morals, manners, virtues, literature, languages, and all other befitting acquirements, and to properly chastise his neglect or disobedience. In his infancy, the conduct of Henry not a little annoyed and embarrassed his lords and council. When his presence was needed in parliament or the council chamber, instead of being grave and silent, he would sometimes shriek and cry, sometimes laugh and play at roll ball with the royal orb, or amuse the assembly by soundly thrashing his guardians, who usually carried him on state occasions with his toy sceptre; whilst more than once, his childish whims and antics

put an abrupt termination to important public business.

From the period when Henry was placed under the dominion of Alice Boteler, Katherine appears to have retired from court, and, with one solitary exception, never to have interfered either with his private or public affairs. This exception was, when, in 1425, the Queens of France and England and the Regent were requested to prevent the duel between the Dukes of Gloucester and Burgundy. Whether it was through the influence of Katherine, or otherwise, is nowhere recorded; but certain it is that by a council at Paris, it was decreed that the challenge had been given without a sufficient cause, and the duel was never fought.

In the same year, Baynard's Castle, London, then a splendid mansion, where the late Earl of March had resided, was granted by Henry the Sixth to Katherine to hold and to keep during the minority of the Duke of York, on condition of keeping the buildings and gardens in good preservation at her own private cost.

From this period till her death our information respecting Katherine the Fair is scanty in the extreme. She lived in great retirement, and disgraced herself by privately marrying Owen Tudor, a needy but remarkably handsome Welsh gentleman, by whom she had three sons: Edmund, afterwards father of Henry the Seventh, Jasper, and Owen.* The time of the birth of these children has not been chronicled, nor is the date of Katherine's second marriage known; indeed, most historians assure us that it was never formally acknowledged; and this seems probable, as in 1418, the Protector, on learning that Katherine was about to bestow her hand on a knight of mean birth, caused an act of parliament to be passed, by which, to marry a queen dowager without the King's license, was made an offence punishable with the forfeiture of lands and goods.

* Henry afterwards acknowledged these sons of Katherine for brothers, and created Edmund, Earl of Richmond, and Jasper, Earl of Pembroke. Owen, the youngest, lived and died a monk in the Abbey of Westminster.

Of Tudor himself but little is known. By some accounts his father was a brewer, by others he was a descendant from the celebrated Cadwaladr. After fighting under the brave Owen Glendower, he performed deeds of valour in the battle of Agincourt, for which Henry the Fifth made him an esquire. It was whilst serving as a guard at Windsor Castle, when Katherine resided there, with her son, the infant King, that he won her heart. Once before, and once after her death, he broke out from Newgate, where he had been confined, probably, for the crime he had committed in marrying her. After this, he was suffered to be at large, —made keeper of the King's parks in Denbigh, in Wales; and, at length, whilst bravely battling for his royal son-in-law, he was taken by the Earl of March in the fiercely-contested encounter of Mortimer's Cross, and with several other Lancastrian prisoners, beheaded by the Yorkists, in Hereford market-place, in February, 1461.

In 1436 Katherine retired to the Abbey of Bermondsey; but whether as a place of refuge or restraint is unknown. However, as her marriage with Tudor was never acknowledged at court, it appears probable that, to escape the vengeance of the powerful Duke of Gloucester, she placed herself under the protection of his bitter enemy, the Bishop of Winchester, who exercised episcopal jurisdiction over the Abbey of Bermondsey, and who, we are assured, at this period treated the Queen Dowager with the greatest kindness and respect. Be this as it may, Katherine's health declined from the moment she entered Bermondsey Abbey; and at length, after several months' severe suffering, she breathed her last within the walls of her cloistered asylum, on the third of January, 1437. Whilst languishing in the icy arms of death, she received from the King, her son, a costly tablet of gold, whereon was a cross, set with sapphires and pearls, as a new-year's gift; a tolerable proof, that although his mother seldom or never visited court, and was not present at either of his coronations, the kind-

hearted Henry the Sixth still entertained the affection of a son towards her.

Katherine the Fair was buried with imposing obsequies. From Bermondsey her body was removed, on the eighth of February, to the church of St. Katherine's, near the Tower, where masses were sung by the King's orders, for the repose of her soul. The procession then proceeded to St. Paul's, where the like solemn services were performed; after which the body was conveyed with regal pomp to Westminster, and finally interred in the Lady Chapel, under a tomb of marble erected to her memory, by her pious son, King Henry the Sixth. To build his own chapel, Henry the Seventh caused the Lady Chapel and the tomb of Katherine to be demolished; and when he was buried, the corpse and the coffin of Katherine were exhumed, placed in a nook upon the floor, and, until the commencement of the present century, exhibited to the passers-by at the extra charge of two-pence per head; "a penance which she inflicted on herself," says Weever, "on account of her having, in disobedience to the injunction of her royal lord, given birth to her son, Henry the Sixth, at Windsor."

The following lines, penned since the

accession of Henry the Seventh, were hung up to her memory in that monarch's chapel.

"Here lies Queen Katherine, closed in grave,
The French King's daughter fair;
And of thy kingdom Charles the Sixth,
The true, undoubted heir.
Their joyful wife in marriage matched
To Henry the Fifth by name:
Because through her he nobled was,
And shined in double fame.
The King of England, by descent,
And by Queen Katherine's right
The realm of France he did enjoy,
Triumphant King of might.
A happy Queen to Englishmen
She came right grateful here:
And four days' space they honoured God,
With mouths and reverend fear.
Henry the Sixth this Queen brought forth
In painful labour plight!
In whose empire a Frenchman was,
And eke an English wight.
Under no lucky planet born,
Unto himself no throne;
But equal to his parents both—
In true religion!
Of Owen Tudor, after this,
The next son Edmund was.
Oh, Katherine! a renowned prince,
That did in glory pass!
Henry the Seventh, a Britain pearl,
A gem of England's joy;
A peerless Prince was Edmund's son,
A good and gracious roy.
Therefore, a happy wife this was,
A happy mother pure:
Thrice happy child, but grand-dame she
More than thrice happy, shure."





Margaret of Anjou

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Office of Weights and Measures

UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF COMMERCE

Washington, D. C. 20535
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Miss M. H. Rogers

MARGARET OF ANJOU,

Queen of Henry the Sixth.

CHAPTER I.

Parentage of Margaret of Anjou—Her father's talents and misfortunes—Her childhood—Character of Henry the Sixth—Failure of Gloucester's efforts to procure him a bride—Beaufort resolves to establish peace with France by a marriage between Henry and Margaret—The craft by which he accomplishes his purpose—The marriage negotiated by Suffolk—Betrothment and journey of Margaret to England—Her illness on landing—Doctor's bill—Marriage and coronation—Ascendancy over the mind of her husband—Regard for Beaufort—Death of Gloucester—And of Beaufort—Margaret's unpopularity—She founds Queen's College—Directs the minds of the people to the arts of peace.



MARGARET OF ANJOU, a princess whose history is one tissue of exciting incidents, was the daughter of René, Duke of Anjou, and Isabella, daughter and heiress of the Duke of Lorraine. She first saw the light in March, 1429, at the noble castle of Pont a Mousson in Lorraine. Her more accomplished than chivalrous father was the son of Louis the Second, King of Sicily and Jerusalem, Duke of Anjou, and Count of Provence, and a poet, a musician, and an artist of no mean order. To him we owe the origin of the opera ballet; and many of his beautiful musical compositions have retained their popularity even to the present day. He, however, lived in turbulent times, and being of a gentle and charitable disposition, the rude, lion-hearted nobles

of his era despised him, whilst by the people he was adored for his beneficence, and surnamed the Good. When the Duke of Lorraine died in 1430, his succession to that valuable fief was disputed by Count Vaudemonte. A fierce warfare ensued. And at length René was defeated and made prisoner in the little but sanguine battle of Bulgneville, in 1431. The mother of Margaret, a princess of parts, energy, and perseverance, born and nurtured amidst scenes of trouble and warfare, and withal the patroness of Agnes Sorel, and the contemporary of the celebrated heroine of France, Joan of Arc, exerted all her energies to obtain the release of her lord; but as he had already been consigned to his bitter foe, the Duke of Burgundy, her efforts were fruitless, and for six years the father of Margaret of Anjou languished a closely confined captive in the highest tower of the castle of Dijon. René only obtained

his release by the payment of an enormous ransom to the Duke of Burgundy, by consenting to a marriage between his eldest daughter Yolande, and Frederick, son and heir of his rival, Count Vaudemonte, and by betrothing the young Margaret of Anjou to the Count St. Pol.

Meanwhile, in 1436, Louis, titular King of Naples, died; the succession devolved upon René; and his faithful consort prepared to immediately assert his rights against the posterity of Charles Durazzo, who really held possession of the kingdom and the crown. With her mother the young Margaret hastened to Naples, when first at Capua, the Neapolitan residence of the Anjou family, and afterwards, on the release and arrival of her father, at the superb palace furnished by his predecessor, Joanna the Second, she resided and received her education under the care of the learned Antoine de Salle. René had worn the crown of Naples but a few months, when Alphonso, King of Arragon, drove him from the throne, and pressed him so hard, that it was with difficulty he escaped with his wife and family to Lorraine; where, as the English had possessed themselves of nearly the whole of Anjou and Maine, he was reduced to the unpleasant strait of living almost wholly on the bounty of his brother-in-law, the King of France.

At this period Henry the Sixth, the bachelor King of England, was twenty-three years of age, cultivated in mind, mild in disposition, pure and holy in thought, and pining to enter the married state. His morality was most exemplary, and when any of the frail damsels at court sought to wile him into an unlawful intimacy, he would turn away with disdain exclaiming, "Fie, fie, indeed! ye be greatly to blame."

By those rival statesmen, the Duke of Gloucester and Cardinal Beaufort, the procuring a consort for the King was viewed as the deciding point of political mastery. In 1442, Gloucester had recommended to Henry one of the daughters of the Count of Armagnac, under a belief that the power of that nobleman, who was then at war with

France, might form an impregnable bulwark of defence to Guienne. But before the delicate business could be brought to an issue the French King learned the secret, and prevented the match, by making the Count and his family prisoners. Beaufort, however, was more successful in his efforts. With the astuteness and cunning of the English cardinals in our own times, he foresaw that as Henry was devoid of capacity, the Queen, whoever she might be, would possess unbounded influence over the mind of her husband, and therefore, should she be tender of age and possessed of energy and superior endowments of mind, he might, possibly, through her influence, crush the power of his political adversaries, and bring about a peace with France, a measure wise as it was humane; it being absurd to suppose that England could retain the mastery over a country so extensive, so civilized, and so populous as France, whilst the very attempt to do so had already done much to annihilate the arts of civilization, and to plunge both kingdoms into the very depths of crime and misery.

Actuated by these motives, and a desire to conceal his purpose from his enemies, the cardinal, through the agency of Champchevrier, an Angerian prisoner belonging to Sir John Falstolf, but then at large, directed the choice of Henry towards Margaret of Anjou, a princess but just in her teens, of surprising beauty and wit, and of great energies of mind. Champchevrier painted the beauty and the accomplishments of Margaret in such glowing colours, that Henry, almost in love with her from hearsay, dispatched him with great privacy to the court of her poverty-stricken father for her portrait, which, says the King in his instructions, "must be an exact *ymagine* alike in stature, countenance, beauty, colour of skin, and every particular, just the like as ye see."

Meanwhile, Sir John Falstolf, not being in the secret, became enraged at the absence of his prisoner without leave or license, and wrote to the King of France, detailing the particulars, and requesting that he might be restored to him. Champchevrier was accordingly

arrested on his return with the portrait, and conveyed before Charles, who, on learning his mission and perceiving the advantages that might accrue to France from the union of Henry and Margaret, immediately released him, and bid him speed to England and tell King Henry that the marriage would be fully approved of by the court of France. His reappearance at Windsor, however, excited the suspicions of the Duke of Gloucester; and these suspicions were shortly afterwards fully confirmed by his again departing on a secret mission from the King to the father of the portionless Margaret. The subject was therefore laid before the council, and after much warm discussion, and despite the determined opposition of Gloucester, it was resolved to negotiate a peace with France, based upon the marriage of the King with the French Queen's niece, Margaret of Anjou.

The conduct of the negotiation was entrusted to the Earl of Suffolk, and accepted by him with real or affected unwillingness. His former endeavours to establish a peace had impressed the people with a belief that he was favourable to the interests of France. Then, probably, he feared the menaces of the act passed in the reign of Henry the Fifth, which made it penal to conclude a peace without first obtaining the consent of the three Estates in both nations; or, perhaps, he dreaded the future malice of Gloucester. But, however this may be, he certainly would not undertake the mission until he was secured, as he vainly supposed, from imputation or peril by an order signed by the King, and approved by the parliament, enjoining him to undertake the commission, and pardoning before-hand any error of judgment into which he might fall.

He met the French commissioners at Tours. A truce was concluded for two years; and afterwards the subject of the marriage was brought forward. On the part of France no objections were raised; but on the part of England there were several obstacles, and some of them startling ones. The bride's father, with all his high-sounding titles, was as poor

as a pauper. He had been driven out of Naples; England possessed Anjou and Maine; to pay his ransom, he had mortgaged Bar to the Duke of Burgundy, and now he neither possessed a castle nor an acre of land that he could call his own. To the marriage he willingly consented, but on conditions that the bride's wedding portion should be only her charms and rare endowments, which he pronounced to be of greater worth than all the riches of the world; and that Henry should restore to him the provinces of Anjou and Maine; "for how," he demanded, "can I think of marrying my daughter to the King of England whilst he withholds from me my patrimonial territories?" These objections, although reasonable, were highly embarrassing. To receive the bride without a wedding portion, would be a bold stroke, considering the poverty of the King and the hostility of the nation to all that was French; but in addition to this, to resign the duchies of Anjou and Maine for the favour of her hand would indeed be an experiment no less dangerous than daring. However, as the handsome Count de Nevers of Burgundy, her passionate lover, was at the time earnestly urging his suit in person, Suffolk, in an evil hour for himself, yielded to the demands of King René; and the restitution of Anjou and Maine was stipulated in the marriage treaty.

On his return, Suffolk, after a strong opposition from Gloucester and his partizans, obtained the thanks of the council, the Lords and the Commons, for so ably concluding the marriage treaty; with the terms of which they expressed themselves fully satisfied. Immediately afterwards he was created Marquis, and by the King's commands wended back his steps to France, where, on the twenty-eighth of October, he was solemnly contracted, as proxy for Henry, to Margaret of Anjou, by the Bishop of Toul, in the cathedral of Nanci; the imposing ceremony being performed in the presence of the bride's father and mother, the English embassy, the King and the Queen of France, the Dukes of Brittany and Orleans, and, in fact, all

the leading nobles and ladies of the courts of France and Lorraine. At the tournament that followed, Pierre de Breze, him who afterwards performed such deeds of valour in the wars of the Roses, tilted and vanquished all the nobles who had the boldness to accept his challenge. The bride's father also took part in the jousts, and overcame the King of France; but the prize was won by the Count St. Pol, whose skill and prowess astonished all beholders. The marriage fête lasted eight days, and the spot where it was held is to this day called the *Place de Carrière*.

The festival concluded, Margaret was delivered over in due form to the Marquis of Suffolk. The King of France accompanied her for two leagues from Nanci, and parted from her in tears. Her father attended her to Bar le Duc. The parting was heart-rending. Neither the father nor the daughter could speak; and after many fond embraces, they, with bursting hearts and choking sobs, separated in silence. Never, say the French chroniclers, was a princess so adored by her kindred and friends as Margaret of Anjou.

Her life through, Margaret was beset by the torments of poverty. On the day of her betrothment she had hoped never again to feel the pressure of pecuniary necessity; but experience soon convinced her of her error. From the court of her needy father she had set out with no money and but little apparel; and so exhausted was the exchequer of her royal lord, that he could not forward her a farthing till after the parliament called in February, 1445, had granted him the half of a fifteenth on all moveables. The progress, therefore, was slow. After her arrival at Bar le Duc, we have no tidings of her till the subsequent March; when, attended by the Marquis of Suffolk and his wife, the Countess of Shrewsbury, the Dukes of Alençon and Calabria, and many other nobles and ladies, she proceeded from Pontoise to Nantes on the nineteenth, to Vernon on the twentieth, to Rouen on the twenty-third, and sleeping at Bokamsbard monastery on the thirty-first, passed on the following day through

Pountamdeur, arrived at Hounsfleet on the third of April, took shipping to Kiddacaws a few days after, whence, with her suite, she embarked on the eighth, and landed at Porchester on the following day. On the tenth she proceeded by water to Southampton, where, overcome by sea-sickness, she was lodged in God's House, a religious hospital, free to sick travellers of every grade, from the King himself to the poorest vassal. Here, ere she had recovered from the effects of the voyage, she was attacked by the small-pox. But although severe, the attack was short, as in little more than a week afterwards she was married to Henry with the usual ceremony in Tichfield Abbey.

The doctor's bill paid to Master Francis, the physician who attended Margaret in this sickness, and in the journey and voyage to England, amounted to three pounds nine shillings and twopence. Only three pounds nine shillings and twopence for sedulously attending to the health of the highest lady in the land during a three-months' perilous travel! What, in the present day, would the big-wigs of the medical profession say to such terms?

Although the nation had loudly clamoured against the Queen, her youth, beauty, and prestige insured for her a cordial reception. "After her marriage," says the chronicler, "which took place on the twenty-second of April, she was honourably escorted to London by the lords and estates of the realm, who met her in sundry places, with great retinues of men in divers liveries, with her emblem flower—the daisy—in their bonnets, and with their sleeves bordered, and some beaten with goldsmiths' work in most costly manner. The Duke of Gloucester, in an especial manner, met her at Blackheath, with five hundred men in rich liveries, and conveyed her to Greenwich, where she was met by the Mayor, aldermen, and sheriffs of the City of London, in scarlet array, and the crafts of the same, all riding on horseback, in blue gowns, with bordered sleeves and red hoods, who, on the twentieth of May, conveyed her with her train through Southwark, and

so through the City of London, then beautified with pageants of divers histories, triumphal arches, and other shows of welcome, marvellous, costly, and sumptuous, which I overpass, save only to name a few. At the Bridge foot, towards Southwark, was a pageant of Peace and Plenty, with verses in English. Upon the Bridge, Noah's Ship, with English verses. At Leadenhall, Madam Grace, the Chancellor of God. At the Tun Inn, in Cornhill, Saint Margaret, with verses in English. At the Great Conduit in Cheap, the five wise and the five foolish virgins, also with English verses. And at Paul's Gate, the resurrection and judgment, with verses accordingly, all made by John Lydgate."

Margaret was crowned with great pomp at Westminster, on the thirtieth of May. The coronation was splendid; but the rejoicings were marred by the injudicious extravagance of the King, who, much as he wanted money, lavished large sums on the Queen's English attendants and her foreign suite, even to the minstrels who came to witness her coronation, and the master of the vessel which conveyed her to England. The ceremony was succeeded by a grand tournament, and a few days afterwards, ambassadors from Kings René and Charles arrived, and congratulated Henry and Margaret on their nuptials; and, on departing, declared that Charles desired nothing so much as the establishment of a perpetual peace between England and France. This assurance, however, was false; for it was the policy of Charles not to conclude a lasting peace until he had completely driven the English from the soil of France.

As Cardinal Beaufort and his party had anticipated, Margaret, as soon as she came to England, gained the ascendancy over the easy mind of her husband. The Cardinal had retired to his bishopric, but Suffolk, the tool of Beaufort, and the favourite of both the King and the Queen, gradually obtained uncontrolled authority both in the council and in the parliament. But, although ostensibly directing his attention solely to his religious offices, Beaufort possessed immense power over the crown. With

the Queen, apart from political ambition, he was on terms of the sincerest intimacy. She made frequent visits to his mansion at Waltham, where a superbly-fitted chamber, called the Queen's chamber, was kept solely for her use; whilst, with his immense riches, the Cardinal frequently relieved the pressing necessities of the royal pair. By these and other kind attentions, Beaufort won the confidence of the Queen, and, through her influence with the King, ruled the council.

At the commencement of 1447, scarcely two years after the marriage of Margaret, the mysterious death of the Duke of Gloucester took place. It has been asserted that the Duke was murdered by the connivance of Beaufort and the Queen: but this improbable assertion is without foundation. All that documentary evidence informs us being, that Gloucester—who, strongly as he had opposed the marriage of the Queen, testified his approbation of it a few days after her coronation—was, from some evidence not handed down to us, suspected of disloyalty by the King. On the tenth of February, 1447, a parliament was summoned to meet, not at Westminster, but at Bury St. Edmunds. The knights of the shires were ordered to come armed. The King and Queen proceeded to Bury, where their lodgings were strongly guarded; during the night numerous patrols watched the roads to the town; and it became evident to the least suspicious that mischief was brewing. Gloucester, however, not dreaming that these measures were taken against himself, was present at the opening of the sessions. The following day he was arrested on a charge of high treason, and seventeen days afterwards was found dead in his bed. It was reported that he had died of apoplexy. His body showed no external marks of violence, and was publicly exhibited, but many still suspected that he had been privately murdered. Whetamsted, a contemporary writer, who had received many benefits from the Duke, and was sincerely attached to his memory, and moreover wrote when the royal party were humbled to the dust, and,

therefore, had nothing to fear from their resentment, states, that immediately on his arrest, the Duke was attacked with an illness, of which he died. Worcester, another contemporary, confirms this statement; and Hardyng, who finished his Chronicle in 1465, in speaking of Gloucester, says:

"Without falle,
When in a parley (*apoplexy*) he died in-
continent
For hevynesse and loss of regiment,
And ofte before he was in that sykeness,
In pointe of dethe."

Six weeks after the death of Gloucester, Cardinal Beaufort, then eighty years of age, breathed his last; not, however, as depicted by the poetic imagination of Shakspeare, in the agonies of despair, but whilst calmly offering up prayers for himself and his country. The bulk of his property he left to charities. To Margaret he bequeathed the bed and the rich arras hangings of the Queen's chamber in his mansion at Waltham. His executor proffered the King a present of two thousand pounds, which Henry refused, saying, "He was always a good uncle to me whilst he lived. God reward him! Fulfil his intentions. I will not take the money." It was bestowed on the two colleges lately founded by the King at Eton and in Cambridge.

The death of the Cardinal deprived Margaret of her firmest support. The King shrunk from the cares of government, devoted his attention to religion and philosophy, and left the management of all important state matters in her hands; and she being young, inexperienced, and almost a stranger to the customs and prejudices of the English, added to her unpopularity, by continuing her confidence to the Beaufort Cabinet, with Suffolk at its head. But although she naturally entertained a strong friendship for her first English friend, Suffolk, she was not, as Shakspeare would have us believe, his prisoner before her marriage, nor his paramour afterwards.

In 1448, Margaret founded and endowed Queen's College, Cambridge, which she dedicated to St. Margaret and St. Bernard. It was at this period that the Queen, to allay the miseries of the nation, to stifle the voice of sedition, and to calm the rude blood-thirsty spirit awakened in the people by the long-continued wars with France, directed the energies of the towns to woollen, silk, and other manufactures, and of the country to farming and gardening; but the arts of peace had been so long neglected, that no one could brook the monotony of regular labour; and nothing but the excitement of battle and plunder could satisfy the combative spirit of the age.

CHAPTER II.

Duke of York aspires to the throne—He is removed from the regency of France—Which is conferred on Somerset—The loss of France attributed to Margaret—Suffolk impeached—Banished and murdered—Jack Cade insurrection—Return of Somerset increases the Queen's unpopularity—York appeals to arms—Henry prevents a battle by granting his demands—His apprehension—Release—Futile efforts to reconquer Guienne—Death of Talbot.



ABOUT this time the Duke of York began to turn his eyes towards the throne. This ambitious noble was descended by his mother's side from Lionel, one of

the sons of Edward the Third. The reigning King sprung from John of Gaunt, a son of the same Edward, but younger than Lionel; thus the Duke of York's claim by primogeniture was prior to that of Henry. But the powerful Duke did not immediately disclose his designs. His friends, however,

gained him a party, by spreading the rumours that Gloucester had been murdered by the connivance of the Queen and Suffolk—that the house of Lancaster had usurped the throne—that the King was too imbecile to reign—and that Suffolk had negotiated Margaret's marriage, at the price of a truce destructive to the power of England over France. York had been appointed Regent of France for five years, but these seditious doings of his friends gave such umbrage to the Queen and Suffolk, that they prevailed on the King to remove him from the regency before it had expired, and confer it on the Duke of Somerset, an ambitious noble, who sought to succeed to the influence of his departed relations, Gloucester and Cardinal Beaufort.

The cession of Maine in 1448, was followed, as the nation had prophesied, by the invasion of Normandy by Charles the Seventh. From causes, which it belongs to history to explain, the arms of France triumphed; and within one year and six days, that extensive dukedom, with its seven bishoprics and one hundred fortresses, was again annexed to the crown of France. Charles next invaded Guienne with equal success; not a fortress was prepared to resist his army, every town and castle submitted, and in August, 1451, the English were deprived of all they had ever possessed in France, except Calais.

The loss of France greatly exasperated the nation. Whilst the emissaries of York fanned the flames of discontent by attributing that loss to the dominating influence of the Queen, they declared that the King was fitter for a cloister than a throne, and had, in fact, dethroned himself, by leaving the affairs of his kingdom in the hands of a French woman, who merely used his name to conceal her usurpation, since, according to the laws of England, a queen-consort had no power to meddle with the affairs of the state. Meanwhile, York, who had been made Governor of Ireland, viewed Somerset as his mortal foe, and increased his own political influence by winning the affections of the Irish. The whole kingdom was in a state of

alarming excitement. The Bishop of Chinchester, because, as ambassador from the court of England, he had delivered Maine to the French King, was set upon and murdered by the enraged populace at Portsmouth, in January, 1450, when a report was spread, that with his dying breath he pronounced Suffolk a traitor, who had sold Maine to the enemy, and whose influence was as great in the court of France as of England. In an elaborate speech Suffolk noticed this report in parliament. The Lords pronounced him innocent. But a few days afterwards, the Commons, in a series of articles, some ridiculously absurd, accused him of treason; and so great was the clamour from without, that he was arrested and confined in the Tower. Neither the King nor the Lords could be convinced of his guilt; and at length, to satisfy the vengeance of the Commons, the King ordered him to be banished for five years. Henry and Margaret parted from him with great affection. On quitting the Tower, the rabble of London rose in riot, and endeavoured to take his life. With difficulty he reached Ipswich, where, after arranging his affairs, writing an eloquent letter to his son, and solemnly swearing before the knights and esquires of the county that he was innocent of the crimes laid to his charge, he embarked for France on the thirtieth of April, in two small vessels, and sent a pinnace before him, to inquire whether he might be permitted to land in the harbour of Calais. But the pinnace was captured by a squadron of men-of-war, and immediately the Nicholas of the Tower, a large ship, manned with one hundred and eighty men, bore down on the Duke's vessels. He was ordered on board, and received on deck by the captain with the ominous salutation of "Welcome, traitor!" His seizure was, doubtless, a concerted plan, as he was kept a prisoner in the Nicholas two nights, accompanied by his confessor, whilst a messenger, probably to announce his capture and receive instructions, was sent on shore, and he himself underwent a mock trial before the sailors, by whom he was condemned to suffer death. On the second morning,

May the second, a small boat came alongside, in which was a block, a rusty sword, and an executioner. The Duke was lowered into it, and the man telling him that he should die like a traitor, at the sixth stroke struck off his head. According to the Paston Letters, his body was placed on the sands at Dover, and watched by the Sheriff of Kent, till the King ordered it to be delivered to his widow, by whom it was honourably interred in the collegiate church of Wingfield, in Suffolk.

This tragical event deeply distressed the King and Queen, and increased the excitement of the public mind. Pestilence, scarcity, and the violent harangues of political partizans had already rendered the nation ripe for rebellion. Outbursts had been threatened in several counties; and the men of Kent now heard with alarm and indignation the repeated rumours that the Queen intended to take signal vengeance upon them for having furnished the ships which intercepted her murdered friend and minister, Suffolk. The crisis was a favourable one for designing demagogues; and an Irish adventurer, whose real name was Jack Cade, but who had assumed that of Mortimer, cousin to the Duke of York, unfurled the standard of insurrection in Kent, always a turbulent county. Taking up the popular outcry against the Queen and her minister, Cade set himself up as a redresser of public grievances; and partly by his own rude but plausible talents, and partly from the charm of the popular name he had assumed, he speedily found himself at the head of twenty thousand men, with whom he marched to Blackheath. The insurrection appearing formidable, the King sent to know the wishes of the insurgents. Their leader answered, that they had no ill design on the King's person; that their intention was to petition parliament that the evil ministers might be punished, as being the principal authors of the loss of Normandy. In a few days afterwards they presented their petition, which was to the same effect, and also demanded that the King's council should be filled with Princes of the blood, and other pru-

dent and judicious persons, and not with prodigate men of vicious principles and manners, incapable of managing the affairs of the state.

These petitions were rejected; and the King determining to put down the insurrection by force of arms, marched against the rebel band with an army of fifteen thousand men. On his approach, Jack Cade retired, and lay in ambush in a wood near Sevenoaks; the King would have pursued him to his retreat, but the Queen, who accompanied her royal lord in this his first essay in arms, overcome by fears for his personal safety, prevailed on him to return with her to London, and resign the command of his army to Sir Humphrey Stafford. A fatal error, for the rebels attributed the King's weakness to fear; and when pursued by a detachment of royalists under Sir Humphrey, they took courage, routed the detachment with great slaughter, and killed the commander as well as his brother. The rebels now returned to Blackheath in triumph; and Cade, attired in the "brigandiers set wyth gilded nails, hys salet and gilded spurs" of the slaughtered Sir Humphrey, marched towards London without opposition, whilst the King and Queen hastily fled to Kenilworth, leaving a garrison in the Tower under the command of Lord Scales. This flight of the King and his court, impolitic as it was cowardly, has been attributed to the Queen's weakness by some writers; but this is mere conjecture.

The city of London opened her gates to the rebels; Cade entered in triumph at the head of his troops, and pausing beside the London Stone, smote it with his sword, exclaiming, "Now is Mortimer King of London!" He took up his residence in Southwark, preserved strict discipline amongst his troops, prohibited them under the severest penalties from doing injury to the inhabitants, and each evening led them back in order into the Borough. On the second day he caused the mayor and the judges to sit in Guildhall, and having obtained possession of the lord treasurer, Lord Say, arraigned him before them. Lord Say pleaded the privilege of the peerage.

but the insurgents forcibly took him from the officers, hurried him to the Standard, in Cheapside, and immediately smote off his head, which they placed on a pole and carried through the streets. His son-in-law, Sir James Cromer, was shortly afterwards seized and mercilessly beheaded, without judge or jury. On the third day the rebels attacked and plundered some of the splendid shops in Westcheap; and the citizens, fearing similar depredations, on the next morning shut the gate on London Bridge against them. A severe battle now ensued. Lord Scales afforded powerful assistance to the citizens; six times the bridge gate was taken and retaken, but at the end of six hours the citizens prevailed, and a short truce was taken by mutual consent. The two archbishops, and the Bishop of Winchester, who were then in the Tower, seized the favourable moment, crossed the river, and by offering a free pardon under the great seal to all who would lay down their arms, prevailed on the insurgents to disperse and return in peace to their homes. Cade accepted the pardon, but repenting of it immediately afterwards, again unfurled his banner. His good stars, however, had deserted him. He found but few followers, and on retiring with these to Rochester, they quarrelled amongst themselves respecting the division of their plunder; and Cade, upon whose head a reward of one thousand marks was set, fled for safety into Essex, where Alexander Iden, the sheriff of Kent, overtook him, and slew him.

Margaret and Henry returned to London about the eleventh of July, and as the public mind still continued in a state of feverish excitement, stringent measures were adopted to prevent another outburst. The chief of Cade's followers were arrested and brought to the scaffold, and by their dying confession they led the Queen to believe that the revolt had been instigated by the Duke of York, whom they declared they had intended to place on the throne. The Queen and the court took alarm, whilst York, at the close of August, raised the hopes of his party by quitting Ireland unbidden and unexpectedly, and with a

retinue of four thousand men hastening towards London. On reaching the metropolis, York treated the King with insolence, and after exacting from him a promise that he would call a parliament without delay, retired to his castle of Fotheringay.

At this crisis the Duke of Somerset returned from France; the Queen hailed his arrival as a blessing, and he being the nearest of kin to Henry, the ties of relationship sanctioned her friendship towards him, and induced her to hope that his fidelity and services would prove an effectual check to the ambition of York. But unfortunately Somerset's name was connected with the loss of Normandy: he was one of those accused by the people of selling the inheritance of the Crown to the enemy, and the Queen shared his unpopularity by shielding him from the fury of the Parliament. The Commons petitioned the King to send him to the Tower; to oblige them, Henry granted their request; but immediately the stormy session was over, Margaret caused him to be released and elevated to the high office formerly enjoyed by the Duke of Suffolk.

York, however, was too aspiring, astute, and powerful to admit his adversary to enjoy the distinguished favours of his Sovereign in peace. Raising forces in the marches of Wales, he assumed the position of a political dictator, and, as the Londoners shut their gates against him, proceeded to Dartford, in the hope of alluring the men of Kent to his standard. Henry, by the advice of Margaret, took the field against him, in January, 1452; but the King's horror of shedding human blood led him to avoid a battle. A conference took place; and by the advice of the Bishop of Winchester and Ely, the King forgave him for taking up arms, and, in compliance with his demands, agreed to appoint a new council, in which he should be included, and ordered Somerset into custody; on which York disbanded his army, and came unarmed to confer with Henry in his tent. By the Queen's connivance Somerset was placed behind the hanging in the royal pavilion, where he could

witness the conference in silence. York, who believed him to be secure in the Tower, after respectfully saluting the King, said, "Sir, it was with no other view than to bring that traitor, Somerset, to justice that I took up arms." Upon the mention of traitor, Somerset sprung from his hiding-place, and looking sternly at York, angrily exclaimed, "Lying varlet! thou art the traitor, not I: for years thou hast fervently desired to clutch the Crown from the head of our good and lawful King Henry; but, by the blessing of the Lord, the ambition of York shall yet be bowed to the dust, and the red rose of Lancaster wave triumphant over the mightiest throne in Christendom."

"Monster in human shape! crafty wretch as thou art, I defy thee!" retorted York, who, having seized a gauntlet from one of the knights, flung it with great force at the feet of Somerset. "But for thy cowardice and treachery, Normandy would still have shone a bright jewel in the crown of England." "Brand me traitor? In verity, the devil's deeds of all the traitors in Christendom since creation began would not fill a catalogue with such black infamy as thy unrighteous doings. Thou wert cursed in thy birth! Pitchy midnight hurried thee into the world! The tempest fiends and the furies heralded thy coming, and, but that Nature, overcome by the toils of day, then slept, she, in pity to mankind, would, in that hour of horror, have consigned thee to the icy arms of death, and saved the bloodshed that doubtless will succeed thy fall; for, by the Lord's body! thy evil doings will yet greatly trouble the kingdom, and thy

end, come when it may, be that of a detested traitor!" Then, turning to Henry, he concluded: "Indeed, cousin, I did not expect this from my Sovereign;" and, burning with rage, retired.

Henry, being ignorant of the proximity of Somerset, stood motionless and speechless during this angry altercation. But, although astonishment had paralysed the Monarch, Margaret, incensed beyond measure at the bold insolence of York, ordered him to be arrested as he left the pavilion. Fortunately for York, the position of parties prevented his enemies from wreaking their vengeance on him now he was in their power. The King recoiled from the idea of shedding his blood, and the intelligence that his son, the Earl of March, was about to advance with an army to liberate him, so alarmed the Queen and the Council, that on his solemnly swearing fealty to the King in St. Paul's, he was released, and retired to his castle of Wigmore.

At this moment the inhabitants of Guienne, impatient under the yoke of their new masters, offered to renew their allegiance if Henry would supply them with forces. The offer was eagerly accepted, and, by the advice of Margaret, her friend Talbot, the veteran Earl of Shrewsbury, then in his eightieth year, hastened to Guienne, and took the field at the head of eight thousand men. At first, victory favoured the enterprise, but on the twentieth of July, 1453, at the siege of Chatillon, the English, overpowered by numbers, suffered a severe defeat, and the gallant Talbot and his son were slain, and the power of France was again established in Guienne.

CHAPTER III.

Henry's incapacity—Birth of Prince Edward—York appointed Protector—Arrest of Somerset—The King's recovery—His interview with the Queen and the Prince—York deprived of the Protectorate—Somerset released—The battle of St. Alban's—The King in the hands of the Yorkists—York again Protector—Margaret, with the King and their son, sent to Hertford—Her secret conference with her friends at Greenwich—Henry again recovers—And assumes the regal dignity—The Queen and her party rule in the Council—She visits Coventry with the King—Where a great Council is held—Wilful perjury of the Yorkists—

Hollow reconciliation of the two parties—Their quarrel—Battle of Bloreheath—Margaret raises another army—Marches to Ludlow—Flight and attainder of the Yorkists.



THE death of Talbot—a severe blow to the Queen and the court, and by the people mourned as a national calamity—was followed by an event which further raised the hopes of York and his friends. The King had long been in a declining state of health, the infirmities of body weakened his mind, and, at length, whilst confined to the chamber of sickness at Clarendon, his reason fled, and left him in a state of helpless idiocy. Henry was in this hapless condition when, to the joy of the Lancasterians, the Queen gave birth to “that child of sorrow and infelicity,” Prince Edward. The Prince was born on St. Edward’s day, October the thirteenth, 1453, and baptized with the usual ceremony by the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of Winchester. The Queen’s enemies attempted to throw doubts on the legitimacy of the young Prince. By some it was pretended that the King was not his father, whilst others asserted that the real Prince had been born dead, and the present infant was a spurious child, who had been substituted for him. The unanimous voice of the nation, however, silenced these suspicions; but whilst the friends of tranquillity hailed the event with joy, others, with deeper penetration, regarded it as the precursor of a sanguine succession war.

The committee appointed to visit the unfortunate King, then at Windsor, formally reported his insanity to parliament, and, on the twenty-seventh of March, 1454, the Duke of York was appointed Protector during the royal pleasure, or until the King’s son, who had already been created Prince of Wales and Earl of Chester, was of age. No political power was invested in Margaret, nor did she grasp at the reins of government. The duties of a wife and the cares of a mother engrossed her serious attention, whilst, as a relaxation, she, as

Queen Consort, gave audiences, and occasionally held courts. The first act of the York council was to arrest Somerset in the Queen’s presence chamber, confine him in the Tower, deprive him of the government of Calais, and confer that important post on the Protector. Margaret was greatly enraged at the disgrace of her friend and minister, but it was out of her power to prevent his fall. However, the King recovered the use of his reason about Christmas, when, by Margaret’s influence, Somerset was released from his confinement, and York deprived of the Protectorate.

The King’s first interview with his wife and child on his recovery is thus quaintly narrated in the Paston Letters :

“On the Monday afternoon the Quene cam to hym and brought my lord Prince with her, and when he asked her what the Prince’s name was, and the Quene told him Edward, he held up his hands and thanked God thereof; and he sayde he never knew till that time, nor wist not what was sayde to him, nor wist not where he had been whiles he was syke till now; and he asked who was the godfathers, and the Quene told him, and she told him that Cardinal Kemp was dede; and he seyde oon of the wysest lords in this land was dede; and he seyth, he is in charity with all the world, and so he wolde all the lordes were.”

The Queen and Somerset again ruled as heretofore; but the triumph of the Lancasterians was short-lived. York retired in disgust to the marches of Wales, raised an army, and with Norfolk, Salisbury and Warwick marched towards London. By the advice of the Queen, Henry, at the head of two thousand men—all he could muster in the time—hastened to oppose him. On the twenty-second of May, 1455, the hostile forces met at St. Alban’s. Being by nature humane, Henry endeavoured to avoid a battle; but as York demanded, and the King refused, the surrender of Somerset and his associates, an appeal to arms was inevitable. The Royalists

raised their standard inside the town, the Yorkists outside. The attack was commenced by Warwick breaking down the barriers at the entrance of the town, and forcing his way into the streets, his followers loudly shouting, "A Warwick! a Warwick!" The encounter was desperate, but of short continuance: in an hour the Royalists were routed with great slaughter. Somerset, Northumberland, and Clifford being numbered amongst the slain. Although severely wounded in the neck, Henry stood under his own royal banner till all his friends had fled or were killed; when being left alone, he coolly walked into the house of a tanner, where he was immediately visited by York, who, bending his knee, bade him rejoice that the traitor Somerset had now his deserts. "For mercy's sake," answered Henry, "put a stop to the effusion of the blood of my subjects." When the Duke had complied with this request, he took Henry by the hand and led him first to the shrine of St. Alban and then to his own apartments, whence he conducted him, with all the outward semblance of respect to London, on the twenty-fourth of May.

At the battle of St. Alban's was the first blood spilt in those sanguine intestine wars occasioned by the animosities which subsisted between the houses of Lancaster and York, and known as the wars of the Roses—the Lancasterians assuming the red rose as their symbol, and the Yorkists that of the white. In these fearful civil commotions, which for thirty years deluged the plains of England with blood, eighty princes were slain, and the ancient nobility almost entirely annihilated.

Henry was now but a prisoner, treated with the forms of royalty. Distress of mind brought on a relapse of his malady, and, to add to his misfortunes, he was forced to pardon York and name him Protector, not as before, during the pleasure of himself only, but at the will of the King in parliament, with the advice and consent of the lords spiritual and temporal.

Margaret was at Greenwich with her son Prince Edward, when the news of

the defeat of St. Alban's reached her. Being at this crisis unable to aid the cause of the Royalists, she bore her misfortunes with fortitude and resignation. To her delight York granted her the custody of her imbecile husband, in November, on condition that she immediately retired with him and the Prince her son to Hertford; an arrangement the state of public affairs forced her to acquiesce in, as just previously the Parliament, which was made up of her enemies, had, by an unanimous vote, censured her for taking advantage of the King's weakness, by assuming the executive power of the crown, and wielding the sceptre with the arm of despotism and oppression.

If York expected to yet exchange his present for a still higher title, he was disappointed. The meek and just character of Henry procured him the goodwill of the people and the friendship of many of the nobles, whilst the lofty spirit of Margaret took every opportunity to oppose the growing pretensions of the Yorkists. Returning to Greenwich (by what means history saith not) the Queen drew around her the Lancasterian princes, and the kindred and friends of those who had fallen under the royal standard at St. Alban's. At the commencement of the year Henry again recovered his health, when the Queen, after holding a grand meeting of his friends in private, hurried him, on the twenty-fifth of February, 1456, to Parliament, where, in the temporary absence of York and his leading partisans, who little expected his presence in the house, the surprised members acceded to all his demands; and, on the following day, the duke, to his astonishment and vexation, was forced to resign his commission.

Again were the offices of government filled by the Queen's friends. The great seals were bestowed on Waynflete, Bishop of Winchester, Henry Beaufort, heir of the late Somerset, was created prime minister, and Margaret, in the name of the King and the council, exercised the regal authority. In the spring of 1457 the Queen, in the company of her royal lord, paid a visit to the leading towns in

several of the midland counties. At Coventry their majesties were received with especial favour. Pageants, quaint, curious, and gorgeous, welcomed their entry, and the beauty, the talents, and the kindly condescension of Margaret, won the hearts of the inhabitants so completely, that for years afterwards Coventry went by the name of Queen Margaret's haven of safety.

Whilst at Coventry, Henry summoned a great council there. York, Salisbury, and Warwick attended, and they each committed wilful perjury by taking the following strongly-worded oath :—" I knowleche you most high and myghty and most Xten prynce, Kyng Henry the Sixth, to be my most redoubted sovereign lord, and rightwesly by succession borne to reigne upon me and all your liege people voluntarily and by no constraint ne coercion."

As at this council all the lords had sworn never again to seek redress by force, but to submit their quarrels to the arbitration of their sovereign, Margaret endeavoured to effect a reconciliation between the opposing parties. The Yorkists received her overtures with mistrust; but when Henry, who had long acted as the only impartial man in his kingdom, laboured for the same end, they put faith in his sincerity, and in January, 1458, the belligerent nobles held a congress of pacification in London. Each party came with their retainers, and the duty of preserving the peace was undertaken by the mayor, Sir Godfrey Boleyn, ancestor of Anne Boleyn, second consort of Henry the Eighth*, at the head of ten thousand armed citizens. The Royalists sat daily at the Whitefriars in the afternoon, the Yorkists at the Blackfriars in the forenoon, and so fierce were the debates, so numerous the angry recriminations, that two months passed ere anything like an understanding could be effected. Whilst the congress was sitting, Margaret prudently retired with her husband and child to Berkhamstead, where Henry, attended by several of the judges, daily received a report of the proceedings of the congress. At length, Henry, as

umpire, gave his award; the agreement passed the great seal on the twenty-fourth of March, and on the following day, says the chronicle, "the King and Queen entered London in great state, and for the outward publishing of this hollow truce there was a solemn procession to St. Paul's cathedral, at which the King was present in his habit royal, with his crown on his head. Before him went, hand-in-hand, Somerset and Salisbury, Exeter and Warwick, and so forth, one lord of the one faction and another of the other, and behind the King the Duke of York led the Queen by the hand with great familiarity to all men's sights." The citizens of London expressed great pleasure on witnessing the pageant; they huzzaed mightily, made great bonfires, and ran through the streets, calling out "Rejoice, England! Rejoice! for this love-day has made concord and unity between the King and the great Duke of York!" But, delighted as the citizens were with the imposing spectacle, it soon became evident that the passions of ambition and revenge burned as strongly as ever in the breasts of the belligerent lords. The Yorkists, under feigned pretences, retired from court; Salisbury hastened to his castle in Yorkshire; York proceeded to the marches of Wales; and Warwick, whom the short-sighted King had just previously appointed High Admiral and Governor of Calais, took to the sea at the head of the navy. In May, Warwick, who, as he had been the first to spread the lying slanders on her honour, was deeply despised by the Queen, plundered the Lubeck fleet, an act of piracy for which Margaret caused him to be summoned to attend the council at Westminster. The citizens, being attached to the Earl, deemed the conduct of the Queen severe; tumults ensued, in which the Queen's attorney-general was killed. The servants of the royal household and Warwick's retainers quarrelled and fought severely. The affray gradually became more alarming; the governors of Furnival's, of Clifford's, and of Barnard's Inns, and William Taylor, the alderman of the ward where the riots broke out, were sent to prison; and, as

* See memoirs of Anne Boleyn.

the earl himself was attacked one day as he left the court, he believed, or affected to believe, that his life was in danger, and hastening to the north, arranged his plans with York and Salisbury, and then returned to Calais, to abide till the time arrived for striking the decisive blow.

Aware of the purpose of her enemies, Margaret busied herself in preparations for the coming contests. Collars of white swans, the badge of the youthful prince Edward, were liberally distributed amongst the Royalists, and the King's friends were invited to meet him in arms at Leicester. In the summer of 1459, Margaret, under the pretence of benefiting the King's health, but also to win the people to her cause, proceeded with him and her son Prince Edward on a tour through the loyal counties of Warwick, Stafford, and Cheshire. Meanwhile, York and his partizans actively canvassed the aid of their friends, and, in the spring of 1459, the discussion, no longer confined to the nobles and knights, had penetrated into the cloistered homes of the monks and the cottages of the poor. Summer passed on. At length the Earl of Salisbury marched from Middleham to join the Duke of York in the marches of Wales. The Queen, fearing for the safety of her royal husband, who then lay sick at Colleshill, in Warwickshire, sent Lord Audley, with ten thousand men, to oppose him. The armies met at Bloreheath, in Staffordshire, on the twenty-third of September. Victory favoured the Yorkists, and the Earl conducted his troops without further molestation to Ludlow. Margaret witnessed the defeat of her forces from the turret of a church in the neighbourhood; it was the first battle she had looked upon, and, so far from daunting her courage, it aroused within her breast the bold warrior energies which had hitherto remained dormant, and from that hour she resolved to assert the rights of her royal husband and son at the sword's point. Hastening to Coventry, she collected together a powerful army, and naming the King, who was then sufficiently recovered to travel, its

commander, marched to Worcester, pitched her camp, and dispatched the Bishop of Salisbury to her opponents, with offers of the King's pardon to all who would return to their allegiance within six days. This offer, although rejected with disdain by the Yorkists, proved beneficial to their interests, as during the delay they were joined by Sir Andrew Trollop, at the head of a large body of men-at-arms from Calais. Urged by Margaret, Henry now advanced to within half a mile of Ludlow Castle, where the Yorkists lay. At the sight of the royal banner the duke's forces expressed an unwillingness to fight against the King; and to rally them, York, on the following morning, spread a report that Henry was dead, and completed the farce by ordering mass to be chaunted for the repose of his soul. But the artifice was immediately discovered, and Sir Andrew Trollop, with his four thousand veterans, instantly retired in disgust, and joined the King. Consternation now spread through the army of the rebels, and, as the royal pardon was again proclaimed, they deserted to the King by hundreds. As a last resource, the confederate lords, in a submissive letter, endeavoured to draw the Royalists into a negotiation, but the energy of the Queen thwarted their purpose, and at midnight they fled in dismay. York, with his second son, the Earl of Rutland, sailed to Ireland, and Warwick, Salisbury, the Earl of March, and others, found their way to Calais. Thus ended the first campaign directed by the councils of Margaret of Anjou. The victory, being a bloodless one, was highly gratifying to the humane disposition of the King; and, after he had granted an amnesty to the rebels deserted by their leaders, the Queen conducted him in triumph to Coventry, where early in November he called a parliament, in which attainders were passed against York and his party, and a new oath of allegiance to the King, the Queen, and Prince Edward was framed and sworn to by the assembled peers and prelates.

CHAPTER IV.

Warwick returns to England—Battle of Northampton—Henry taken prisoner—Flight of Margaret—York publicly claims the crown—Margaret again in arms—Her victory at Wakefield—Battle of Mortimer's Cross—Second battle of St. Albans—Margaret retakes the King—Her vindictive conduct offends the Londoners—They compel her to withdraw to the north—Triumph of the white rose—Accession of Edward the Fourth—Margaret resolves to strike another blow—Is defeated in the bloody battle of Tewkesbury—She retires to Scotland—And continues her efforts to recover the throne—Her partizans fail to obtain aid from France—Whither she sails—Mortgage of Calais—She returns with Brezé to Northumberland—Her temporary successes—Shipwreck—Battle of Hexham—Adventures in the woods—Her cause hopeless—She retires to the court of her father—Her son's tutor—Flight of her partizans.



This nobleman retained the command of the fleet and the government of Calais. His popularity was great; he defied the Queen and the council to deprive him of the important posts; took all the ships of the Royalists he could meet with, and sailing to Dublin, concerted measures with the Duke of York for a second and more strenuous effort to clutch the crown from the brow of the gentle King. All being prepared, he landed in Kent on the fifth of June, with one thousand five hundred men, and, proceeding to Canterbury cathedral, solemnly swore that himself and York were true liegemen of the King. His advancing army swelled to twenty-five thousand, or, according to some chroniclers, to forty-five thousand. He was joined by the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishops of London, Lincoln, Exeter and Ely, Lord Cobham, and all the gentry of Kent. London joyfully opened her gates to him on the second of July, 1460; but his tarry in the metropolis was brief. Hastening to Northampton, whither Margaret and Henry had advanced with their army, he gave battle to the Royalists on the tenth of July. Margaret seemed confident of

ESPERATE as the cause of the Yorkists appeared to be at this period, their lost fortune was speedily regained by the power, energy, and activity of Warwick. well sustained by both sides for about two hours, the treacherous Lord Grey of Ruthyn, instead of defending his post, admitted the enemy into the heart of the royal camp, and gave the success of the day to the Yorkists. The Duke of Buckingham, the Earl of Shrewsbury, Viscount Beaumont, and many other of the Royalist nobles and knights were slain. The Queen, who from a neighbouring eminence had witnessed the battle, fled with her infant son in dismay. Her enemies pursued her in hot haste, but, after being plundered of her jewels by her own servants, and escaping numerous perils, and enduring fearful privations, she found herself secure within the impregnable rock-bound walls of Harlech castle, in North Wales. Henry was taken prisoner, and conducted, with every demonstration of respect, to London, where a parliament was called, the acts passed at Coventry repealed, and the Yorkists pronounced to be faithful and loyal subjects.

The Duke of York, being apprized of the victory, entered London on the eleventh of October, with a retinue of five hundred horsemen, and pressing on to Westminster, passed through the hall into the House of Lords, and standing with his hands upon the throne, shewed by his manner that he only waited for an invitation to place himself on it. But the whole assembly was silent; even his own partizans had not the heart to express a wish to dethrone the un-

therefore, had nothing to fear from their resentment, states, that immediately on his arrest, the Duke was attacked with an illness, of which he died. Worcester, another contemporary, confirms this statement; and Hardyng, who finished his Chronicle in 1465, in speaking of Gloucester, says:

"Without falle,
When in a parley (*apoplexy*) he died in-
continent
For hevynesse and loss of regiment,
And ofte before he was in that sykenesse,
In pointe of dethe."

Six weeks after the death of Gloucester, Cardinal Beaufort, then eighty years of age, breathed his last; not, however, as depicted by the poetic imagination of Shakspeare, in the agonies of despair, but whilst calmly offering up prayers for himself and his country. The bulk of his property he left to charities. To Margaret he bequeathed the bed and the rich arras hangings of the Queen's chamber in his mansion at Waltham. His executor proffered the King a present of two thousand pounds, which Henry refused, saying, "He was always a good uncle to me whilst he lived. God reward him! Fulfil his intentions. I will not take the money." It was bestowed on the two colleges lately founded by the King at Eton and in Cambridge.

The death of the Cardinal deprived Margaret of her firmest support. The King shrunk from the cares of government, devoted his attention to religion and philosophy, and left the management of all important state matters in her hands; and she being young, inexperienced, and almost a stranger to the customs and prejudices of the English, added to her unpopularity, by continuing her confidence to the Beaufort Cabinet, with Suffolk at its head. But although she naturally entertained a strong friendship for her first English friend, Suffolk, she was not, as Shakspeare would have us believe, his prisoner before her marriage, nor his paramour afterwards.

In 1448, Margaret founded and endowed Queen's College, Cambridge, which she dedicated to St. Margaret and St. Bernard. It was at this period that the Queen, to allay the miseries of the nation, to stifle the voice of sedition, and to calm the rude blood-thirsty spirit awakened in the people by the long-continued wars with France, directed the energies of the towns to woollen, silk, and other manufactures, and of the country to farming and gardening; but the arts of peace had been so long neglected, that no one could brook the monotony of regular labour; and nothing but the excitement of battle and plunder could satisfy the combative spirit of the age.

CHAPTER II.

Duke of York aspires to the throne—He is removed from the regency of France—Which is conferred on Somerset—The loss of France attributed to Margaret—Suffolk impeached—Banished and murdered—Jack Cade insurrection—Return of Somerset increases the Queen's unpopularity—York appeals to arms—Henry prevents a battle by granting his demands—His apprehension—Release—Futile efforts to reconquer Guienne—Death of Talbot.



ABOUT this time the Duke of York began to turn his eyes towards the throne. This ambitious noble was descended by his mother's side from Lionel, one of

the sons of Edward the Third. The reigning King sprung from John of Gaunt, a son of the same Edward, but younger than Lionel; thus the Duke of York's claim by primogeniture was prior to that of Henry. But the powerful Duke did not immediately disclose his designs. His friends, however,

gained him a party, by spreading the rumours that Gloucester had been murdered by the connivance of the Queen and Suffolk—that the house of Lancaster had usurped the throne—that the King was too imbecile to reign—and that Suffolk had negotiated Margaret's marriage, at the price of a truce destructive to the power of England over France. York had been appointed Regent of France for five years, but these seditious doings of his friends gave such umbrage to the Queen and Suffolk, that they prevailed on the King to remove him from the regency before it had expired, and confer it on the Duke of Somerset, an ambitious noble, who sought to succeed to the influence of his departed relations, Gloucester and Cardinal Beaufort.

The cession of Maine in 1448, was followed, as the nation had prophesied, by the invasion of Normandy by Charles the Seventh. From causes, which it belongs to history to explain, the arms of France triumphed; and within one year and six days, that extensive dukedom, with its seven bishoprics and one hundred fortresses, was again annexed to the crown of France. Charles next invaded Guienne with equal success; not a fortress was prepared to resist his army, every town and castle submitted, and in August, 1451, the English were deprived of all they had ever possessed in France, except Calais.

The loss of France greatly exasperated the nation. Whilst the emissaries of York fanned the flames of discontent by attributing that loss to the dominating influence of the Queen, they declared that the King was fitter for a cloister than a throne, and had, in fact, dethroned himself, by leaving the affairs of his kingdom in the hands of a French woman, who merely used his name to conceal her usurpation, since, according to the laws of England, a queen-consort had no power to meddle with the affairs of the state. Meanwhile, York, who had been made Governor of Ireland, viewed Somerset as his mortal foe, and increased his own political influence by winning the affections of the Irish. The whole kingdom was in a state of

alarming excitement. The Bishop of Chinchester, because, as ambassador from the court of England, he had delivered Maine to the French King, was set upon and murdered by the enraged populace at Portsmouth, in January, 1450, when a report was spread, that with his dying breath he pronounced Suffolk a traitor, who had sold Maine to the enemy, and whose influence was as great in the court of France as of England. In an elaborate speech Suffolk noticed this report in parliament. The Lords pronounced him innocent. But a few days afterwards, the Commons, in a series of articles, some ridiculously absurd, accused him of treason; and so great was the clamour from without, that he was arrested and confined in the Tower. Neither the King nor the Lords could be convinced of his guilt; and at length, to satisfy the vengeance of the Commons, the King ordered him to be banished for five years. Henry and Margaret parted from him with great affection. On quitting the Tower, the rabble of London rose in riot, and endeavoured to take his life. With difficulty he reached Ipswich, where, after arranging his affairs, writing an eloquent letter to his son, and solemnly swearing before the knights and esquires of the county that he was innocent of the crimes laid to his charge, he embarked for France on the thirtieth of April, in two small vessels, and sent a pinnace before him, to inquire whether he might be permitted to land in the harbour of Calais. But the pinnace was captured by a squadron of men-of-war, and immediately the Nicholas of the Tower, a large ship, manned with one hundred and eighty men, bore down on the Duke's vessels. He was ordered on board, and received on deck by the captain with the ominous salutation of "Welcome, traitor!" His seizure was, doubtless, a concerted plan, as he was kept a prisoner in the Nicholas two nights, accompanied by his confessor, whilst a messenger, probably to announce his capture and receive instructions, was sent on shore, and he himself underwent a mock trial before the sailors, by whom he was condemned to suffer death. On the second morning,

May the second, a small boat came alongside, in which was a block, a rusty sword, and an executioner. The Duke was lowered into it, and the man telling him that he should die like a traitor, at the sixth stroke struck off his head. According to the Paston Letters, his body was placed on the sands at Dover, and watched by the Sheriff of Kent, till the King ordered it to be delivered to his widow, by whom it was honourably interred in the collegiate church of Wingfield, in Suffolk.

This tragical event deeply distressed the King and Queen, and increased the excitement of the public mind. Pestilence, scarcity, and the violent harangues of political partizans had already rendered the nation ripe for rebellion. Outbursts had been threatened in several counties; and the men of Kent now heard with alarm and indignation the repeated rumours that the Queen intended to take signal vengeance upon them for having furnished the ships which intercepted her murdered friend and minister, Suffolk. The crisis was a favourable one for designing demagogues; and an Irish adventurer, whose real name was Jack Cade, but who had assumed that of Mortimer, cousin to the Duke of York, unfurled the standard of insurrection in Kent, always a turbulent county. Taking up the popular outcry against the Queen and her minister, Cade set himself up as a redresser of public grievances; and partly by his own rude but plausible talents, and partly from the charm of the popular name he had assumed, he speedily found himself at the head of twenty thousand men, with whom he marched to Blackheath. The insurrection appearing formidable, the King sent to know the wishes of the insurgents. Their leader answered, that they had no ill design on the King's person; that their intention was to petition parliament that the evil ministers might be punished, as being the principal authors of the loss of Normandy. In a few days afterwards they presented their petition, which was to the same effect, and also demanded that the King's council should be filled with Princes of the blood, and other pru-

dent and judicious persons, and not with profligate men of vicious principles and manners, incapable of managing the affairs of the state.

These petitions were rejected; and the King determining to put down the insurrection by force of arms, marched against the rebel band with an army of fifteen thousand men. On his approach, Jack Cade retired, and lay in ambush in a wood near Sevenoaks; the King would have pursued him to his retreat, but the Queen, who accompanied her royal lord in this his first essay in arms, overcome by fears for his personal safety, prevailed on him to return with her to London, and resign the command of his army to Sir Humphrey Stafford. A fatal error, for the rebels attributed the King's weakness to fear; and when pursued by a detachment of royalists under Sir Humphrey, they took courage, routed the detachment with great slaughter, and killed the commander as well as his brother. The rebels now returned to Blackheath in triumph; and Cade, attired in the "brigandiers set wyth gilded nails, hys salet and gilded spurs" of the slaughtered Sir Humphrey, marched towards London without opposition, whilst the King and Queen hastily fled to Kenilworth, leaving a garrison in the Tower under the command of Lord Scates. This flight of the King and his court, impolitic as it was cowardly, has been attributed to the Queen's weakness by some writers; but this is mere conjecture.

The city of London opened her gates to the rebels; Cade entered in triumph at the head of his troops, and pausing beside the London Stone, smote it with his sword, exclaiming, "Now is Mortimer King of London!" He took up his residence in Southwark, preserved strict discipline amongst his troops, prohibited them under the severest penalties from doing injury to the inhabitants, and each evening led them back in order into the Borough. On the second day he caused the mayor and the judges to sit in Guildhall, and having obtained possession of the lord treasurer, Lord Say, arraigned him before them. Lord Say pleaded the privilege of the peerage,

but the insurgents forcibly took him from the officers, hurried him to the Standard, in Cheapside, and immediately smote off his head, which they placed on a pole and carried through the streets. His son-in-law, Sir James Cromer, was shortly afterwards seized and mercilessly beheaded, without judge or jury. On the third day the rebels attacked and plundered some of the splendid shops in Westcheap; and the citizens, fearing similar depredations, on the next morning shut the gate on London Bridge against them. A severe battle now ensued. Lord Scales afforded powerful assistance to the citizens; six times the bridge gate was taken and retaken, but at the end of six hours the citizens prevailed, and a short truce was taken by mutual consent. The two archbishops, and the Bishop of Winchester, who were then in the Tower, seized the favourable moment, crossed the river, and by offering a free pardon under the great seal to all who would lay down their arms, prevailed on the insurgents to disperse and return in peace to their homes. Cade accepted the pardon, but repenting of it immediately afterwards, again unfurled his banner. His good stars, however, had deserted him. He found but few followers, and on retiring with these to Rochester, they quarrelled amongst themselves respecting the division of their plunder; and Cade, upon whose head a reward of one thousand marks was set, fled for safety into Essex, where Alexander Iden, the sheriff of Kent, overtook him, and slew him.

Margaret and Henry returned to London about the eleventh of July, and as the public mind still continued in a state of feverish excitement, stringent measures were adopted to prevent another outburst. The chief of Cade's followers were arrested and brought to the scaffold, and by their dying confession they led the Queen to believe that the revolt had been instigated by the Duke of York, whom they declared they had intended to place on the throne. The Queen and the court took alarm, whilst York, at the close of August, raised the hopes of his party by quitting Ireland unbidden and unexpectedly, and with a

retinue of four thousand men hastening towards London. On reaching the metropolis, York treated the King with insolence, and after exacting from him a promise that he would call a parliament without delay, retired to his castle of Fotheringay.

At this crisis the Duke of Somerset returned from France; the Queen hailed his arrival as a blessing, and he being the nearest of kin to Henry, the ties of relationship sanctioned her friendship towards him, and induced her to hope that his fidelity and services would prove an effectual check to the ambition of York. But unfortunately Somerset's name was connected with the loss of Normandy: he was one of those accused by the people of selling the inheritance of the Crown to the enemy, and the Queen shared his unpopularity by shielding him from the fury of the Parliament. The Commons petitioned the King to send him to the Tower; to oblige them, Henry granted their request; but immediately the stormy session was over, Margaret caused him to be released and elevated to the high office formerly enjoyed by the Duke of Suffolk.

York, however, was too aspiring, astute, and powerful to admit his adversary to enjoy the distinguished favours of his Sovereign in peace. Raising forces in the marches of Wales, he assumed the position of a political dictator, and, as the Londoners shut their gates against him, proceeded to Dartford, in the hope of alluring the men of Kent to his standard. Henry, by the advice of Margaret, took the field against him, in January, 1452; but the King's horror of shedding human blood led him to avoid a battle. A conference took place; and by the advice of the Bishop of Winchester and Ely, the King forgave him for taking up arms, and, in compliance with his demands, agreed to appoint a new council, in which he should be included, and ordered Somerset into custody; on which York disbanded his army, and came unarmed to confer with Henry in his tent. By the Queen's connivance Somerset was placed behind the hanging in the royal pavilion, where he could

witness the conference in silence. York, who believed him to be secure in the Tower, after respectfully saluting the King, said, "Sir, it was with no other view than to bring that traitor, Somerset, to justice that I took up arms." Upon the mention of traitor, Somerset sprang from his hiding-place, and looking sternly at York, angrily exclaimed, "Lying varlet! thou art the traitor, not I; for years thou hast fervently desired to clutch the Crown from the head of our good and lawful King Henry; but, by the blessing of the Lord, the ambition of York shall yet be bowed to the dust, and the red rose of Lancaster wave triumphant over the mightiest throne in Christendom."

"Monster in human shape! crafty wretch as thou art, I defy thee!" retorted York, who, having seized a gauntlet from one of the knights, flung it with great force at the feet of Somerset. "But for thy cowardice and treachery, Normandy would still have shone a bright jewel in the crown of England." "Brand me traitor? In verity, the devil's deeds of all the traitors in Christendom since creation began would not fill a catalogue with such black infamy as thy unrighteous doings. Thou wert cursed in thy birth! Pitchy midnight hurried thee into the world! The tempest fiends and the furies heralded thy coming, and, but that Nature, overcome by the toils of day, then slept, she, in pity to mankind, would, in that hour of horror, have consigned thee to the icy arms of death, and saved the bloodshed that doubtless will succeed thy fall; for, by the Lord's body! thy evil doings will yet greatly trouble the kingdom, and thy

end, come when it may, be that of a detested traitor!" Then, turning to Henry, he concluded: "Indeed, cousin, I did not expect this from my Sovereign;" and, burning with rage, retired.

Henry, being ignorant of the proximity of Somerset, stood motionless and speechless during this angry altercation. But, although astonishment had paralysed the Monarch, Margaret, incensed beyond measure at the bold insolence of York, ordered him to be arrested as he left the pavilion. Fortunately for York, the position of parties prevented his enemies from wreaking their vengeance on him now he was in their power. The King recoiled from the idea of shedding his blood, and the intelligence that his son, the Earl of March, was about to advance with an army to liberate him, so alarmed the Queen and the Council, that on his solemnly swearing fealty to the King in St. Paul's, he was released, and retired to his castle of Wigmore.

At this moment the inhabitants of Guienne, impatient under the yoke of their new masters, offered to renew their allegiance if Henry would supply them with forces. The offer was eagerly accepted, and, by the advice of Margaret, her friend Talbot, the veteran Earl of Shrewsbury, then in his eightieth year, hastened to Guienne, and took the field at the head of eight thousand men. At first, victory favoured the enterprise, but on the twentieth of July, 1453, at the siege of Chatillon, the English, overpowered by numbers, suffered a severe defeat, and the gallant Talbot and his son were slain, and the power of France was again established in Guienne.

CHAPTER III.

Henry's incapacity—Birth of Prince Edward—York appointed Protector—Arrest of Somerset—The King's recovery—His interview with the Queen and the Prince—York deprived of the Protectorate—Somerset released—The battle of St. Alban's—The King in the hands of the Yorkists—York again Protector—Margaret, with the King and their son, sent to Hertford—Her secret conference with her friends at Greenwich—Henry again recovers—And assumes the regal dignity—The Queen and her party rule in the Council—She visits Coventry with the King—Where a great Council is held—Wifful perjury of the Yorkists—

Hollow reconciliation of the two parties—Their quarrel—Battle of Bloreheath—Margaret raises another army—Marches to Ludlow—Flight and attainder of the Yorkists.



THE death of Talbot—a severe blow to the Queen and the court, and by the people mourned as a national calamity—was followed by an event which further raised the hopes of York and his friends. The King had long been in a declining state of health, the infirmities of body weakened his mind, and, at length, whilst confined to the chamber of sickness at Clarendon, his reason fled, and left him in a state of helpless idiocy. Henry was in this hapless condition when, to the joy of the Lancastrians, the Queen gave birth to “that child of sorrow and infelicity,” Prince Edward. The Prince was born on St. Edward’s day, October the thirteenth, 1453, and baptized with the usual ceremony by the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of Winchester. The Queen’s enemies attempted to throw doubts on the legitimacy of the young Prince. By some it was pretended that the King was not his father, whilst others asserted that the real Prince had been born dead, and the present infant was a spurious child, who had been substituted for him. The unanimous voice of the nation, however, silenced these suspicions; but whilst the friends of tranquillity hailed the event with joy, others, with deeper penetration, regarded it as the precursor of a sanguine succession war.

The committee appointed to visit the unfortunate King, then at Windsor, formally reported his insanity to parliament, and, on the twenty-seventh of March, 1454, the Duke of York was appointed Protector during the royal pleasure, or until the King’s son, who had already been created Prince of Wales and Earl of Chester, was of age. No political power was invested in Margaret, nor did she grasp at the reins of government. The duties of a wife and the cares of a mother engrossed her serious attention, whilst, as a relaxation, she, as

Queen Consort, gave audiences, and occasionally held courts. The first act of the York council was to arrest Somerset in the Queen’s presence chamber, confine him in the Tower, deprive him of the government of Calais, and confer that important post on the Protector. Margaret was greatly enraged at the disgrace of her friend and minister, but it was out of her power to prevent his fall. However, the King recovered the use of his reason about Christmas, when, by Margaret’s influence, Somerset was released from his confinement, and York deprived of the Protectorate.

The King’s first interview with his wife and child on his recovery is thus quaintly narrated in the Paston Letters :

“On the Monday afternoon the Quene cam to hym and brought my lord Prince with her, and when he asked her what the Prince’s name was, and the Quene told him Edward, he held up his hands and thanked God thereof; and he sayde he never knew till that time, nor wist not what was sayde to him, nor wist not where he had been whiles he was syke till now; and he asked who was the godfathers, and the Quene told him, and she told him that Cardinal Kemp was dede; and he seyde oon of the wysest lords in this land was dede; and he seyth, he is in charity with all the world, and so he wolde all the lordes were.”

The Queen and Somerset again ruled as heretofore; but the triumph of the Lancastrians was short-lived. York retired in disgust to the marches of Wales, raised an army, and with Norfolk, Salisbury and Warwick marched towards London. By the advice of the Queen, Henry, at the head of two thousand men—all he could muster in the time—hastened to oppose him. On the twenty-second of May, 1455, the hostile forces met at St. Alban’s. Being by nature humane, Henry endeavoured to avoid a battle; but as York demanded, and the King refused, the surrender of Somerset and his associates, an appeal to arms was inevitable. The Royalists

set and Oxford, had been slain; and that Edward had entered London in triumph, assumed the regal reins, and again sent her unfortunate husband a captive to the Tower. This unexpected blow so overcame the unfortunate Queen that she sank to the ground in a swoon, and, on recovering, rushed in despair with her son to the sanctuary of Beaulieu Abbey, where she met with her companion in adversity, the Countess of Warwick, who, crossing the Channel in another ship, had been separated from her by the storms, made Portsmouth in safety, and shortly after landing received the mournful tidings of her husband's defeat and death.

At Beaulieu Margaret was visited and encouraged by the valiant but headstrong Duke of Somerset, the Earls of Pembroke and Devonshire, and other nobles; and, at length, overcome by their entreaties, and the hope of success, she quitted her asylum, met the Lancastrian lords at Bath, and making a progress through Devon, Somerset, and Gloucestershire, collected a great army to fight under her banner. With these forces Margaret resolved to join the Earl of Pembroke, in Wales; but the men of Gloucester had fortified the bridge over the Severn, and on reaching Tewkesbury she was overtaken by Edward, with a more numerous army. Margaret was anxious to press on to Wales, but the too obstinate Somerset scorned to fly; and in the battle which ensued the Lancastrians were completely routed, with the loss of about three thousand men, amongst whom were the Duke of Somerset, the Earl of Devonshire, and the Lord Wenlock, who was killed for his treason or timidity by the enraged Somerset. After the battle, the Queen, torpid with grief, was taken prisoner, when, to her misery, she found her son, the Prince of Wales, in the same condition. Margaret was reserved to grace the victor's triumph. The Prince was taken into the presence of Edward, who sternly asked him what had brought him to England. "I have entered the dominions of my father," replied the Prince, with more warmth than policy, "to revenge his injuries and to redress my

own." Enraged at the boldness of the Prince, the barbarous Monarch struck him on the face with his gauntlet hand, and immediately afterwards Gloucester and Clarence, or, what is more probable, the knights in their retinue, stabbed him to the heart. His remains were interred without funeral pomp in the Abbey church of Tewkesbury, where to this day his grave is distinguished by a plain slab of grey marble.

On the afternoon of Thursday, May the twenty-first, Margaret entered London a prisoner in the train of the victorious Edward, and was immediately placed in close confinement in the Tower; and on that very night Henry the Sixth was murdered by the advice, if not the dagger, of Richard, Duke of Gloucester, afterwards Richard the Third. "On the morrow," says the chronicler, "the murdered King was brought through Cornhill from the Tower, with a great company of men bearing weapons, in a manner as if they should have led him to some place of execution, to St. Paul's Cathedral, in an open coffin, bare-faced, that all men might know it to be the body of Henry where it bled. From St. Paul's the body was conveyed to Blackfriars, where the blood again gushing from the wounds upon the ground, convinced the most sceptical as to the cause of his death. In the evening the body was conveyed by water, without priest or clerk, torch or taper, singing or saying, to Chertsey Abbey, and there buried, with no pomp, and but little show of respect. In the second of Richard the Third it was removed to Windsor." Superstition noised abroad that miracles had been wrought at Henry's tomb; he was worshipped by the name of Holy King Henry, and his red velvet hat was said to heal the headache of all who put it on their heads.

Whether Margaret witnessed the removal of her husband's remains from the Tower, is not recorded. Her grief for the loss of her royal lord and her son was for a period inconsolable; and to overflow her cup of sorrow, just previously death had snatched away her sister, Blanche, her brother, John of Calabria, and her sister's husband, Ferry

of Vandemonte. Her father, King René, in reply to the epistle detailing her calamities and captivity, wrote, "May God help you, child! and when you can for only a moment forget your own sufferings, I beseech you to think of mine—they are overwhelming; and yet, dearest daughter, would I console you in your sore afflictions."

From the Tower Margaret was removed to Windsor, and, lastly, to Wallingford. Here, through the kind influence of Elizabeth Woodville, Queen of Edward the Fourth, the rigour of her imprisonment was relaxed, and five marks a week was allowed for the maintenance of herself and her servants. King René, after straining every nerve, procured her liberation by ceding Provence for half its value to Louis the Eleventh, who, in August, agreed to pay fifty thousand crowns for her ransom. After a captivity of five years, the broken-hearted widow quitted Wallingford, and reached Dieppe in safety; from Dieppe she was conducted to Rouen, resigned to the French ambassadors on the twenty-second of January, 1476, and five days afterwards she formally renounced all claim to the income and

rights which, as Queen of England, she was entitled to.

Henceforth the unfortunate Margaret lived in great retirement in one of her father's castles at Reculee. Joy was unknown to her; she seldom smiled, and passed the greater part of her time in brooding over her misfortunes. At length, the agonies of mind wrought a fearful change in her person, and a scaly leprosy rendered the most beautiful of womankind a spectacle horrible to look upon. When her father died, in 1480, she sold any right which she possessed, or hereafter might possess, to any of his territories to the King of France, for an annual pension of six thousand livres. Shortly afterwards, she took up her abode at the Chateau of Dampierre, where, care-worn and heart-broken, she closed her career of trouble and misfortune in August, 1482. The place of her sepulchre was the grave of her parents in the Cathedral of Angers; no tomb or tablet was erected to her memory, but her devotion and heroism can never be forgotten whilst the story of the bloody wars of the pale and the purple rose occupy a prominent place in the annals of England.

ELIZABETH WOODVILLE,

Queen of Edward the Fourth.

CHAPTER I.

Elizabeth's birth—Parentage—First wooer—Marriage to Sir Hugh Johnes—She gives birth to two sons—Plays the spy at the second battle of St. Alban's—Death of her husband—Her inheritance confiscated by the Yorkists—She waylays Edward the Fourth in the forest of Whittlebury—Wins the monarch's heart—Is privately married to him—The marriage gives umbrage to the Earl of Warwick and others—It is publicly acknowledged—Her dress—Dower—Coronation—Birth of the Princess Elizabeth—The royal favours heaped on her relations excite the jealousy of the nobles—Warwick's disappointment and chagrin—Robin of Redesdale insurrection—Battle of Edgecote—The Queen's father, and brother John, beheaded—The King made captive—Released—Forced to fly the country—The Red Rose faction triumph—Elizabeth with her family seeks safety in the sanctuary at Westminster—Birth of Edward the Fifth—The King again lands in England—Defeats the Red Rose—Takes the Queen out of sanctuary—Creates his eldest son Prince of Wales.



LIZABETH WOODVILLE was born, it is supposed, about the year 1437. Her mother by birth, Jacquetta of Luxembourg, was originally married to the Duke of Bedford, who, dying in 1435, left her a widow at the tender age of seventeen. As third lady of the realm, Jacquetta was dowered on the royal demesnes, but disregarding the distinctions of rank, she fell in love with Sir Richard Woodville, a poor but handsome esquire in her late husband's service, and who, after his death, escorted her to England, won her heart, and was privately married to her. On the discovery of her

marriage in 1436, the duchess's dower was forfeited, but on her petition to parliament it was restored again, and Woodville, who had been thrown into prison for marrying a tenant of the crown without the royal license, obtained his liberty on the payment of a fine of one thousand pounds, and was after taken into favour at court and created Earl Rivers. The duchess principally resided at Grafton castle, and here the beautiful Elizabeth was born, before the marriage of her parents was made public, hence the uncertainty as to the date of her birth. Shortly after the arrival of Margaret of Anjou, Elizabeth was named maid of honour to that unfortunate queen.

The first lover of the future Queen of England was Sir Hugh Johnes, a knight



1911



Elizabeth Woodville



distinguished for the courage and prowess displayed by him in the wars in France. But, however brave a warrior, he was but a timid wooer. The Duke of York, Protector of England, and the Earl of Warwick, named by the people the "King maker," earnestly recommended him to the love of the fair Mistress Woodville, in two lengthy letters still extant. Elizabeth, then a bashful maiden in her teens, although of royal descent, scorned to be wooed by proxy, and as the amorous knight was a Yorkist, and withal had nothing but his well-tryed sword to endow her with, she rejected his suit and bestowed her hand on Sir Hugh Johnes, a Lancastrian partizan, and the heir of the wealthy house of Ferrers of Groby, and possessor of the ancient domain of Bradgate.

During the lifetime of her husband, who, on the death of his father in 1457, succeeded to the title of Lord Ferrers, Elizabeth gave birth to two sons, Thomas and Richard, both of whom were born at Bradgate.

In the wars of the Roses, Elizabeth followed her husband in his campaigns. At the second battle of St. Albans, before the action commenced, she visited the camp of Warwick, ostensibly to ask his assistance, but really to act as a spy for Queen Margaret. On that day her husband commanded the royal cavalry, and by the information she had imparted to him, was enabled, by a resolute well-timed charge, to win the day for the red rose. But the triumph cost him his life. He received a mortal wound, of which he died, February the twenty-eighth, 1461, the day after the battle.

Elizabeth deeply mourned the loss of her lord; and on the downfall of the house of Lancaster, the victorious Yorkists deprived her and her children, the eldest but four years old, of the inheritance of Bradgate, and forced her to seek refuge in Grafton castle, the dower of her mother. Here she lived in deep seclusion and comparative poverty, till one day, on learning that Edward the Fourth, perhaps the handsomest man in England, was hunting in the neighbouring forest of Whittlebury, she resolved to waylay the gallant king, and implore him, for her

children's sake, to restore the confiscated inheritance of Bradgate. Tradition marks the spot where, holding her fatherless boys in her hands, she earnestly besought the commiseration of the young king, under the shade of a spreading oak, whose hollow trunk, known as the Queen's Oak, remains even to our own times as a venerable record of the romantic fact.

The widow's pleadings, the doubtless eloquent address of the fond mother, have unfortunately not been recorded; but history informs us that her beauty, earnestness, modest mien, and imploring looks, not only obtained the suit, but with it the heart of the victorious monarch. Bradgate was restored, and Edward frequently visited Elizabeth in secret, using every art to prevail upon her to become his on other than honourable terms. But knowing how many other women he had undone, for he was a great libertine, she spiritedly repulsed him, declaring, that although not good enough to be his Queen, she was far too good to be his mistress.

The mother of Elizabeth, a crafty but talented woman, whose successful undertakings, the result of sound judgment and experience, men attributed to sorcery, on becoming acquainted with her daughter's conquest, took the direction of the affair into her own hands, and so managed that, on the dawn of the first of May, 1464, the marriage of King Edward to Elizabeth Woodville was solemnized with great privacy at Grafton, near Stoney Stratford, none being present but the Duchess of Bedford, the priest, two gentlewomen, and a young man, to sing.

Secret as were the King's visits to Elizabeth, rumours of their marriage reached the court. Amongst the personages most offended by it were, the haughty Duchess of York, mother to the King, and the powerful Earl of Warwick. They reproached Edward with violating his marriage engagement with Elizabeth Lucy, and urged him, if he could not fix his affections on that lady, to take to wife Eleanora Butler, the daughter of the great Earl of Salisbury, to whom he had been betrothed in his

childhood. These intrigues, however, were successfully opposed by the Duchess of Bedford; and as the King deeply loved his wife, he, at her earnest request, called a council at the palace of Reading, where the court was then staying, and on Michaelmas-day, 1464, presented her to the assembled lords and prelates, as his lawful wife. From the palace Elizabeth was conducted with regal pomp to the Abbey church of Reading, and there, after making her offering, publicly pronounced Queen. The dress she wore on this occasion was costly and beautiful. Upon her head was a lofty richly jewelled crown, adorned with the fleur-de-lis. Her long trained dress was of the richest blue and gold baudekin, bordered with ermine; her shoes were "pointed pigacies," and her neck was embellished with a rich pearl necklace.

In December, a second council met at Westminster, confirmed Elizabeth's marriage with the King, and settled on her an income of four thousand marks a year. This shew of approbation, however, could neither satisfy the nation nor silence the slanders of the nobles, who, not without reason, were jealous of the elevation to the throne of a woman whose father originally was but a poor knight. To excuse the King, reports were circulated that he had been decoyed into the marriage by the more than natural magical arts of his wife's mother; and such was the credulity of the times, that many believed the tale. But the King, desirous to prove that Elizabeth was not of so mean a descent as had been reported, invited over her maternal uncle, James of Luxembourg, who, with a retinue of one hundred knights, attended her coronation. This ceremony was performed with great pomp. On the twenty-third of May, 1465, Edward kept his court at the Tower, and created thirty-eight Knights of the Bath, of whom five were judges, and four citizens of London. The favour of the Londoners for the Queen having been obtained by this and other prudent measures, the mayor and city authorities met Elizabeth on the next day at Shooter's Hill, and conducted her in state to the Tower. On the Saturday she was conveyed through the city on a litter to

Westminster, and on the Sunday anointed Queen with the usual solemnities, by the archbishop, Cardinal Bourchier.

The birth of a daughter at Westminster in 1466, christened, after her mother, Elizabeth, confirmed the influence of the Queen and her relations. The King, to the disparagement of the noblest families in the land, heaped honours and wealth upon every member of the Woodville family. The Queen's father, Earl Rivers, received the Treasurership of England, and soon afterwards the more exalted post of Lord High Constable. The five sisters became respectively the wives of the Duke of Buckingham, the heir of the Earl of Essex, the Earls of Arundel and Kent, and the Lord Herbert. Her brother, Anthony, married the rich orphan daughter of Lord Scales. Her money-grasping brother John, when in his twenty-first year, wedded for her great jointure the opulent and decrepit Duchess of Norfolk, then in her eightieth year, whilst her eldest son, by her former marriage, was created Marquis of Dorset, and united in matrimony to the King's niece, Anne, daughter and heiress to the Duke of Exeter. These alliances gave umbrage to most of the nobles; many of them saw with deep concern the projects they had formed for the advancement of their children by marriage overturned. The high-spirited Earl of Warwick, whose power and policy had placed the King upon the throne, who commanded the whole naval force of England, who was Captain of Calais, and Lieutenant of Ireland, and in whose veins flowed the blood of the mighty Plantagenets, although he dissembled his wrath, was so deeply mortified at being cast into the shade by the influence of the daughter of a mere esquire, that he resolved on the first fitting opportunity to dethrone the King.

Warwick had many serious causes of complaint against the King. The almost regal power possessed by him since 1460, was being daily diminished by the dominating influence of the Woodvilles. The hope he had so long nourished, that Edward would marry his daughter Isabella, was for ever destroyed by the elevation of Elizabeth. The heiress of Exeter

married to Elizabeth's eldest son by Sir John Grey, had long previously been affianced to Warwick's nephew, and to crown all, King Edward refused his assent to the desired marriage between his brother Clarence and Warwick's eldest daughter, Isabella.

The gathering storm at length burst forth in Yorkshire, in the summer of 1469, where the people rose in insurrection, under the command of Robert Hilyard, commonly called Robin of Redesdale. The exactions of the royal household, and what was deemed the tyranny of the Queen's relations, in enforcing the ancient tax of a thrave of corn, were the ostensible cause of this rising. When the insurrection broke out, Edward and Elizabeth were making a progress through the eastern counties. The King, at the head of his retainers, marched to Fotheringay; but, alarmed at the increasing number and the vindictive menaces of the insurgents, he ordered the Woodvilles to secretly withdraw from the army, repaired to Northampton, and summoned Warwick and Clarence to his standard. But these nobles were together at Calais, where, in defiance of the King's opposition, the marriage of Clarence to Warwick's daughter Isabella took place. Meanwhile, the King's troops were defeated at Edgecote; the Queen's father and brother John were taken in the Forest of Dean, carried to Northampton, and beheaded by the order, or pretended order, of Clarence and Warwick; and the Queen's mother was accused of witchcraft.

On landing in England, Clarence and Warwick hastened to the King, who, on accusing them of disloyalty, discovered, to his astonishment, that he was in reality their prisoner. His captivity lasted about three months; and then, by means now where recorded, he obtained his release, returned to London, where the Queen had remained in security during these troubles, and kept the Christmas festival with great state. But the flame of rebellion still burned. In February an ineffectual attempt was made to seize the King at an entertainment, to which he had been invited by the Archbishop

of York; and in the following summer an alarming insurrection burst out in Lincolnshire; but the insurgents were defeated, and Clarence and Warwick, for the part they had taken in the uprising, were forced to flee to France.

In the autumn Warwick returned, raised a rebellion in favour of the red rose, and marching triumphantly to London, placed Henry the Sixth again on the throne. Edward was forced to fly to Lynn under the cover of night, where, with a few friends, he embarked for Holland. The Queen had been left for safety in the Tower, which she assiduously armed and victualled; but on the approach of Warwick and Clarence, her courage failed, and she fled in secret with her mother and three daughters, Elizabeth, Mary, and Cicely, to the sanctuary at Westminster, where they were registered as sanctuary women, and where, on the first of November, 1470, the long-desired heir of York was born. The unhappy Edward the Fifth was ushered into the world in poverty and privation. No public rejoicing celebrated his birth. Mother Cob, the midwife of the sanctuary, attended the distressed Queen in her labour, and provided her with all the comforts and necessities within her power. Elizabeth was also attended by Master Serigo, her physician, and John Gould, a butcher in the neighbourhood, found means to elude the vigilance of the Queen's enemies, and prevent the sanctuary from being starved into a surrender, by supplying them with an abundance of beef and mutton. The Prince was christened with but little ceremony shortly after his birth, Thomas Milling, the abbot of Westminster, standing sponsor, and the Duchess of Bedford and Lady Scrope godmothers.

In March, 1471, Edward again landed in England, and, to quiet the opposition of the people, declared that he had come, not to claim the crown, but the inheritance of his late father, the Duke of York. To complete this deception, he assumed the ostrich feather, in honour to Edward, the Lancastrian Prince of Wales, ordered his followers on their way to shout "Long live King Henry!" and at the gates of York, and before the

altar of the cathedral, solemnly abjured on oath all his pretensions to the throne. Clarence and the Archbishop of York soon afterwards deserted Warwick, and, disguise being no longer needful, the perjured Monarch assumed his own badge, and the battles of Barnet and Tewkesbury again restored him to the throne.

On the fifteenth of April Edward entered London in triumph, remanded the unfortunate Henry the Sixth to his prison in the Tower, and took Elizabeth, her children and her mother, out of sanctuary. Whilst Edward won the battle of Tewkes-

bury, the Tower, where Elizabeth and her children then abode, narrowly escaped being taken by storm by the Bastard of Falconberg, who, with a handful of daring adventurers, made a bold but unsuccessful attempt to capture the Queen and liberate the imprisoned Monarch.

The rebellion quelled, Edward rewarded his friends and followers for their valuable services; and on the twenty-sixth of June his eldest son was created Prince of Wales and Earl of Chester, and seven days afterwards recognised in a great council as the heir-apparent.

CHAPTER II.

Elizabeth's second son betrothed—Suspicious death of Clarence—Jane Shore—Edward the Fourth dies—Is succeeded by his son Edward the Fifth—Richard of Gloucester's duplicity—He seizes the young King—Elizabeth flies with her remaining children to the sanctuary—Gloucester named Protector—Elizabeth is persuaded to resign the King's brother to his keeping—He accuses Elizabeth of witchcraft—Beheads Hastings.



IN January, 1478, Elizabeth's second son, Richard, Duke of York, was betrothed to Anne Mowbray, heiress of the Duchy of Norfolk, in St. Stephen's chapel, and shortly afterwards the no less sudden than singular death of the Duke of Clarence excited the suspicions of the nation. Circumstances, which it belongs to history to detail, led to another rupture between the King and Clarence. At length the latter, after quarrelling with the Duke of Gloucester respecting the partition of the deceased Warwick's possessions, and accusing the Queen of sorcery, was condemned as a traitor. But, as Edward disliked a public execution, he was confined in the Tower, where he died, or more probably was murdered, on the eighteenth of February. A report was circulated that he was accidentally drowned in a butt of malmsey wine; and, as he had given way to habits of intemperance since the death of his wife, his assassins, perhaps,

to save the trouble of shedding his blood, placed the wine in his cell, when, unable to withstand the temptation, he fell a victim to his own frailty.

The rest of Edward's life was spent in riot and debauchery, which fatally undermined his health. He had long been notoriously unfaithful to the Queen, and now he completely deserted her for the bewitching charms of Jane Shore. This unhappy woman had been deluded from her husband, one Shore, a goldsmith, in Lombard Street, and continued with Edward, the most guiltless mistress in his luxurious and abandoned court: she was charitable, generous, ever interested for the distressed, was ever applied to as a mediator for mercy, and for wit, beauty, and pleasing conversational powers was unmatched. The Queen never manifested any jealousy of her husband's mistresses—an acquiescence which enabled her to maintain her influence over Edward to the last; but which renders it doubtful if, as a wife, she really entertained any very great affection for him.

Edward the Fourth died at Westmin-

ster, on the ninth of April, 1483, of an intermittent fever, brought on, or, what is more probable, greatly aggravated by vexation at the conduct of the King of France, who, after agreeing to marry the Dauphin to the Princess Elizabeth, refused to do so, on account, it was alleged, of the inequality of the lady's birth. In the hour of death Edward made the offended nobles vow reconciliation to the Queen and her family, and loyalty and protection to his youthful sons. After laying in state in London, the body of the King was conveyed by water to Windsor, and interred in St. George's chapel, where his memory was perpetuated by a beautiful tomb of open iron-work, said to have been the work of the equally clever blacksmith and artist, Quintin Matsys, the Flemish painter, and which, to the present day, remains in a state of excellent preservation.

Immediately the King had expired, the council proclaimed his eldest son, by the style of Edward the Fifth. The young prince was then at Ludlow, in Shropshire, where, under the care of his uncle, Earl Rivers, and his uterine brother, Lord Grey, he was receiving his education; the council agreed that he should be immediately brought to London and crowned; and Elizabeth, who it appears sat at this council, proposed that he should be protected on his journey by a powerful army. Lord Hastings, a nobleman never friendly to the Queen, took alarm at her proposal, and, feeling assured that an army would, at the present crisis, enable the Woodvilles to establish their authority, strenuously opposed it. "Where was the necessity," he asked, "for an army? Who were the foes it was required to combat? Not himself, Stanley, nor Gloucester; and surely the Woodvilles did not mean to break the reconciliation they had so lately sworn to observe. The proposition was absurd, and, if carried out, he for one would retire from court." An angry altercation ensued, and, at length, the Queen, who still felt an instinctive dread that some evil would result from her irresolution, reluctantly assented that the retinue of her son should not exceed

two thousand horsemen, and that the sturdy militia of the Welsh marches should not be called out.

At the time of the King's death, the ambitious, crafty, base-hearted Richard, Duke of Gloucester, was in the marches of Scotland; but, on hearing of that event, he immediately advanced southward, with a train of six hundred knights and esquires, all in deep mourning, and at York ordered his brother's obsequies to be performed with royal magnificence in the cathedral; and, as an example to the gentlemen of the county, was the first to swear allegiance to Edward the Fifth. To put the Queen and her relations off their guard, he, at the same time, forwarded them letters of condolence, full of kind expressions and earnest offers of friendship and assistance. But, whilst Elizabeth was yet rejoicing at her good fortune in possessing, as she supposed, the sincere friendship of the first prince of the blood, the astounding intelligence reached her that Gloucester, abetted by Northumberland, had, with an armed force, seized the young King on his route to London, and arrested Rivers and Grey, and sent them both to Pontefract Castle, "to be done with," says the chronicler, "God wot; what with which tidings the Queen, in great fright and heaviness, bewailing her child's reign, her friends' mischance, and her own misfortune, damning the time that ever she dissuaded the gathering of power about the King, got herself in all haste possible, with her younger son and her three daughters, out of the palace of Westminster, in which she then lay, into the sanctuary, lodging herself and her company there in the abbot's place. Now there came one, likewise, not long after midnight, from the Lord Chamberlain to the Archbishop of York, then Chancellor of England, saying, 'Gloucester hath gone back with the King's grace from Stoney Stratford to Northampton; but, notwithstanding, sir, my lord sendeth you word that there is no fear, for he assureth you that all shall be well.' 'Tell him,' quoth the Archbishop, 'be it as well as it will, it will never be so well as we have seen it;' and thereupon, by-and-bye, after the

messenger had departed, he caused, in all haste, all his servants to be called up, and so, with his own household about him, and every man weaponed, he took the great seal with him, and came yet before day unto the Queen, about whom he found much heaviness, rumble, haste, and business, carriage and conveyance of her stuff into sanctuary, chests, coffers, packs, fardels, trussed all on men's backs; no man unoccupied; some coming, some going, some discharging, and some carrying more than they ought the wrong way.

"The Queen herself sat alone, low on the rushes, all desolate and dismayed, whom the Archbishop comforted in the best manner he could, shewing her that he trusted the matter was nothing so sore as she took it for, and that he was put in good hope and out of fear by the message sent him from the Lord Chamberlain. 'Ah! woe worth him,' quoth she, 'for he is one of them that labour to destroy me and my blood.'

"Madam," answered the Archbishop, 'be of good cheer, for I assure you if they crown any other King than your son, whom they now have with them, we shall on the morrow crown his brother, whom you have here with you; and here is the great seal, which in likewise as that noble Prince, your husband, delivered it to me, so here I deliver it to you, to the use and behalf of your son; and therewith he took her the great seal, and departed home again; yet in the dawning of day, and when he opened his chamber window, he saw that the Thames was covered with boats full of Gloucester's servants, watching that no one should pass to or from the sanctuary unsearched." The Archbishop, says Sir Thomas More, afterwards repented of his hasty conduct, and prevailed upon Elizabeth to return the great seal. But Gloucester never forgave him for surrendering it.

On the fourth of May, 1483, the day appointed for his coronation, Edward the Fifth was brought to London in great state by his false uncle, Gloucester, who lodged him in the Bishop of Ely's palace, close to Hatton Garden; but a few days afterwards, on the motion of

the Duke of Buckingham, he was removed to the royal apartments in the Tower. After being declared Protector of the kingdom, the next step of the monster Gloucester was to gain possession of the King's brother, Prince Richard. With this view a council was held in the Star-chamber, where, after a stormy debate, it was decided that children could not claim the privilege of the sanctuary, and that Gloucester, if he pleased, could possess himself of the King's brother by force. But as the clergy objected that force should be used, the Archbishop of Canterbury, at the head of a deputation of lords, proceeded to the disconsolate Elizabeth, to first try the influence of persuasion. The Archbishop assured the Queen that the King was pining for the company of his brother as a play-mate, and that the Protector, to shield him from the malice of his enemies, wished to take him under his own especial charge.

"Troweth the Protector," answered Elizabeth, "I pray God he may prove a Protector—that it is not honourable for the duke to abide here? It were comfortable for them both that he were with his brother, because the King lacketh a play-fellow be ye sure? I pray God send them both better play-fellows than him that maketh so high a matter upon such a trifling pretext; can no one be found to play with the King without his brother, who is too ill to play, being taken out of sanctuary, as though Princes as young as they could not play but with their peers, or children could not play but with their kindred, with whom they commonly agree much worse than with strangers? Besides, I fear to put my son in the hands of him who already hath his brother, and who, if they both die, would inherit the throne."

The Archbishop replied, that he should say no more on the matter. If she would deliver the Prince to him and the other peers present, he would pledge his body and soul for the child's surety and estate, or if she would give them a positive refusal, the deputation would at once depart, for she evidently thought they lacked either wit or truth. Wit, if they were so dull as not to perceive the Pro-

ector's purpose; truth, if they caused her to deliver her son into the hands of one who was his enemy.

On hearing these words, the Queen stood for a time in deep thought, and at last, taking her son by the hand, said, "My lord and all my lords, I am neither so unwise as to mistrust your wits, nor so suspicious as to mistrust your truths, for lo, here is this gentleman whom I believe I could here keep safe if I would, whatsoever any man may say; and I doubt not but there be some abroad such deadly enemies to my blood, that if they wist where any of it lay in their own body, they would let it out; we have also experienced that the desire of a kingdom knoweth no kindred. The brother hath been the brother's bane, and may the nephews be sure of the uncle? Each of these children is the other's defence whilst they be asunder, and each of their lives lieth in the other's body; keep one safe and both are sure, and nothing for them both is more perilous than to be both in one place; for what wise merchant adventureth all his goods in one ship? All this notwithstanding, I here deliver him and his brother's life with him into your hands, and I charge you before God and the world, to shield them from harm. Faithful ye be wot I will, if ye list ye have power to keep them safe, and I beseech you for the trust their father put in you, and for the trust that I put in you now, that if I fear too much, you be well aware that you fear not as for too little." Then addressing the Prince, she said, "Farewell, mine own sweet child, God send you good keeping; let me kiss you yet once ere you go, for God knoweth when we shall kiss again;" and therewith she kissed him and blessed him, turned her back and wept, and went her way, leaving the child weeping as fast.

When the Archbishop and the other lords with him had received the Prince, they conducted him to the Star-chamber, where the Protector took him in his arms and kissed him, saying, "Now welcome my lord, even with all my heart." They then carried him with great state to the Bishop's palace at St.

Paul's, and from thence through the city honourably to the young King in the Tower, out of which they never again came.

Having thus secured the person of Edward the Fifth and his brother, the Protector next spread a report of their illegitimacy, and by pretended obstacles put off the day of the young King's coronation. Lord Stanley, the first to penetrate the Protector's ill designs, communicated his suspicions to the King's fast friend, Lord Hastings. Perhaps this lord's wishes that such a project might not be true, influenced his judgment, and confirmed him in his security. Soon, however, Catesby, a vile creature of the Protector's, was sent to try whether he could be prevailed upon to side with the projected usurpation; but as his adherence to the King and Elizabeth was immovable, his death was resolved upon. With this view the Protector called a council in the Tower, on the thirteenth of June, under pretence of expediting the coronation. He came thither himself at nine in the morning, with a cheerful countenance, saluting the members with unusual good humour and affability; then, on going out for a short time, he desired his absence might not interrupt the debates. An hour afterwards, he returned quite altered, knitting his brow, biting his lips, and shewing, by his manner, great inward perturbation. A dreadful silence ensued, and the lords looked upon each other in momentary expectation of some horrible catastrophe. At length, laying his hands upon the table, he said, "My lords, what punishment do they deserve who have conspired against my life?" "That of a traitor," answered Lord Hastings, after a lengthened pause; upon which the Protector, with a stern countenance, baring his withered arm, which all the lords knew had been long so, cried out: "See what the sorceress, Dame Grey, and that wretch, Shore's wife, have done, by their witchcrafts! their spells have reduced my arm to this condition, and my whole body would have suffered the same calamity but for a timely detection." This terrible accusation increased the amazement of the council, and Lord Hastings

again replied: "If they have committed such a crime, they deserve punishment." "If!" exclaimed the Protector, with a loud voice; "dost thou answer me with *ifs*? I tell thee they have conspired my death, and thou too, traitor, art an accomplice in their crime." Thus having said, he struck his fist upon the table. A voice at the door cried out "treason!" and a body of armed men rushing into the room, arrested Hastings, Stanley, the Archbishop of York, and the Bishop of Ely. The three last were hurried to prison, but Hastings was compelled to make a short confession to the first priest

who offered himself, the Protector crying out, "By St. Paul! I will not dine till I have seen his head off." He was accordingly hurried on to the little green before the Tower chapel, where a log of wood, that accidentally lay there, served for the block on which he was beheaded. On the same day, and by a decree of the same council, now in such danger themselves, Rivers and Grey were beheaded at Pontefract castle: a plot against the King was the pretext for their execution, but in reality they died as being the greatest obstacles to prevent his destruction.

CHAPTER III.

Elizabeth's marriage with Edward the Fourth pronounced illegal, and their children illegitimate—Gloucester seizes the throne—Is crowned Richard the Third—Edward the Fifth and his brother murdered—The news overcomes Elizabeth—She invokes heaven to curse the usurper and his progeny—Shortly afterwards, his only child dies—She conspires with Buckingham and others to espouse the Princess Royal to Richmond, and place him on the throne—Richard defeats the project, and beheads Buckingham—His cruel revenge—He resolves himself to marry the Princess Royal—Precautions on Elizabeth with her children to come out of sanctuary—Coerces her into joining her interests with his—Richmond lands; defeats Richard, who is slain in the Battle of Bosworth; and ascends the throne by the title of Henry the Seventh—Deplorable condition of the people—Decline of Chivalry.



THE Protector's partisans now strenuously strove to prove Elizabeth's marriage with Edward the Fourth illegal, and her children illegitimate. Dr. Shaw preached to this effect at St. Paul's Cross, from the Scriptural text, "Bastard strips shall not strike deep roots;" and as his malicious harangue failed of its purpose, the Duke of Buckingham addressed the citizens at Guildhall, on the following Thursday, and prevailed on the mayor and corporation to accompany him on the following day, and present an address to the Protector. This address, after exaggerating the miseries of the late reign, thus proceeds: "Also we consider how the pretended marriage between the above-named King

Edward and Elizabeth Grey was made of great presumption, without the knowing and assent of the lords of this land, and also by sorcery and witchcraft committed by the said Elizabeth, and her mother, Jaquetta, Duchess of Bedford, as the common opinion of the people and the public voice, and fame is throughout all this land and hereafter, if, and as the case shall require, shall be proved sufficiently in time and place convenient; and here also we consider how that the said pretended marriage was made privily and secretly, without edition of banns, in a private chamber, a profane place, and not openly in the face of the church after the law of God's church, but contrary thereunto, and the laudable custom of the church of England, and how, also, that at the time of the contract of the said pretended marriage, and before and long after the said King Edward was

and stood married, and troth plight to one Dame Eleanor Buttelar, daughter of the old Earl of Shrewsbury, with whom the said King Edward had made a pre-contract of matrimony, long time before he made the said pretended marriage with the said Elizabeth Grey, in manner and form aforesaid; which promises being true, as in very truth they be true, it appeareth and followeth evidently, that the said King Edward, during his life, and the said Elizabeth, lived together sinfully and damnably in adultery, against the law of God and of the church. Also, it appeareth evidently, and followeth, that all the issue and children of the said King Edward be bastards, and unable to inherit or to claim any thing by inheritance, by the law and custom of England." After reciting matter foreign to our purpose, the address proceeds: "We humbly desire, pray, and require your noble grace, that, according to this election of us, the three estates of your land, as by your true inheritance you will accept, and take upon you the said crown and royal dignity, with all things thereunto annexed and appertaining as to you of right belongeth, as well by inheritance as by lawful protection."

The Protector, with his usual hypocrisy, replied, "that royalty had no charms for him—that he had resolved to remain loyal to Edward the Fifth, and that he trusted Buckingham and his other auditors were also true lieges of the young King."

Buckingham, seemingly displeased with this answer, declared, "My Lord, the nation will not succumb to the rule of a bastard; and if you, the lawful heir, refuse the proffered crown, we know where to find one of more easy conscience, who will accept it with cheerfulness."

At these words, Richard affected to pause; and after muttering some words to himself, replied, with an air of modesty, "I see the kingdom is resolved to load me with preferments unequal to my abilities or my choice; yet, since it is my duty to obey the dictates of a free people, I will graciously accept their petition; I, therefore, from this moment,

enter upon the government of England and France, with a resolution to defend the one and subdue the other."

This hypocritical farce ended, Richard on the following day, June the twenty-sixth, proceeded to Westminster, took his seat as King, in the great hall, and from that day dated the commencement of his reign. His coronation was solemnized a fortnight afterwards, with great pomp, at Westminster. As usurpation naturally requires security, the hunchback King was no sooner fixed upon the throne, than he sent Brackenbury, Governor of the Tower, orders to put the two young Princes to death. Brackenbury had the courage to refuse; but Richard's Master of the Horse, Sir James Tyrell, received the command of the fortress for twenty-four hours, and, accompanied by two assassins, Forest and Dighton, enter the chamber where the two innocent Princes slept, and in the dead of the night smothered them with the bed-clothes, and buried their bodies at the foot of the chamber staircase. By Richard's orders the bodies were afterwards exhumed, and interred at the entrance to the chapel in the White Tower. This account of the murder of Edward the Fifth and his brother, the Duke of York, has been doubted, but not disproved. Tyrell himself, who was executed in the reign of Henry the Seventh, confessed it in his last moments; the Princes' servants were dismissed on the day that Tyrell held possession of the Tower, and the Princes themselves were never seen nor heard of afterwards. To disconcert the plans and awaken the fears of his enemies, Richard caused their death to be made public, but abstained from exhibiting their bodies. It was generally believed, at the time, that they had been sacrificed to their uncle's safety; and in 1674, whilst some alterations were being made in the White Tower, the labourers, in digging at the foot of the old stairs, near to the chapel, found a chest containing the supposed remains of Edward the Fifth and the Duke of York; and their remains, Charles the Second, who then reigned, caused to be interred in Henry the Seventh's Chapel, where their tomb may still be seen.

When the news of the murder of the two young Princes was brought to Elizabeth, who, with her daughters, still remained in the sanctuary, she swooned and fell to the ground. On recovering consciousness, she beat her breast with her long fair hair, and calling upon her assassinated children, declared she would when she delivered the Duke of York, the keeper of the monster Gloucester. "Oh God," she exclaimed, "avenge the widow and the fatherless; make the heart of the murderer of solace as mine is now! curse him and his for evermore, and let not his progeny reap the fruits of his iniquity!" When, a few months afterwards, the Prince of Wales, Richard the Third's only child and greatest pride, suddenly died, Elizabeth declared, and the nation believed, that heaven had heard and answered her prayer.

Crushed by the misfortunes that had befallen her, the broken-hearted Queen indulged in grief so violent, that her health gave way, and for a period her life was despaired of. All but the hunchback and his partizans, felt deep sympathy for the woes of the disconsolate Elizabeth. Amongst other charitable persons, she was visited by Dr. Lewis, who, although ostensibly a priest and physician, was in reality an agent of the House of Lancaster. Dr. Lewis suggested to her the plan for quieting the conflicting claims of the rival Roses, by uniting her eldest daughter, the Princess Elizabeth, with the last scion of Lancaster, the young Earl of Richmond, who was then an exile in Brittany. In this plan she acquiesced, and a conspiracy to dethrone Richard in favour of Richmond was speedily formed, and headed by the powerful Duke of Buckingham, who, disgusted at the bloody deeds of the hunchback, now took up arms against him. The uprising was fixed for the eighteenth of October, but, as heretofore, the energy and good fortune of the usurper defeated the projects of his foes; Buckingham was taken and beheaded. Richard had sailed to the coast of Devon, but finding his hopes frustrated by the catastrophe of Buckingham, he hastily re-embarked and

sailed back to Brittany. The Queen's son, Dorset, who had contrived to escape unobserved out of sanctuary, and who, with her brother, Sir Edward Woodville, had raised the standard of revolt in Yorkshire, sought safety at Paris; whilst others found asylums in Brittany, in the sanctuaries, or in the fidelity of their neighbours. The prisoners were all executed, without regard to station or circumstances; indeed, Richard was no sooner freed from the impending danger, than, to expedite his revenge, by avoiding the formalities of the courts of justice, he commissioned Sir Ralph Ashton to exercise the office of Vice-Constable, with such extensive powers, that he could condemn and execute on the spot whoever he chose to pronounce guilty, or suspected of high treason. A commission which Ashton executed with the utmost rigour, putting husbands to death in the presence of their wives, and children before the eyes of their parents. It is said, that this bloody minister of the cruel King, being solicited by a beautiful woman to release her husband, who was a prisoner upon suspicion, he consented to do so upon her promising to grant him a favour of another nature; and immediately the poor creature had indulged his brutal desires, he presented to her the dead body of her husband, who in the mean time had, by his orders, been hanged, saying, "There, woman, as you cannot have the man of your choice alive, take him dead."

To defeat the project of the unfortunate Elizabeth and the Lancastrians, now became the chief policy of the aspiring Richard. The parliament which met in November, pronounced the marriage between Edward the Fourth and Elizabeth Grey null, bastardized their children, and formally legitimized Richard's title to the throne, and entailed the crown on the issue of his body. But, withal, the King was seriously alarmed at the idea of a marriage between Richmond and the Princess Elizabeth; he, therefore, resolved to get the Princess and her mother into his power; a difficult task, which could only be lawfully accomplished by starving out the inmates

of the sanctuary. The abbey was surrounded by a vigilant guard, under the command of John Nesfield, who cut off all supplies of food, and searched all goers and comers. At length the means of the Queen and the hospitality of the monks were all but exhausted; but, although famine stared the fugitives in the face, the hapless Elizabeth would not surrender until after the usurper had solemnly sworn, before several lords and prelates, and the mayor and aldermen, that he would treat the Queen and her daughters with kindness, shield them from harm, settle a life annuity upon the mother, of seven hundred marks, allow each of the daughters two hundred, and marry them to none but gentlemen.

By the terms of her surrender, Elizabeth was reduced to the station of an ordinary gentlewoman, and, what was equally degrading, her annuity was paid, not to her, but to John Nesfield, one of Richard's Esquires, "to pay all the household and other expenses of Dame Elizabeth Grey, lately called Queen of England." On quitting the sanctuary, Elizabeth, although received at court with outward marks of honour, was subjected to severe indignities and privations. John Nesfield had the entire control of her person, as well as of her scanty revenue; and her spirits were so completely broken, that, at the instigation of the usurper, she consented that Richard himself should, on restoring to her her lost authority and income, as Queen Dowager, espouse her daughter, the Princess Elizabeth; and joining her interests with those of the murderer of her three sons and of her brother, she wrote to all her partizans, and, amongst the rest, to her son, the Marquis of Dorset, desiring them to withdraw from the Earl of Richmond; an injury she was forced by the usurper to inflict, but which the Earl never afterwards forgave.

These efforts, however, of the wily hunchback availed him not. On the seventh of August, Richmond, having resolved to win the promised bride and crown, or die in the attempt, landed at Milford Haven, and at the head of only four thousand men, whose number in-

creased on the way to about seven thousand, courageously marched towards London. Richard, at the head of thirteen thousand men, met him in Bosworth-field. Lord Stanley, who secretly favoured Richmond, posted himself in a situation equally convenient for joining either army. Richard threatened to execute his son, whom he held as a hostage, if he did not join his ranks; but the threat was disregarded, and on the morning of the twenty-second of August the trumpet sounded to battle. The action commenced with a shower of arrows, and soon the two ranks began to close. Northumberland remained inactive at his post, but Stanley, profiting by the occasion, joined the line of Richmond, and turned the fortune of the day. In the meanwhile, Richard, mounted on his spirited charger, sped to the thickest of the fight, and Richmond quitted his station behind, to encourage his troops by his presence in front. Richard perceiving him, resolved to end all by one blow, and with the fury of a lion, flew through the opposing hosts to attack him. He slew Sir William Brandon, the Earl's standard-bearer, who had attempted to stop his career. Sir John Cheney having taken Brandon's place, was thrown to the ground. Richmond in the mean time stood to oppose him, but the crowd interposing, they were separated. Richard now, therefore, went to inspire his troops at another quarter; but at length, perceiving his army everywhere yielding or flying, he fiercely spurred his horse, and loudly shouting treason, treason, rushed into the midst of the enemy, and there met a better death than his actions had merited. In the battle there fell about four thousand of the vanquished. The loss was inconsiderable on the side of victors. The notorious Catesby, a great instrument of Richard's crimes, was taken, and soon afterwards beheaded with some others, who probably had merited that distinction by their crimes at Leicester. The body of Richard was found in the field covered with a heap of slain, and all besmeared with blood. It was stript, laid carelessly across a horse, and conducted amidst the

shouts of the insulting spectators, to Leicester, where, after being exposed for two days, it was interred in the Grey Friars' church of that place.

Richard's crown being found by one of the soldiers in the field of battle, was immediately placed by Stanley upon the head of the conqueror, who was instantly greeted with loud and prolonged shouts of "Long live King Henry!" Thus ended the bloody reign of Richard the Third, the race of the Plantagenet kings, and also the contests between the Houses of York and Lancaster, which had for thirty years been a pestilence to the kingdom, and in which about one hundred thousand men lost their lives, either on the scaffold, by the hand of the assassin, or on the field of battle.

These dissensions had reduced the kingdom to a state of almost savage barbarity; laws, arts, and commerce, were entirely neglected, for the practice of arms. The people had no idea of pacific government, and except only in their gallantry to the fair sex, they little differed from the ancient painted inhabitants of the island. The clergy were entirely distinct from the laity, both in customs, constitutions, and learning. They were governed by the civil law, understood and wrote Latin tolerably well, and as a body, but little interested themselves in the civil polity; whereas, the laity regarded the clergy

with blind veneration, were governed by the common law, which was traditionally delivered to them from their ancestors, understood no Latin, and the few who aspired to politeness, applied themselves wholly to French.

William Caxton, him who, in 1473, set up the first printing-press ever worked in England, thus feelingly laments the decline of chivalry, one of the most remarkable peculiarities in the manners of the middle ages, and which, greatly as it had flourished in England in the fourteenth century, had by the sanguine wars of the Roses been well nigh banished from the land:

"Oh, ye Knyghtes of England, where is the custome and usage of noble chivalry, that was used in tho days? What do ye now but go to the baynes and play at dyse? And some, not well advynd, use not honest and good rule again all ordre of knyghthode. Leve this, leve it, and rede the noble volumes of St. Graal of Lancelott, and many mo; ther shall ye see manhode, curtoyse, and gentylness. I wold it pleasyd our soverayne lord, that twyse or thryse a-yere, or, at least, once, he wold do cry justis of pies to thende that every knyght shold have hors and barneys, and also the use and craft of a knyghte, and also to tornoye one agaynst one, or two agaynst two, and the best to have a prys, a diamond or jewel, such as shold please the prynces."

CHAPTER IV.

Elizabeth restored to freedom and affluence—Henry the Seventh marries her daughter, the Princess royal—She retires from court—Stands godmother to Prince Arthur—Receives the French ambassador—Is about to be married to the King of Scots, whom that King dies—Enters the convent of Bermondsey—Her death—Will—Burial—Children.



HE victory of Bosworth, whilst it terminated the wars of the Roses, and elevated Richmond, who took the name of Henry the Seventh, to the throne, released Elizabeth from the grasp of her hunchback persecutor, and restored her

to freedom and affluence. The act which deprived her of her dower and title as Queen Dowager, was repealed, and burnt by the hands of the common hangman; and although Henry the Seventh entertained little or no personal regard towards her, policy commanded him to treat her with all outward respect, and to restore to her several of her dower places.

On the eighteenth of January, 1486, the King was married to the Princess Elizabeth; but believing the claims of his wife to the crown to be superior to his own, he would not permit her be crowned with him; a slight that deeply wounded the pride of the Queen Dowager and her daughter.

From this time the widow of Edward the Fourth almost ceased to share in the gaieties or business of the court. Twice only did she appear in public on state occasions. In 1486, when she stood godmother to her grandson, Prince Arthur; and in the following year, when she took a prominent place at the reception of the French ambassador.

Shortly afterwards, Henry projected her marriage to James the Third, King of Scots; and as the violent death of that monarch alone prevented the match, King Henry's dislike to his mother-in-law, was, at least at this period, evidently founded on private, rather than political motives. Early in the following year, the King assigned an annuity of four hundred pounds to Elizabeth, and shortly afterwards, declining health induced her to retire to the convent of Bermondsey, where, as the widow of Edward the Fourth, the heir of its founder, she possessed the right of residence, and where she ended her troubled life in great poverty, on the eighth of June, 1492, leaving the following will, dated April the ninth, 1492.

"In the name of God, Amen. I, Elizabeth, by the grace of God, Queen of England, and late wife to the most virtuous Prince of blessed memory, Edward the Fourth.

"*Item*; I bequeath my body to be buried with the body of my lord at Windsor, without pompous interring or costly expense done there about.

"*Item*; Whereas, I have no worldly goods to do my daughter, the Queen's grace, a pleasure with, neither to reward any of my children according to my heart and mind. I beseech God to bless her grace, with all her noble issue, and with as good a heart and mind as may be, I give her grace my blessing, and all the aforesaid my children.

"*Item*; I will that such small stuff

and goods that I have, be disposed of in the contentation of my debts and for the health of my soul, as far as they will extend.

"*Item*; That if any of my blood wish to have any of my said stuff, to me pertaining, I will that they have the preferment before all others.

"And of this my present testament, I make, and ordain my executors, that is to say, John Ingilby, prior of the Charter House of Shene, William Sutton and Thomas Brent, doctors; and I beseech my dearest daughter, the Queen's grace, and my son, Thomas, Marquis of Dorset, to put their good wills and help for the performance of this my testament.

"In witness thereof to this my testament, these witnesses, John, Abbot of Bermondsey, and Benedict-Cun, a doctor of physic."

As the Queen Dowager had expressed a desire for a speedy and a private burial, two days after her death, being Whit-Sunday, says a contemporary, "her body was conveyed, without any worldly pomp, to Windsor, and there privately, through the little park, into the castle, without ringing of any bells, or receiving of the dean and canons, but only by the prior of the Charter-House of Shene, and her chaplain, Dr. Brent; and so privily, about eleven of the clock in the night, she was buried, without any solemn dirge, or the more solemn mass done for her; but that day there was nothing done solemnly for her, saving a low hearse, such as they use for the common people, with wooden candlesticks about it, and covered with a pall of black cloth of gold, with four silver gilt candlesticks on it, each candlestick having a taper of no great worth, and six escutcheons of her arms painted on the cloth. On the Thursday, there came to the dirge, her three youngest daughters, the Marquis of Dorset, with several other ladies and nobles. But at this solemnity there was never any new torch, but old torches, nor poor men in black gowns and hoods, but a dozen old men, too poor to provide themselves with mourning clothing, and all holding not new torches, but old torch ends. On the next morning, mass

was said, but the ladies came not. After the lords and the ladies had made their offerings, and mass was ended, the Marquis of Dorset paid the funeral expenses."

In compliance with the desire expressed in the will, the body of Elizabeth Woodville, a Queen whose avarice and ambitious scheming for the aggrandizement of her former husband's children excited the jealousy of the nobles, and was the chief source of her many troubles and misfortunes, was interred in the tomb of her husband, Edward the Fourth, in St. George's Chapel. On a stone at the foot of the beautiful iron monument, which, as we previously stated, is supposed to be the work of Quintin Matsys, is the following simple inscription in old English:

"King Edward, and his Queen,
Elizabeth Woodville."

The children of Elizabeth Woodville,

by King Edward the Fourth, besides two, who died in infancy, were, Edward the Fifth, and Prince Richard, both assassinated in the Tower; Elizabeth, who became the consort of Henry the Seventh; Mary, born in August, 1460, at Windsor, and who died unmarried in May, 1482; Cicily, who first saw the light in 1469, was married in 1487 to Lord Wells, and afterward to Thomas Kyme, and who Hardyng mentions as less fortunate than fair, adding, "that her second husband was an obscure person of mean birth, and but little wealth;" Ann, who married Lord Howard in 1496; Katherine, who in the same year espoused the Earl of Devonshire; and Bridget, who entered the world in 1480, and who, says Speed, "early in life took the habit of religion, and became a nun at Dartford, where she spent her life in holy contemplation, unto the day of her death, in 1517."

ANNE OF NEVILLE, Queen of Richard the Third.

Anne's parentage—Birth—Conveyed to Calais in her early youth—She rejects Richard as her lover—Is present at the marriage of her sister to Clarence—Returns with Warwick, her father, to England—Warwick is forced to flee the country with his family—Disastrous voyage—Anne is married to Edward, the heir of Lancaster—After Edward's death she flies from Richard, who discovers her; quarrels with Clarence respecting her patrimony; and marries her—She gives birth to a son—Her wealth settled upon Richard by act of Parliament—Her residence in the North—Coronation—Second coronation at York—Death of her son—Her health gives way—Richard's cruelty towards her—False rumours of her death—Richard wishes her dead, that he may marry Elizabeth of York—Her kind disposition—Death—Burial.



ANNE OF NEVILLE, sometimes styled Anne of Warwick, was the second daughter of the powerful Richard Neville, Earl of Warwick, named by

the people "The King-Maker," and his wife, Anne, the daughter and heiress of Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick. By his marriage Richard Neville added to his own wealthy inheritance the vast lands and princely possessions of the Warwick family. His yearly income amounted to upwards of twenty-two thousand marks. But, rich as he was in worldly goods, he possessed no male heir, his only children being two daughters, Isabella and Anne. Anne, the subject of the present memoir, first saw the light at Warwick Castle, in 1454.

The historical events which marked her career have been traced in the two preceding lives; this memoir, therefore, needs be but brief.

Towards the close of the year 1459, to escape the vengeance of Margaret of Anjou, whose cause then triumphed, Warwick retired with his family to Calais, where Anne, it is supposed, spent the years of her early youth: indeed, the wars of the Roses prevented Warwick, except occasionally, from bringing his family to England. When, or under what circumstances, Richard the Third first paid his addresses to the Lady Anne, we know not; but, as he was the son of her great aunt, Sicily, Duchess of York, and as the York and Warwick families were on terms of close friendship, it is but reasonable to suppose that, in his early youth, the hunchback King, who was only two years older than Anne,

was frequently in her society. But however this may be, Majerres assures us that, when in his seventeenth year, he fell in love with her, but that his disagreeable person and manners, and crabbed temper, induced her to reject his suit.

Anne was present at the marriage of her sister to Clarence, at Calais, and immediately returned with her parents and the newly-wedded pair to England, where Warwick and Clarence raised a formidable rebellion in favour of the Red Rose.

After the defeat of the Lincolnshire insurrection, Warwick fled with his family to Dartford, whence, on the fifteenth of April, 1470, they set sail for Calais. On the voyage, the Yorkists' fleet attacked them, and took all their ships, except the one containing the Neville family. This vessel encountered a fearful storm, and at length, when the distressed voyagers made the port of Calais, Vanciere, whom Warwick had left as his deputy, would not permit them to land. But although Vanciere fired upon the vessel, he found means to privately inform Warwick that the towns-people had forced him to do so; and he also sent on board two flagons of wine, for the use of the Duchess of Clarence, who had been taken in labour, and was delivered on board ship of her first-born. From Calais the fugitives steered their course towards Normandy, took every Flemish vessel they met with, and landed safely at Harfleur. Immediately they had recovered from the effects of the voyage, they hastened to the court of Louis the Eleventh of France, where a reconciliation was effected between Warwick and Margaret of Anjou, and Edward, the heir of Lancaster, then in his nineteenth year, was married to Anne Neville, who was two years younger than himself, at Angers, in August, 1470.

After the murder of Edward of Lancaster, at the fatal field of Tewksbury, in May, 1471, Gloucester proposed, by marrying the widowed Anne, to claim a due share of the immense wealth of her father, the late Earl of Warwick, slain at the battle of Barnet, in the previous April. But Clarence, the husband of

Anne's sister, grasped at the whole succession; and, to obtain his end, he, under pretence of protecting her, privately abducted his sister-in-law, who, to secure herself from her abhorred cousin, Gloucester, actually took the disguise of a common servant, and found employment as cook, housemaid, and general domestic, in the house of a poor London citizen. Gloucester, however, after a vigilant search, discovered her; and, as she was under the attainder in which her mother and Queen Margaret were included, he placed her in the sanctuary of St. Martin's le Grand.

Shortly afterwards, the unfortunate Anne was placed under the protection of her uncle, the Archbishop of York; but the imprisonment of that prelate by Edward the Fourth, in 1473, deprived her of her last refuge against the wily Gloucester. This greatly annoyed Clarence, who, although unable to prevent the marriage, swore that Gloucester should not "part the livelihood with him." "The world seems queasy here," says Sir John Paston, in a letter, dated 1473. "For the most part that be about the King have sent thither for their harness [armour]. It is said for certain that the Duke of Clarence maketh himself big in that he can, shewing as if he would deal but with the Dukes of Gloucester, but the King intended to be as big as they both." As stated by Paston, Edward the Fourth took the case in hand, and after vainly endeavouring to reconcile the two brothers, heard their cause in council, and assigned to Anne her portion of the property, and the rest to Isabell, the other daughter. This award was made without regard to the interests of the Countess, their mother, who still lived, and to whom belonged, by law, the possessions of her late brother and father, and the dower settled on her by her husband.

Anne of Neville was married to Richard, Duke of York, in 1473, and in the subsequent year an act of Parliament was passed, determining that the daughters of the late Earl of Warwick should succeed to his estates and possessions, as if their mother were dead; that if either of their husbands sur-

vived them, the surviving husband should continue to enjoy his wife's portion during his lifetime; and that if a divorce should be pronounced between Richard and Anne, Richard should still have the benefit of this act, provided he did his best to marry her again. The latter clause, doubtless, inserted in the act on account of a Papal bull not having been obtained to dispense with their relationship, renders it highly probable that Anne was coerced into giving her hand to Richard. But, however this may be, the birth of her son Edward, eleven months after her marriage, appears to have reconciled the Duchess of Gloucester to her fate.

When war was declared with Scotland, in 1480, Richard headed the army against the Scots, and sustained the honour of his country by winning several battles, and capturing Edinburgh. Whilst her lord was thus occupied, Anne, whose sister had died on the twelfth day of December, 1476, resided at Middleham Castle, in Yorkshire, where she devoted her attention to her only child, Edward, now a healthy boy, six years old. About a week after the base-hearted Richard had usurped the throne of his nephew, Anne came to London, and, on the fifth of July, was crowned with her husband at Westminster.

"King Richard," says the chronicler, "whose guilty heart was full of suspicion, had sent for five thousand soldiers out of the North, to be present at his coronation. These, under Robin of Redisdale, came up evilly apparelled, and harnessed in rusty armour, neither defensible for proof nor scoured for show, and who, mustering in Finsbury Fields, were with disdain gazed upon by the beholders. But all things being now ready for the coronation (and much the sooner, as that provided for the enthronement of the young Edward was used), on the fourth of July, Richard with his consort went by water to the Tower, where he created his son Prince of Wales, ordained the Knights of the Bath, and, more from fear than love, set at liberty Lord Stanley and the Archbishop of York."

The coronation being a double one—a ceremony which had not been witnessed

in England since the days of Edward the Second and Isabella of France—was doubly magnificent. "Upon the sixth of July," continues the chronicler, "King Richard, with Queen Anne his wife, set forth from Whitehall towards Westminster, royally attended, and went into the great hall in the King's Bench, from whence the King and Queen walked barefoot to King Edward's shrine in St. Peter's Church, all the nobility going with them according to their degree. The trumpets and heralds marshalled the way. The cross, with a solemn procession, followed the priests in fine surplices, the bishops and abbots in rich copes, all of them mitred and carrying their crosses in their hands; next came the Earl of Huntingdon, bearing a pair of gilt spurs as an emblem of knighthood; after whom came the Earl of Bedford, who bore St. Edward's staff as a relic; then followed the Earl of Northumberland, with a naked, pointless sword in his hand, betokening mercy; next followed the mace of the constableness, borne by Lord Stanley, upon whose right hand the Earl of Kent bore a naked, pointed sword; and on his left Lord Lovell also bore a naked, pointed sword, the former sword signifying justice to the temporality, and the latter justice to the clergy. The Duke of Suffolk then followed with the sceptre, which signifyeth peace. The Earl of Lincoln bore the ball and cross, which signifyeth a monarchy. Then came the Earl of Surrey, bearing the fourth sword, sheathed in a rich scabbard, and which is called the Sword of Estate; next whom followed was the Garter King at Arms, on whose right hand went the Gentleman Usher of the King's Privy Chamber; and on his left the Lord Mayor of London, with a mace in his hand. Next unto whom went the Duke of Norfolk, bearing the King's crown between his hands; and then King Richard himself came, in a surcoat and robe of purple velvet, having over his head a canopy, borne by the four barons of the five ports, and with the Bishop of Bath on his right hand, and the Bishop of Durham on his left. The Duke of Buckingham bore the

King's train; and to signify the office of High Steward of England, he carried a white staff in his hand.

"Then followed the procession of the Queen, before whom was bore the sceptre, the ivory rod, the dove, and the crown. The Queen herself, apparelled in robes similar to the King's, wore a golden circlet, set full of precious stones; over her head was a rich canopy, with a bell of gold at each corner; and her train, which was about forty yards long, and of the richest velvet, was borne by the Countess of Richmond, assisted by the Duchesses of Norfolk and Suffolk, and twenty ladies of estate, most richly attired.

"In this order the procession passed the palace into the abbey: the King and Queen ascending to the high altar, there shifted their robes; and having other robes open in divers places, from the middle upwards, were both of them anointed and crowned by Cardinal Bourchier, assisted by the Bishops of Exeter and Norwich. The King was crowned with St. Edward's crown, the sceptre being delivered into his left hand, and the ball and cross into his right. The Queen had a sceptre placed in her right hand, and the ivory dove in her left; and after their majesties had received the sacrament, and had the host divided between them, they both offered at St. Edward's shrine, where the King left the crown of that Saint and put on his own; and this done, in the same order as they came, the procession returned to Westminster Hall, and there partook of a most princely feast."

The coronation ended, Richard took his Queen and his son, the Prince of Wales, to Windsor, where he left them, whilst he proceeded on a progress through the midland counties. Anne and her son, accompanied by the Spanish ambassadors, who had come to propose a marriage between their sovereign's eldest daughter and Richard's heir, joined the King at Warwick Castle; and after keeping court there with great splendour for a week, the royal family proceeded through Coventry, Leicester, Nottingham, and Pontefract, to York. That the men of the north might receive him

with all possible honour, the King, when at Nottingham, had sent his secretary before him with letters, advising the mayor and aldermen of York of his coming. One of these letters requests the mayor to "receive their graces as laudable as your wisdom imagine, with pageants, joyous displays, and such good speeches as can goodly, this short warning being considered, be devised." Accordingly, the King and Queen, and their court, were received at York with every mark of loyalty and joy. Their wardrobes had been forwarded from London; and to please the men of the north, with whom Richard had long been popular, the King and the Queen were re-crowned in York Cathedral, with the same pomp and pageantry as had been exhibited in London—the cross of St. Cuthbert, the patron saint of the North, being borne side by side with that of St. Edward.

At the same time, the Prince of Wales was again invested with his title, and, on the next day, the Queen, holding by the hand Prince Edward, who wore a demi-crown, as the heir-apparent, walked in procession through the streets. Festings, tournaments, miracle plays, and other entertainments followed; but ere these festivities terminated, the Buckingham insurrection recalled Richard to London. Anne accompanied her husband; but the Prince of Wales, on whom all the deformed King's love and hopes were centred, and for whose behoof he, by blood and crime, had usurped his nephew's throne, was left for safety at Middleham Castle, where he died suddenly, but how is not known, on the ninth of April, 1484.

Anne was at Nottingham when her darling and only child expired. The bereavement broke her heart. She sunk into a slow but fatal decline; and, to add to the bitterness of her miseries, her stern, selfish husband, now that their only child was dead, was anxious to become the father of another heir; and as her declining health precluded the possibility of her ever again becoming a mother, he, or perhaps his courtiers, darkly hinted at the expediency and possibility of annulling her marriage.



Elizabeth of York

ELIZABETH OF YORK,

Queen of Henry the Seventh.

CHAPTER I.

Tudor era—Elizabeth's birth—Household—She attends the re-interment of the Duke of York's remains—Takes refuge in sanctuary—Legacy from her father— betrothment of her brother, Richard—She is contracted to the Dauphin—The contract is broken—Death of her father—Her misfortunes—Treaty of marriage with Henry of Richmond—Buckingham conspiracy—She is pronounced illegitimate—Resides again at court, with the Queen of Richard the Third—Plots with Stanley against the usurper—Richmond lands in England—Battle of Bosworth—Richard's evil presentiments and death.



WITH Elizabeth of York, opens a new and more ample era in the lives of the Queens of England. Hitherto the notices of these illustrious ladies have been scanty and difficult to collect. But with the advancement of the art of printing, our information becomes so abundant, that henceforward our task will be not to glean for materials, but to select from the mass of details, and especially from the epistolary and historic records in the English and continental libraries, both public and private, that which alone is necessary to convey to the reader an accurate idea of the character and career of the royal ladies under notice.

Although a descendant from the royal line of York, and really the rightful sovereign, Elizabeth, to give peace to her bleeding country, by blending the rival roses, condescended to accept the crown matrimonial as the consort of Henry the

Seventh, the first monarch of the Tudor dynasty. She was born at Westminster, on the eleventh of February, 1465, and nursed at the palace of Shene. A presentiment, that on his death she would succeed to his crown, induced her father, Edward the Fourth, to celebrate her christening with extraordinary pomp, and to honour her, from her birth, with the title of "the Lady Princess." Her household was maintained with much state; besides her governess, Lady Berners, who received one hundred pounds a year, she was provided with a knight of the trencher, pages of the chamber, and other attendants. After the birth of her sister Mary, in 1466, her mother, Elizabeth Woodville, received four hundred pounds annually, for the maintenance of the two Princesses.

The Princess Elizabeth was still an infant of tender years, when, in black weeds, she, as heir-apparent, attended, with Edward and his Queen, the re-interment of the remains of her grandfather, Richard, Duke of York, and of her uncle, the Earl of Rutland, at Fo-



My darling John

STRIKE OUT



Elizabeth of York.

theringay. The bodies were conveyed from Pontefract, their dishonourable burial-place, to Fotheringay church, in Northamptonshire, with great pomp and state, the chief mourner being the Duke of Gloucester, afterwards Richard the Third. On the flight of Edward the Fourth, in 1470, his Queen fled with her family to the sanctuary at Westminster, where she remained for more than six months, and where the birth of Prince Edward removed Elizabeth, for a period, from her dangerous proximity to the throne.

- Although King Edward the Fourth more than once endeavoured to conciliate his enemies by deceitful offers of Elizabeth's hand in marriage, he was particularly desirous that his children should form alliances suitable to their rank, as will be seen by the following extract from his will, dated 1476.

"*Item* ; We will that our daughter, Elizabeth, have ten thousand marks towards her marriage, and that our daughter, Mary, likewise have ten thousand marks, so that they be ruled and governed by our dearest wife, the Queen. But, if either of our said daughters do marry themselves without such advice and consent, so as they be thereby disparaged (as God forbid), then she, so marrying herself, shall have no payment of her ten thousand marks."

In 1478, Elizabeth took a prominent part at the betrothment of her brother, Richard, to Anne Mowbray. The ceremony was performed with great pomp. The infant bride was entitled Princess of the Feast, and, although only five years old, was escorted by the Dukes of Gloucester and Buckingham, and took her seat at the head of the table, and gave largess. The marriage was solemnized on the fourteenth of January, and four days afterwards, jousts in honour of it were held at Westminster. The whole of the royal family, and many foreign ambassadors were present, and not the least distinguished spectator was my lord of Richmond, afterwards Henry the Seventh. At the close of the gallantly run jousts, the Princess of the Feast, with all estates of ladies and gentlewomen, withdrew them to the King's

great chamber, in Westminster; the high Princess of the Feast had there her minstrels, and all ladies and gentlewomen, lords, knights, and esquires, fell to dancing merrily. Then came the king of arms, to announce to the Princess of the Feast, on whom devolved the duty of bestowing the rewards of the tourney, the names of those whose valour had merited them. The child who received this chivalric homage being so young, the Princess Elizabeth had been appointed to assist her, and a council of ladies was held to consider the share each should take in the ceremony. The prizes were golden letters, A, E, and M, initials of Anne, Elizabeth, and Mowbray, set in gems, and were delivered to Elizabeth by the kings of arms. Clarenceux presented the A, set with a diamond, saying, "Right high and excellent Princess, here is the prize which you shall award to the best joustier of the jousts royal ;" Norrey similarly presented her with the E, of gold, set with a ruby, for the best runner in harness (armour), and March with the M, of gold, set with an emerald, for the best swordsman. The first prize was then delivered by Elizabeth to her young sister-in-law, who, with her assistance, gave it to Thomas Fynes, the first of the successful competitors, on which the king of arms and heralds cried out : "O yes ! O yes ! O yes ! Sir William Truswell jousted well, William Say jousted well, Thomas Fynes jousted best, for the which, the Princess of the Feast awarded the prize of the jousts royal, that is to say, the A, of gold, to him," quoth Clarenceux. In this manner the other prizes were distributed, greatly to the glory of the successful competitors, and the delight of the noble company, who immediately afterwards separated, each going the way he preferred.

About four years previous to this marriage, Elizabeth was contracted to the Dauphin of France, and her father, believing in the sincerity of the astute French monarch, dowered her with Guienne, and other possessions, and had her taught to read and write English in the best manner, and to write and speak both French and Spanish. When she had completed her thirteenth year,

it was hoped that Louis the Eleventh would have kept his engagement by sending for her, and settling on her the stipulated annuity of sixty thousand francs. But instead of so doing, Louis put the matter off by plausible excuses, and after a delay of about four years, suddenly married the Dauphin to Margaret, heiress of Burgundy, without assigning any reason for his conduct, which so chagrined Edward, that the agitation hastened his demise, which took place in April, 1483. Thus was Elizabeth, while yet in her teens, deprived of her father and protector; and to add to her misfortunes, on the usurpation of Richard the Third, she was again obliged, with her mother, and little brothers and sisters, to find a shelter in the sanctuary of Westminster.

It was after the murder of her young brothers, in the Tower, that the treaty of marriage between Henry of Richmond and Elizabeth of York was entered into. Although Elizabeth was heiress to the crown, not one of the adherents of the house of York attempted to place her on the throne, as sole sovereign. However, the Duke of Buckingham, in conjunction with Morton, Bishop of Ely, and other Yorkists, having resolved to depose King Richard, and, in the event of success, to place Henry of Richmond upon the throne, and afterwards to unite him in wedlock to Elizabeth, took up arms in September, 1483. But the project failed, and Dorset, Elizabeth's half brother, and Lionel Woodville, her uncle, were compelled to fly to France. Elizabeth and her mother keenly felt the loss of these two relations, whose protection they had enjoyed in the sanctuary, previous to the Buckingham rebellion. They, however, resisted the efforts of Richard the Third, to drive them from their privileged home, till the spring of 1484, when starvation forced them to surrender themselves; Elizabeth and her sisters being pronounced illegitimate by an act of parliament, passed in the previous January, by the desire of the hunchback despot.

On quitting the sanctuary, Elizabeth and her sisters were received at court,

with every outward demonstration of kindness, by King Richard, and with real affection by his Queen, Anne of Warwick. But their mother, the Queen of Edward the Fourth, was separated from her family, and placed under the strict surveillance of John Nesfield, him whose vigilance had starved the royal ladies out of sanctuary. Elizabeth was consigned to the care of Anne of Warwick, who treated her with all the affection of a sister; nor is this surprising, as Elizabeth, besides being niece to Richard, was one of her nearest relations. The Princess was lodged at Westminster palace, where, meeting with her father's old friend, Lord Stanley, now steward of the royal household, a post he had filled in the reign of Edward the Fourth, she earnestly implored him to assist her in the recovery of her rights. At first, Stanley refused her, declaring that he could not violate the oath he had taken to serve King Richard. But her tears and entreaties at last prevailed; Stanley assured her he had long contemplated doing as she wished, but although his friends in the north-west would rise at his bidding, he could not go thither without raising the suspicions of the usurper, and he dared not trust a scrivener to indite his intentions in letters. This difficulty being obviated by Elizabeth's ability to write, Stanley called upon her the next morning with his trusty esquire, Humphery Brereton, when, after the letters had been written by the Princess, and sealed by Stanley, Brereton was dispatched with them with all speed. On receiving the letters, Stanley's friends hastened to London, and held secret councils. Elizabeth attended these councils, which were held at a retired inn, near Islington, and in due time dispatched Brereton to the Earl of Richmond, with a ring of betrothal, and a letter, informing him of the adherents that were favourable to the union of York and Lancaster, and requesting him to immediately return to England, and win the crown and his bride.

Richmond received the tempting summons with his characteristic caution. For more than a fortnight he remained in doubt; but, on learning that Richard,

whose Queen had just died, seriously contemplated marrying Elizabeth himself, he returned a favourable answer; and collecting an army of two thousand men, sailed from Harfleur, and on the seventh of August landed at Milford-Haven, in Wales. He directed his course to that part of the kingdom, in hopes that the Welsh, who regarded him as their countryman, and who were already prepossessed in favour of his cause, would join his standard. Meanwhile, Richard, aware of the contemplated rising, but not knowing in what quarter to expect the invader, had taken post to Nottingham, in the centre of the kingdom; and having given commissions to different persons, in the several counties, whom he empowered to oppose his enemy, he proposed to fly in person, on the first alarm, to the place exposed to danger. Thomas and William Herbert were entrusted with his authority in Wales; but the former deserted to Henry of Richmond, the second made but feeble opposition to him, and Henry, advancing towards Shrewsbury, received every day some reinforcement from his partizans. Sir Gilbert Talbot joined him, with all the vassals and retainers of the family of Shrewsbury. Sir Thomas Bourcher and Sir Walter Hungerford brought their friends to share his fortunes, and the appearance of men of distinction in his camp, made already his cause wear a favourable aspect.

Richard, however, was exposed to more danger from the infidelity of his pretended friends, than from the zeal of his open enemies. Scarcely any nobleman of distinction was sincerely attached to his cause, except the Duke of Norfolk. But the persons of whom he entertained the greatest suspicion, were Lord Stanley and his brother, Sir William, whose connections with the family of Richmond, notwithstanding their professions of attachment to his person, were never entirely forgotten or overlooked by him. When he empowered Lord Stanley to levy forces, he still retained his eldest son, Lord Strange, as a pledge for his fidelity, and that nobleman was on this account obliged to

employ great caution and reserve in his proceedings. He raised a powerful body of his friends and retainers in Cheshire and Lancashire; but, as he did not openly declare himself, the army on both sides entertained doubts of his integrity.

When Henry reached Tamworth, he resolved, as Stanley was encamped at Atherstone, to have a personal interview with him, to sound his intentions. The meeting took place at night, on the open moor of Atherstone; and after Stanley had explained to him, that to save the life of his son, whom the usurper retained as an hostage, it was necessary for him not to declare against Richard till the moment when the battle joined, Henry departed, apparently satisfied with the explanation; but on his return, he lost his road, and, as Richard with his army, had already advanced to Leicester, a dread of falling into the hands of Richard's scouts, prevented him from inquiring his way. However, after wandering for some hours, he knew not whither, he knocked at the door of a lonely hut, and the master, a poor shepherd, gave him refreshment, and conducted him in safety to Tamworth, where he rejoined his army, not, however, before his absence had excited fears for his safety. On the morrow the two armies met on the heath of Redmore, near Bosworth, and the next day was fought that battle, which cost Richard his life, and enabled Richmond to ascend the throne as Henry the Seventh. The night before the battle, Richard's rest was disturbed by evil presentiments and horrid dreams; indeed, ever since the murder of the Princes in the Tower, his mind had been the prey of doubts and fears. "I have heard," says More, "by credible report, of such as were secret with his chamberers, that he never had quiet in his mind, never thought himself sure. When he went abroad his eyes whirled about, his body privily fenced, his hand ever on his dagger, his countenance and manner like one always ready to strike again. He took ill rest at night, lay long waking and musing, sore wearied with care and watch, rather slumbered than slept, troubled with fearful dreams, sometimes started up, leaped out of bed, and run

about the chamber; so was his restless heart continually tossed and tumbled with the tedious impression and stormy remembrance of this abominable deed.

CHAPTER II.

Elizabeth's imprisonment in Yorkshire—Her character misrepresented—Release—Richard enters London as Henry the Seventh—Resolves to claim the crown in his own right—His conduct troubles Elizabeth—His Coronation—The Commons request him to marry Elizabeth—The marriage takes place—The Pope's dispensation—Birth and baptism of Prince Arthur—Simnel rebellion—Coronation of Elizabeth—She is deeply loved by the King.



WHEN the battle of Bosworth Field was fought, Elizabeth was a prisoner in the castle of Sheriff Hutton, in Yorkshire, whither Richard had sent her shortly after the death of his Queen, in the previous April. History does not mention the cause of her incarceration, but it doubtless resulted from her rejection of the usurper's addresses. It is true, that Buck, the apologist of Richard, had the boldness to affirm, that he saw an original letter in the cabinet of the Earl of Arundel, written by Elizabeth to the Duke of Norfolk, soliciting that nobleman to be a mediator for her marriage with the King, and protesting that the King was her joy and maker in this world, and that she was his in heart and thought, and hinting her surprise at the duration of the Queen's illness, and her apprehensions that she never would die. This pretended letter, however, has been repeatedly searched for, but never found. Its sentiments are quite out of unison with the whole tenor of Elizabeth's humble, unambitious life; and, until it is brought to light, it can only be viewed as an invention to further the purpose of the unfaithful historian, Buck.

Before leaving Leicester, the victorious Henry dispatched Sir Robert Wiltoughby to bring Elizabeth, and her unfortunate young cousin, the Earl of Warwick, with all speed to London. On reaching the metropolis, Elizabeth was consigned to the care of her mother,

the Queen Dowager, and Warwick was placed in close confinement in the Tower. In the meantime, Henry set out for the metropolis; he entered the city on a Saturday, as on that day of the week he won the victory of Bosworth. The mayor and corporation of London, all in violet-coloured dresses, welcomed him at Hornsey park. As he approached the city, the crowds of people and citizens were zealous in their expressions of satisfaction. At Shoreditch, the poet-historian, Bernard Andreas, who had accompanied him from Brittany, welcomed him with a laudatory Latin speech. But Henry, scorning to court popularity, made his entry in a close chariot, and without waiting to receive the adulations of the multitude, passed on to St. Paul's, where, after *Te Deum* had been sung, he devoutly offered the three standards, which had led his army to victory, and which were respectfully emblazoned with an image of St. George, a red fiery dragon, and a dun cow. He then retired to apartments prepared for him in the bishop's palace, where he called a council, and renewed his promise to marry Elizabeth. But as he desired to support his personal and hereditary right to the throne, and dreaded lest a preceding marriage with the Princess should imply a participation of sovereignty in her, and raise doubts of his own title by the house of Lancaster, he, although bound by honour, as well as by interest, to complete this alliance, resolved to postpone it till after the recognition of his title by parliament, and the completion of his coronation. This res-

lution gave umbrage to the Yorkists, and greatly troubled Elizabeth, who heard with anxiety the rumours that Henry intended to marry, either the heiress of Brittany or Lady Catherine Herbert, and who, according to Andreas, thus meditated on the subject:—

"So, even at last, thou hast, O God, regarded the humble, and not despised their prayers; I well remember that my most noble father, of famous memory, meant to have bestowed me in marriage upon this most comely Prince! Oh that I were now worthy of him; for, as I have lost my father and protector, I sorely fear me that he will take a wife from foreign parts, whose beauty, age, fortune, and dignity, will more please him than mine! Oh that I could acquaint my mother, or some of the lords, with my fears; but I dare not, nor have I the courage to discourse with him himself on the subject, lest in so doing I might discover my love. What will be I cannot divine, but this I know, that Almighty God always succours those who trust in Him; therefore will I cease to think, and repose my whole hope in Thee. Oh my God, do Thou with me according to Thy mercy."

After the ravages of the terribly fatal disease, known as the sweating sickness, had somewhat abated, Henry the Seventh was crowned, with the usual ceremony, at Westminster, by the Archbishop of Canterbury, on the thirtieth of October, 1485; and when the Commons, in the subsequent December, presented to him the usual grant of tonnage and poundage for life, they coupled with it a petition, requesting him to take to wife and consort the Princess Elizabeth, which marriage they hoped God would bless with a progeny of the race of kings. Henry answered, "that it would give him pleasure to comply with their request;" and after costly preparations had been made, and, the royal pair being within the forbidden degrees, an ordinary dispensation had been obtained from the Pope's resident legate, Henry and Elizabeth were united in wedlock, by Cardinal Bourchier, at Westminster, on the eighteenth of January, 1486.

"The most wished day of marriage

between King Henry the Seventh and the Princess Elizabeth being come," says Andreas, "it was celebrated by them with all religious and glorious magnificence, and by the people with bonfires, songs, and banquets, throughout London, both men and women, rich and poor, beseeching God to bless the King and Queen, and grant them a numerous progeny."

Not satisfied with the dispensation already granted, Henry applied for another, to the Pope himself. The Pontiff in his rescript, after confirming Henry's title to the throne, declared, that to put a period to the bloody wars caused by the rival claims of the house of York, he willingly confirmed the dispensation already granted, for the marriage of Henry the Seventh to the Princess Elizabeth, the eldest daughter and true heir of Edward the Fourth, of immortal memory; and after pronouncing the children issuing from the marriage legitimate, he confirmed the act of settlement passed by the parliament in 1485, and pronounced the meaning of the act to be, that if the Queen should die without issue, before the King, or if her issue should not survive their father, the children of Henry by any other lawful wife should succeed him by hereditary right.

The Queen, immediately after her marriage, gave evidence, that the last clause in this bull, which, in truth, was a gross injustice to her sisters, would prove needless. Whilst her husband made a progress through the northern counties, Elizabeth, by his express desire, retired to Winchester castle, where she gave birth to a son and heir, a month earlier than was expected. The chamber in which the Queen was confined, was hung all round with cloth of arras. The King's mother, the Countess of Richmond, "made ordinances as to what preparation is to be made against the deliverances of the Queen; as, also, for the christening of the child when she shall be delivered." They mention every particular "of the furniture of her highness' chamber, and the furniture appertaining to her bedde, how the church shall be arraied againste the christeninge, how the child shall go to be

christened, and the dimensions of two cradles, the one to be faire set forth by painter's craft, and the other, which is to be used on state occasions, to be large, and furnished with great magnificence." On taking to her chamber, Elizabeth bid a ceremonious adieu to the lords of her court, and was afterwards attended only by women. The child was born on the twentieth of September, 1486, and christened Arthur; the ceremony being performed with great pomp in Winchester cathedral. The Prince was borne to the fount by the Queen's sister, Cecilia, attended by Anne, another of her sisters; the Queen's mother stood godmother, and the Earls of Oxford and Lincoln, with the Marquis of Dorset, were the other sponsors. After the royal babe had been baptized, he was conveyed back in solemn state; the King's trumpeters and minstrels, making merry music, went before him, and, on reaching the royal nursery, he was presented to the King and Queen, when the ceremony was concluded, by one of the bishops pronouncing over him the blessing of God, of Holy Mary, of St. George, and of his parents.

After the birth of Prince Arthur, the Queen for some time was afflicted with an ague; but when her health returned, she, in gratitude for the birth of her heir, founded a Lady Chapel, at the cathedral of Winchester.

This year burst forth the mysterious rebellion, under Lambert Simnel, a youth who personated the Earl of Warwick, Richard the Third's nephew. The impostor was the son of a joiner in Oxford, and well instructed in the part he had to play, by one Richard Simons, a priest. He first tempted the credulity of the Irish, and so well succeeded, that Henry, in alarm, published a full freedom in favour of his opponents; and that the real Earl of Warwick might be publicly recognized, he conducted him in procession, through London, to the palace of Shene, where the young Prince conversed daily with the Queen, and all who visited the court. After being crowned in Ireland, by the title of Edward the Sixth, Simnel, being joined by several lords of the discontented party, landed

in Lancashire, and marched to York, in the hope that the country would rise and join him as he passed along; but in this he was deceived. In the battle of Stoke, fought on the sixteenth of June, 1487, his army was routed, and he and his tutor fell into the hands of the King. The priest was made to confess the imposture, and then imprisoned for life; but the pretended Edward the Sixth, being found to be a poor, ignorant, weak-minded boy, Henry, with great wisdom and mercy, pardoned him, and made him a scullion in the royal kitchen, at Westminster, and afterwards advanced him to the rank of falconer, a rank at that time far higher than could ordinarily be obtained by one so humbly born.

Warned by the rumours that had reached his ears during the Simnel rebellion, Henry resolved to remove, at least, one cause of disaffection, by having the Queen crowned. Elizabeth reached London on the first of November, 1487, and after witnessing the King's triumphant entry to the city, in honour of the victory of Stoke, went with him on the fifth, to the palace of Greenwich. Two days previous to her coronation, which was solemnized on the twenty-fifth of November, she came in state, by water, from Greenwich to London, and landed at the Tower, where the assembled citizens greeted her with enthusiasm. King Henry then created fourteen Knights of the Bath, and on the next day (Saturday) she went in procession to Westminster. She wore a dress of white cloth, of gold, of damask, and a mantle of the same, furred with ermine, and fastened with a beautiful silk cordon, richly wrought with gold: "Her faire yelow hair hung downe pleyno behynd her bak, with a calle of piped network over it." On her head was a circle of gold, adorned with precious stones. In this queenly array she passed through the city, in an elegantly ornamented litter, with a canopy of cloth of gold, carried over it by four of the newly created knights; before her rode four baronesses; by her sides, the grand steward, the high constable, and the lord chamberlain, took their places on the royally-trapped chargers;

and behind her, her sister Cecily, and the Duchesses of Bedford, of Norfolk, and of Suffolk, and numerous other ladies, some in litters, and some on horseback, made up the grand procession. "All the streets through which the procession passed, were clean dressed, and bedecked with tapestry and arras; and some streets, as Cheapside, were hanged with rich cloth of gold, velvet and silk, and along the streets, from the Towre to St. Pauls, stood in order all the crafts of London, in their liveries, and in divers places in the city were ordained singing children, some arrayed as angels, and others like virgins, to sing sweet songs as her grace passed by."

On the following morning, being Sunday, the Queen, robed in purple, went in state from Westminster Hall, to the abbey, the way being paved with striped cloth. Her train was borne by the Princess Cecily, and her crown was carried by the Duke of Bedford, and her sceptre by the Duke of Suffolk. The abbey was crowded to excess, for the nation loved the Queen, and were rejoiced at the performance of her long-delayed coronation. After Elizabeth had been crowned and anointed with the usual ceremony, she and her attendants retired to Westminster Hall, and partook of a sumptuous banquet. Lord Fitzwallier acted as sewer or waiter; the Lady Catherine Grey and Mistress Ditton went under the table and sate at her feet, and at certain times held a kerchief before her grace. Henry viewed both the coronation and the banquet from behind a lattice, and as an act of grace, he pardoned the Queen's half brother, the Marquis of Dorset. The next day the Queen, attended by the King and his mother, the Countess of Richmond, held her levee in the parliament chamber, and a ball, at which the Queen danced, concluded the festivities.

From the period of her coronation, Elizabeth was brought forward on all occasions of parade with the utmost state and pomp. She lived on terms of sincere affection with her husband, and the assertion of almost all our historians—that Henry treated her with harshness and neglect, and that, in his estimation,

neither the beauty of her person nor the sweetness of her disposition could atone for the crime of being a descendant of the York dynasty—must certainly be regarded as untrue. Would space permit, it could easily be proved, from contemporary documents, that the King governed his house with wisdom and discretion, and deeply loved his consort, whose happiness he promoted by every means in his power.

In 1489, Elizabeth proved enceinte; and as the King was anxious to establish in his court a regular system of etiquette, he permitted his mother, the state-loving Countess of Richmond, to superintend the accouchement. The Countess, who had made ordinances as to the preparations to be made for the birth of Prince Arthur, now issued the following regulations:—"The Queen's pleasure being understood in what chamber she will be delivered, the same must be hanged with rich cloth of arras, sides, roof, windows, and all, except one window, which must be hanged so as she may have light when it pleaseth her; then there must be set a royal bed, and the floor laid all over and over with carpets, and a cupboard, covered with the same suit as the chamber is hanged with." On entering the chamber, the Queen was permitted to exercise her own discretion whether she would sit or stand, in receiving wine and spices.

"Upon All-hallow even, being the first of October, the Queen," says Leland, "took her chamber at Westminster, greatly accompanied with ladies and gentlewomen; that is to say, the King's mother, the Duchess of Norfolk, and many others, having before her the great part of nobles of this realm present in this parliament. She was led by the Earls of Oxford and of Derby. The reverend father in God the Bishop of Exeter sung the mass and *Agnus Dei*. Then the Queen was led as before. The Earls of Shrewsbury and of Kent held the towel when the Queen took her rights; and the torches were holden by knights. After mass, accompanied as before, when she was come into her great chamber, she stood under her cloth of estate, and then there was ordered a void

of spices and sweet wines; that done, my lord the Queen's chamberlain, in very good words, desired, in the Queen's name, the people there present to pray to God to send her the good hours; and so she departed to her inner chamber, which was hanged and ceiled with rich cloth of blue arras, with fleur-de-lis of gold. In that chamber was a rich bed and pallet, the which pallet had a marvellous rich canopy of gold, with a velvet pall, garnished with bright red roses. Also, there was an altar, well furnished with relics; and a cupboard of nine stages, well and richly garnished. Then the Queen recommended herself to the good praises of the lords; and my lord her chamberlain drew the traverse or curtain which separated the chamber from the great chamber; and from thenceforth no manner of officer came into the chamber, but ladies and gentlewomen, after the old custom."

In this instance, however, the custom of excluding the male sex from the lying-in chamber was broken. The French ambassador, a few days after her retirement, particularly desired an interview with the Queen; and being a nobleman of the highest rank, he was, by special favour, admitted to an audience with her highness, with whom he found only her mother, the Queen-Dowager Elizabeth, and the Countess of Richmond.

The Princess was born on the twenty-ninth of October, and christened Margaret, after the King's mother. The christening was solemnized with great pomp on the thirtieth of November. The sponsors were the King's mother, the Duchess of Norfolk, and the Archbishop of Canterbury. The Bishop of Ely officiated at the font; and, as presents, the babe received a silver box full of gold coin from her grandmother, a rich cup from Lady Norfolk, and two gilt flagons and a gold holy-water vessel, set with precious stones, from the Archbishop.

Shortly after the christening of the Princess Margaret, the great prevalence of the measles induced the royal family to remove from Westminster to Greenwich, where they passed a gloomy Christmas, with "no disguisings, and but few plays."

On the twenty-eighth of June, 1491, the Queen brought into the world her second son, Henry, afterwards Henry the Eighth, at Greenwich; and in the next year, and but three weeks before the birth of her daughter Elizabeth, she had to mourn the death of her beloved mother, Elizabeth Woodville. This event, however, somewhat relieved the pecuniary necessities of the Queen. Her own scanty income, which was derived principally from the estates of the Mortimers in Herefordshire, and which was barely sufficient to enable her to support the dignity of her portionless sisters, and to relieve the distresses of those who sought the charity of "Elizabeth the Good," being now increased by the addition of the Queen Mother's dower.

In 1497, the Queen and her family narrowly escaped from the perils of fire. The King, the Queen, the Princess Margaret, and other "notable estates," were holding court at the palace at Shene, when, on the evening of the twenty-first of December, the palace was discovered to be on fire. An alarm was instantly given, but, by the violence of the flames, which for three hours resisted every effort to subdue them, the greater part of the old building was consumed; and the hangings, beds, apparel, plate, and jewels all burned or spoiled. "Howbeit, to the King's good comfort, the royal family escaped unhurt, and no man or Christian creature thereby perished."

Meanwhile, the pretensions of Perkin Warbeck disturbed the peace of the kingdom, and threatened to deprive the King and his consort of their regal dignity. This Perkin, said to be the son of a Florentine Jew, to whom Edward the Fourth had stood godfather, was persuaded by Margaret, Duchess of Burgundy, and sister to Richard the Third, to personate her nephew Richard, one of the Princes who had been murdered in the Tower. The King of France, ever ready to sow the seeds of discord in England, received Warbeck at his court with great honour; but, at the intercession of Henry, dismissed him, upon the prospect of an advantageous peace. Having quitted Paris, the pretender went to Burgundy, and the Duchess of that pro-

vince received him with joy, as the real Duke of York, and the rightful heir to the English throne, and gave him a guard suitable to that dignity. The English, ever ready to revolt, gave credit to this new imposture. Those who were the King's former favourites, and had contributed to place him on the throne, took the lead in the conspiracy, and were joined by all who, from a love of novelty, the goadings of poverty, or a blind attachment to their leaders, were anxious for a change.

Whilst the King's enemies were thus combining to involve the kingdom in civil war, he himself was no less intent upon preventing the threatened danger. He endeavoured to undeceive the people, first, by making it evident that the Duke of York was really dead, and by punishing his murderers; and, next, by ascertaining the parentage and personal history of the pretender. The last of these projects was not easily accomplished. But Henry, at length, won over Sir Robert Clifford, who was then accompanying the pretender in Flanders, and had been entrusted with his and the Duchess's secrets. Clifford, after informing the King with the designs of the conspirators, presented him with a list of their names. At the head of this list stood Lord Stanley, who, on being arrested, confessed his guilt, and suffered the punishment of decapitation.

In this emergency, the pretender sailed from Flanders, with a few hundred adherents, and whilst Henry, accompanied by Elizabeth, was on a visit to his mother, at Latham, in Lancashire, made a descent in the neighbourhood of Deal; but, being driven back by the inhabitants, he sailed to Ireland. The Irish, however, would not rise in his cause, nor did fortune seem to smile upon him till he entered Scotland, when the young Scotch King, James the Fourth, received him with favour, acknowledged the justice of his pretensions, and shortly afterwards gave him in marriage Katherine Gordon, daughter of the Earl of Huntley, and second cousin to Henry the Seventh, one of the most beautiful and accomplished women of her time. The Scotch King, believing that,

upon Perkin's first appearance in England, all the Yorkists would rise in his favour, crossed the border with powerful forces, and proclaimed the young adventurer wherever he went; but, to his disappointment, no one would second his claims, and Perkin was compelled to retreat back to Edinburgh, where he remained till about the month of September, 1497, when he departed from Edinburgh, with four ships, and about one hundred and thirty companions.

Perkin had now for five years continued to alarm the King and fill the mind of the Queen with gloomy forebodings. France, Flanders, Ireland, and Scotland had acknowledged him as lawful heir to the throne of England, and he had made some bold attempts to second his pretensions. The time at length arrived when he was to act in England the part he had so successfully performed elsewhere. Some months previously, there had been an insurrection in Cornwall. When the taxes granted by Parliament for the defence of the northern marches were levied upon the men of Cornwall, they refused to pay them; and as every insurrection was now followed with a project of dethroning the King, they marched with one Flammoek, a lawyer, Michael Joseph, a farrier, and Lord Audley, at their head, directly to London, and encamped at Blackheath, where the King's forces attacked them, killed two thousand of them on the spot, and forced the rest to surrender at discretion. Lord Audley and the ringleaders were executed; but the rest, to the number of four thousand, were pardoned, and permitted to return home again in safety. This lenity, however, was not appreciated by the rude men of Cornwall. They attributed it to fear, and, upon returning home, persuaded their friends that the whole country was ready to take up arms in vindication of their quarrel.

It was now, therefore, determined to send for Perkin Warbeck, who was then in Ireland, to act as their leader. Perkin accepted the invitation, and taking upon himself the title of Richard the Fourth, published a proclamation against

Henry, and, at the head of three hundred men, made an unsuccessful attempt to storm the city of Exeter. Henry having received advice of his proceedings, said, merrily: "The Saints be praised! I shall now, I trust, have the pleasure of visiting the person whom I have so long desired to see," and immediately took measures to oppose him. The pretender, however, on the approach of Henry with hostile forces, lost all courage; and, in the night, took sanctuary in the monastery of Beaulieu, in Hampshire. Shortly afterwards, he surrendered himself to the King, and was confined in the Tower; but escaping thence, and being unable to elude the vigilance of the numerous patrols who watched all the roads to the coast, he surrendered himself to the prior of the monastery at Shene. Upon a promise that the King would pardon him, the prior gave him up, and he was again confined in the Tower. But as there was no peace for England whilst he lived, and as he plotted with the Earl of Warwick to escape out of the Tower by murdering the governor, he was hanged at Tyburn, on the 16th of November, 1499; and, twelve days afterwards, the unfortunate Warwick, whose long imprisonment, for no other offence but that of his birth, had so weakened his mind, that he could scarcely be deemed an accountable agent, was decapitated on Tower Hill; and, with his death, the intrigues, impostures, and rebellions which had so disturbed the reign of Henry the Seventh, entirely ceased.

The wife of Warbeck, who had been left for security at Mount St. Michael, on hearing of the capture of her husband, submitted to the Royalists. When she was brought prisoner to the King, she blushed and burst into tears; but Henry felt for her distress, and relieved her apprehensions, by sending her to the Queen, with whom she afterwards lived as an attendant till her second marriage, still retaining, on account of her beauty, the name of "The White Rose," which she had originally derived from the pretensions of her husband.

The ravages of the plague, which, in one year, hurried thirty thousand of the

citizens of London to a premature grave, so alarmed the King, that, after removing from place to place, he, to avoid the infection, took his consort and family to Calais, in May, 1500, where they resided for more than a month, and where a treaty was signed for the marriage of Prince Arthur with Katherine of Aragon. The marriage, which, according to some authors, the bride's father, Ferdinand of Spain, would not consent to till after the death of the ill-fated Warwick, and which was consummated on the fourteenth of November, 1501, with extraordinary magnificence, will be fully detailed in the next following memoir.

On the twenty-fifth of January, 1502, the Queen took a leading part at the betrothment of her daughter Margaret, by proxy, with the Scotch King, James the Fourth. The ceremony was performed at the royal palace of Shene, and, immediately afterwards, the Queen conducted her daughter to the banquet. Jousts and pageants followed, and the whole population took part in the rejoicing.

"On the twenty-fifth of January," says the chronicler, "was declared by the mouth, at St. Paul's Cross, the assurance of James, King of Scots, and Lady Margaret, daughter of our sovereign lord, King Henry the Seventh. In rejoicing thereof, *Te Deum* was sung, and bonfires were made throughout the city, and at each of the twelve largest bonfires was set an hogshead of Gascony wine, to be drunk by all men freely, and which was but a *short time* in drinking."

These festivities had been terminated but a few weeks, when the royal family suffered a severe bereavement. On the second of April, Prince Arthur, who had been a husband but a few months, died unexpectedly. The mournful intelligence was first imparted to the King, who, on "hearing the heavy tidings, sent for the Queen, that she might be a partner in his sorrow. When she arrived, and saw her lord in such trouble, she comforted him with sober and holy sayings, amongst other good counsel telling him that it was his duty to submit to the will of God, and to bear the loss of his heir with fortitude and resignation. But although she had afforded

her husband such good comfort, when she retired to her own chamber, she gave way to so many tears and lamentations, that her attendants went and besought the King to come and soothe her trouble, which he directly did, with earnest and faithful love, telling her that if she would thank God for his son, he would also do so."

In the summer of this year, the Queen, whose constitution was delicate from her birth, suffered from sickness and debility. In August, she made a progress through the midland counties, offering at the shrines in her way, for the restoration of her health. On her return, she made a brief stay at the Tower, where, as she was enceinte, it was arranged that her accouchement should take place. From the Tower she went to Richmond, where she kept the Christmas festival in right royal state. Besides other acts of munificence, she gave to a William Cornish thirteen shillings and four-pence, for setting a Christmas carol; forty shillings to the minstrels with the Psalms; four shillings and four-pence to a Spanish girl for dancing before her; and six shillings and eight-pence to her fool, Patch. She also gave alms for the poor, presented a poor man who brought her a parrot with a gratuity of thirteen shillings and four-pence, and handsomely rewarded several of her needy neighbours, who evinced their loyalty by presenting her with scarce vegetables and fruits, choice poultry, and other rare edibles.

In January, the Queen spent eight days at Hampton Court, which, it may be remarked, was one of her favourite country seats, long before it fell into the hands of Cardinal Wolsey. When she returned to the Tower is not known; nor is any mention made of her ceremoniously taking to her chamber a month or so before her time. However, that she was in the royal apartments of that fortress on the second of February, 1503, is evident; as on that day, our historians affirm, whilst she and her lord lay in the Tower of London, she gave birth to the Princess Katherine. The Princess was born alive, and, for a week afterwards, the Queen appeared to be doing

well; but on the eighth day alarming symptoms presented themselves, and, despite all efforts to save her, she breathed her last on the eleventh of February, 1503, the very day on which she completed her thirty-eighth year.

Her death was deeply lamented by her dejected husband, who, for a period, seemed inconsolable, and mourned by the people as a national calamity; all the bells of the churches and the religious houses in the metropolis, and in other parts of the country, tolled in slow, dismal tones the day through; and for weeks afterwards, the loss of the good Queen Elizabeth was uppermost in the minds of the people.

The body of the Queen, after being embalmed, was laid in the chapel in the Tower, at the entrance to which, but unknown to all present, were buried the remains of her murdered brothers, Edward the Fifth and Richard, Duke of York. On this occasion, Elizabeth's sister, Katherine, performed the office of chief mourner—and a sincere mourner she was, for, since the imprisonment of her husband, Lord Courtenay, on a suspicion of treason, the Queen had been her best friend, and almost maternal protectress.

After lying in state for twelve days, the royal corpse was conveyed, in solemn procession, to Westminster; behind the funeral car, on which was an image of the Queen, crowned, and in her robes of state, rode eight ladies of honour, on palfreys in black trappings, led by footmen in mourning; then came a train of noblemen, all dressed in mourning weeds; and, lastly, followed the Corporation of London. Amongst the "honest persons, citizens of London," we find the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of London, and of the foreign gilds, "the Esterlings, the Frenchmen, before them the Portugalls, before them the Venetians, before them the Janavays (Genoese), before them and the Lewknors before them," and "all the surplus of citizens of London that rode out in black stood along from Fenchurch to the end of Cheap." Besides these, "were ordeyned divers torch-bearers of certain crafts of London, which torch-bearers carried five thousand torches,

and had gowns and hoods of white woollen cloth." The crafts that followed were dressed "in cloth gowns of black to the calf of the leg, and narrow tip-pets of black cloth about their necks." Besides this, the procession was "met on its way by divers abbots and monks, bearing torches, and chaunting anthems and dirges;" and all "the parish churches were lit up with torches and candles." On reaching the abbey, the body was taken out of the car, carried inside the stately edifice, and placed on the royal hearse, which was surrounded with banners, and covered with a rich pall, on which was blazoned the arms of Elizabeth, with her motto, "Humble and reverent." This done, the procession retired for the night; the lords and ladies to Westminster palace, and the citizens to their respective homes.

Esquires, heralds, monks, and ladies, watched the royal remains in the night, and the next morning they were consigned to their resting-place. The Bishop of Lincoln chaunted the mass for the dead; Rochester preached the funeral sermon, from the text of John: "Have pity on me, my friends, for the hand of the Lord hath touched me." As before, the Princess Katherine attended as chief mourner, and, in accordance with state etiquette, was the only person who offered at the mass; but afterwards, she and her sister, Anne, and the other ladies of honour, as a parting tribute, made an offering of thirty-seven palls, five of them being presented by the two Princesses. After the ladies had departed, the palls were removed, and the body lowered into the grave; the solemn funeral service being read by the Bishop of London.

Sir Thomas More, in a touching elegy, which he wrote upon Elizabeth of York, at the time of her death, makes her to say:

"Adieu mine own dear spouse, my worthy lord,

The faithful love that did us both combine,
In marriage and peaceable concord,
Into your hands now do I clean resign,
To be bestowed on your children and mine;
Ere were ye father, now must ye supply
The mother's part also, for here I lie.

Farewell my daughter, Lady Margaret;
God wot, full oft it grieved hath my mind,

That ye should go where we might seldom meet,

Now I am gone, and you have left behind;
Oh mortal folk, but we be very blind;
What we least fear full oft it is most nigh,
From you depart I first, for lo! now here I lie.

Adieu Lord Henry, loving son, adieu,
Our lord increase your honour and estate;
Adieu my daughter Mary, bright of hue,
God make you virtuous, wise, and fortunate;
Adieu sweetheart, my little daughter Kate,
Thou shalt, sweet babe, such is thy destiny,
Thy mother never know, for lo! now here I lie.

Lady Cecily, Anne, and Katherine,
Farewell my well beloved sisters three,
Oh Lady Bridget other sister mine,
Lo, here the end of worldly vanity,
Now well are ye that earthly folly see,
And heavenly things love and magnify;
Farewell, and pray for me, for lo! now here I lie."

The expense of Elizabeth's funeral amounted to two thousand eight hundred and thirty-two pounds seven shillings and three-pence. Henry the Seventh survived his Queen but seven years; and from the hour of her death, the detestable vice of avarice became his ruling passion. Through the arts of his infamous ministers, Dudley and Empson, he, by benevolences extorted from parliament, and by oppressive fines wrung from individuals, daily added to his enormous wealth, which, in ready money alone, is said to have amounted to about two millions. As a proof of his attention to the smallest profits, Bacon tells us, that he had seen a book of accounts kept by Empson, and subscribed in almost every leaf by the King's own hand. Amongst other articles, are the following:

"Item; Received of such a one, five marks for a pardon, which, if it do not pass, the money to be repaid, or the party otherwise satisfied;" Opposite to the memorandum, the King had written in his own hand, "otherwise satisfied."

Henry made several efforts to again enter the pale of matrimony; but he desired a bride more for the dower than for the woman, and his projects failed. He died of gout in the stomach, in the spring of 1509, and was buried beside his Queen, in the beautiful chapel in Westminster abbey, which bears his name.

The magnificent tomb of Henry the

Seventh, and Elizabeth of York, stands in the body of the chapel, in a curious chantry of cast brass, most admirably executed, and interspersed with effigies, armorial bearings, and devices, alluding to the union of the red and white roses. The tomb was executed, according to Stowe, by Peter T., a native of Florence; and in this obscure appellation antiquaries have discovered Pietro Torregiano, a sculptor once the competitor of Michael Angelo. That artist's pre-eminence he had resented by a hasty blow, for which he was expelled or departed from Florence, and after some vicissitudes of life, was retained as a sculptor by Henry the Seventh, and employed in erecting his father's monument for a sum of one thousand pounds, equivalent to five thousand present money. The small statues that embellish the sepulchre are partly decayed, but the bronze effigy of Elizabeth, said to be a correct likeness, is in excellent preservation.

Elizabeth of York, by her marriage with Henry the Seventh, had three sons, Arthur, Henry, and Edmund; and four daughters, Margaret, Elizabeth, Mary, and Katherine. The birth, marriage, and death of Arthur have been already mentioned. Henry succeeded his father, as

Henry the Eighth, and Edmund who was born in 1495, died five years afterwards, at Bishop's Hatfield, and was buried at Westminster. Margaret, Elizabeth's eldest daughter, was thrice married; first, to James, the Fourth King of Scots, then to the Earl of Angus, and after being divorced from the Earl, to Harry Stewart. She took a leading part in the affairs of Scotland, and was the mother of a numerous family. Her first son succeeded his father as James the Fifth, and her second son by her second marriage, was the celebrated Lord Darnley, who married the unfortunate Mary, Queen of Scots. She died in October, 1541, and was buried with pomp in the monastery of St. John, in Perth. The Queen's second daughter, Elizabeth, entered the world on the second of July, 1492, and ended her life on the fourteenth of November, 1495; Mary, her third daughter, remarkable for the clearness and beauty of her complexion, became the wife of Louis the Twelfth of France, and on his death married the man of her choice, Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk. Katherine, the Princess who cost Elizabeth her life, quitted the world a few weeks after entering it, and was interred in Westminster abbey.

KATHERINE OF ARRAGON,

First Queen of Henry the Eighth.

CHAPTER I.

Katherine's birth—Successful rule of her parents in Spain—Her descent—Betrothment to Prince Arthur—Arrival in England—Pompous marriage—Accompaniment of Prince Arthur to Ludlow—The Prince dies there—She then returns to London, and settles at Croydon—Her marriage to Prince Henry, afterwards Henry the Eighth, negotiated—Her objections to a second marriage in England—Betrothment to Prince Henry.



KATHERINE OF ARRAGON, one of our most learned and virtuous Queens, was born at the small town of Alcala de Henares, on the fifteenth of December, 1485. She entered the world about a fortnight before she was expected, her mother, Isabella of Castile, being brought to bed with her whilst on the road from the victorious Christian camp at the Moorish city of La Ronda to Toledo, then the capital of Spain, where she had intended to pass her Christmas.

Ferdinand, the father of Katherine, was the son of John, King of Arragon and Sicily; and although unlearned, his sound sense, energy, and valour were such, that he rendered Spain one of the most wealthy and prosperous nations in Christendom. By his marriage with Isabella, who was sole sister and heiress to Henry the Fourth, King of Castile and Leon, he became monarch of those important possessions. Ferdinand and his wife lived together in great har-

mony, "and together did many admirable things and holy works." They expelled the Moors out of Granada and part of Andalusia, and throughout their victorious career they destroyed the moslems of the Mahomeds, and built Christian temples of worship in their place. The magnitude of their operations may be imagined, when it is known that the wealthy city of Granada, which did not surrender till after it had sustained a siege of ten years, was encompassed by a wall twelve miles round, in which there were twelve gates and one thousand towers, and that, at last, it took an army of twelve thousand horse and one hundred thousand foot to conquer this stubbornly-maintained city. Nor was it war against the pagan Moors only that Ferdinand and his energetic consort so successfully engaged. It was their munificence that enabled Columbus to cross the Atlantic, and discover that land where freedom and progress have taken so firm a root, and which has been rather inappropriately named America.

Katherine was the youngest child of a family of five. Her mother was a



Katherine of Aragon





Katherine of Aragon?

returned with Prince Arthur to Richmond, where he remained with his consort, Elizabeth of York, till the tenth, when the royal pair proceeded to Baynard's Castle, London; and whilst Henry was occupied there with some matters of state, the Queen went up the Thames in her barge to Lambeth, and paid a congratulatory visit to her daughter-in-law.

"On the ninth of November," says the chronicler, "Prince Arthur, with a goodly train, came through Fleet Street, London, to St. Paul's, and so to the Wardrobe Palace at Blackfriars, and there was lodged. The same day came the Infanta Katherine into Lambeth, where she, with her ladies, was lodged in the Archbishop's palace. On the Friday following, about two o'clock in the afternoon, the Infanta, accompanied with many lords and ladies, in most sumptuous apparel, came riding from Lambeth into Southwark, and so to London Bridge, where there was ordained a most costly pageant of St. Katherine, and the British Princess, St. Ursula, with many virgins. From thence she rode to Gracechurch Street, where there was a second pageant; and passing this, she proceeded to the conduit in Cornhill, where another pageant met her eyes. On that day the great conduit in Cheap ran with Gascony wine, and a band of minstrels made a concert of music there. On her road down Cheap, the Infanta was entertained with several other pageants; but the grandest was by St. Paul's Gate, through which she rode to the Bishop of London's palace, where she and her ladies were lodged.

"Within the church of St. Paul's was erected a platform or stage, six feet high, and extending from the west door to the uppermost step of the choir; in the middle of this platform was a high stand, like a mountain, which was ascended on every side with steps covered over with red worsted. Against this mountain, on the north side, was ordained a standing for the King and his friends; and upon the south side was erected another standing, which was occupied by the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of London.

"Then, upon the fourteenth of November, being Sunday, Prince Arthur and the Infanta Katherine, both clad in white satin, ascended the mountain, one on the north and the other on the south side, and were there married by the Archbishop of Canterbury, assisted by nineteen bishops and abbots. The King, the Queen, and the King's mother stood in the place afore-named, where they heard and beheld the solemnization, which, being finished, the archbishop and bishops took their way from the mountain across the platform, which was covered under foot with blue-ray cloth, into the choir, and so to the high altar. The prelates were followed by the bride and bridegroom. The Princess Cecily bore the train of the bridegroom, and after her followed one hundred ladies and gentlewomen, in right costly apparel. Then the Mayor, in a gown of crimson velvet, and his brethren, in scarlet, went and sat in the choir whilst mass was said. The Archbishop of York sat in the Dean's place, and made the chief offering; and after him came the Duke of Buckingham. The mass being finished, Arthur publicly dowered his bride, at the church door, with one third of his income as Prince of Wales; and afterwards the Prince and Princess were conducted, in grand procession, out of church into the Bishop's palace, where a grand feast was prepared, to which the Lord Mayor and Aldermen were invited."

The city functionaries were served with plate valued at one thousand two hundred pounds; but the plate off which the Princess dined was of solid gold, ornamented with pearls and precious stones, and worth twenty thousand pounds.

"It was wonderful," says Hall, "to behold the costly apparel and the massive chains of gold worn on that day. Sir Thomas Brandon, the master of the King's horse, wore a gold chain, valued at one thousand four hundred pounds. Rivers, the master of the King's hawks, wore a chain worth one thousand pounds; and many of the other chains worn were worth from two to three hundred pounds each. The Duke of Buckingham wore

a robe of the most beautiful needlework, wrought upon cloth of gold tissue, and furred with sable, worth one thousand five hundred pounds; and Sir Nicholas Vaux wore a gown of purple velvet, so thickly ornamented with pieces of massive gold, that the gold alone, independent of the silk and fur, was worth one thousand pounds."

The royal bride and bridegroom passed their nuptial night in the Bishop of London's palace, and on the next day the King and Queen conducted them by water to Baynard's Castle. On the following Thursday, the royal party went in state to St. Paul's, and after hearing mass there, entered their barges at Paul's Wharf, and were rowed to Westminster, attended on their way by the Lord Mayor, the Sheriffs, and Aldermen, in barges gaily decked with banners and devices, and having bands of minstrels on board, who sung and played right joyously.

In honour of the marriage, tilts and other athletic sports took place in the space before Westminster Hall. Round the outside of the lists, stalls and stages were built for the accommodation of the royal family, the nobles, and the common people, who flocked in thousands to witness the sport, which was attended with no little danger, as the combatants fought with sharp spears. When evening set in, the company retired within Westminster Hall, and taking their seats, the King and the nobles on the right side, and the Queen and the ladies on the left, they beheld three grand pageants, which succeeded each other, and were each drawn upon wheels. The first was a castle, with ladies; the second a ship in full sail; and the third a mountain, with several armed knights upon it, who stormed the castle, and obliged the ladies to surrender. The show ended in a sort of ballet, the pageantry disappeared, and the pleasures of the evening were terminated with a dance, in which the bride and bridegroom, the Duke of York, and the Princess Margaret, took part, to the great and singular pleasure of the King and Queen.

On the subsequent Sunday, a grand banquet was held in the Hall, and Ka-

therine bestowed the rewards of the tilt: a rich diamond to the Duke of Buckingham, a ruby to the Marquis of Dorset, and valuable gold rings to the other successful competitors. The court remained at Westminster till Saturday, when, attended by the Lord Mayor and Corporation of London, in barges "right well decked with standards and streamers, emblazoned with their conizances," it removed up the Thames to Richmond. On Sunday, after divine service, the King and the court indulged in unseemly diversions, more, says a religious chronicler, as if the day belonged to the devil than to God. They played at cards, dice, chess, and backgammon; a Spaniard went up a high rope in the garden, and danced and tumbled on it, marvelously to behold; and in the evening there was a pageant of a rock, with mermaids and mermen, and with doves, rabbits, and other living creatures running and flying out of it amongst the noble beholders, who were highly delighted with the novelty. On the following day, the Spanish embassy was presented with valuable gifts, and sent back to their native land.

Shortly after her marriage, Katherine accompanied her husband to the castle of Ludlow, in Shropshire, where the royal pair ruled over Wales, and kept a miniature court of state. Their stay at Ludlow, however, was of short duration, for the Prince, whose sweetness of temper, and proficiency in learning, rendered him an object of general admiration, was attacked, on the fourth month after his marriage, by the plague, of which he died, on the second of April, 1502. Immediately after this mournful event, Queen Elizabeth, Katherine's truly kind mother-in-law, caused her to be escorted to London, and settled at the palace of Croydon.

Ferdinand and Isabella, the parents of the young widow, being alarmed at this event, and anxious to preserve the friendship of England, hastened to propose a marriage between Katherine and the King of England's surviving son, Henry. Ferdinand had agreed to give two hundred thousand crowns as a marriage portion with his daughter; one

half of this he had already paid, and as Henry the Seventh listened to his overtures for the second marriage with affected indifference, he, to quicken the determination, now objected to pay the other half, which so alarmed the money-grasping English monarch, that he at length opened the negotiation; and, on the twenty-third of June, 1503, it was arranged that, on the arrival of a dispensation from the Pope, Katherine should be contracted to Henry, that the marriage should be completed when the young Prince had completed his fourteenth year, and that Ferdinand should previously transmit to London the other half of Katherine's marriage portion. Katherine, although not consulted in this matter, wrote to her father that she had no inclination for a second marriage in England, but requested that her sufferings and wishes might be kept out of view. What her sufferings were at this

time has not been recorded: probably, now that she was eighteen, she felt repugnance at entering the matrimonial state with a boy five years her junior. She certainly could not have considered, as some writers have supposed, that by her union with Henry either the laws of God or man would be violated, as she never once alluded to the subject in her letters home, whilst, before her second marriage was contemplated, she more than once was heard to declare that her marriage with Arthur had never been consummated; and Henry the Eighth, in the first years of his reign, repeatedly declared that she was a virgin when he married her. But, however this may be, she was affianced to Prince Henry on the twenty-fifth of June, 1503, at the Bishop of Salisbury's mansion, in Fleet Street; and shortly afterwards her mother, Isabella, Queen of Castile, died, without a male heir.

CHAPTER II.

Selfish policy of Henry the Seventh—He compels Prince Henry to protest against his betrothment, and forbids him to see Katherine—On his death, Henry the Eighth resolves to marry Katherine—The council approve of the match—The nuptials are solemnized—Person and manners of the King at the period of his accession—His attachment to Katherine—Their coronation—Death of the Countess of Richmond—Katherine humours her husband's tastes for frolics, martial fetes, and festivals—Marching of the City watch—Birth of an heir; extraordinary rejoicings—The royal infant dies—Henry invades France—Katherine rectrix and governor of the realm—Her letters to Wolsey—Henry returns and surprises her—His amours with Lady Talbois—Marriage of his sister Mary—May Day festival—Birth of Princess Mary—Evil May Day—Field of the Cloth of Gold—Friendship between Katherine and the French Queen, Claud—Henry's decorous conduct—Entertains the Emperor at Calais—The Amphitheatre blown down—Returns with Katherine to England.



HENRY THE SEVENTH having lost his Queen soon after the death of Prince Arthur, he now became desirous to again enter the wedded state. After having in vain cast his eyes upon several wealthy widows, the miserly King fixed his fancy on Margaret's sister Joanna, widow of the Archduke Philip, and, since the death of her mother, Isabella,

Queen of Castile; and that he might not offend the public feeling by a father and two sons marrying two sisters, he caused Prince Henry, on the day before he completed his fourteenth year—the canonical age of puberty—to solemnly protest that he had neither done, nor meant to do, anything to render the contract made during his nonage binding in law. This protest, although kept secret for years afterwards, was the germ from which the future misfortunes of Katherine sprung. As for Prince Henry, he had

no sooner made it, than, with the perverseness and resolute self-will which characterized his whole career, he resolved to break it, which so alarmed the King, that, in 1506, he, to prevent the possibility of a clandestine union, forbade his son and Katherine to see each other, and treated the latter with unmerited severity.

However, as Joanna laboured under a derangement of intellect, which, although at first deemed transient, proved to be permanent, her marriage with the English monarch fell through.

Henry the Seventh died a widower, and Henry the Eighth, immediately after his accession, assured Fuensalida, the Spanish ambassador, of his sincere attachment to Katherine, and brought the question of their marriage immediately before the council, who unanimously assented to the union. Accordingly, on the eleventh of June, 1509, Katherine of Arragon was publicly married to Henry the Eighth, by the Archbishop of Canterbury, at Greenwich; and as the Queen had not had intercourse with her former husband, she was married with the ceremonies appropriated to the nuptials of maids.

Previous to detailing their coronation, and the subsequent rejoicings, it may be well to remind the reader that Henry mounted the throne under circumstances highly favourable to his prosperity. He had almost completed his eighteenth year; he was handsome in person and generous in disposition. In him were reconciled the opposing factions of York and Lancaster. He had received an education superior to what was then usually bestowed on princes; he spoke and wrote French and Latin, and was addicted to the study of theology. He loved music, played on several instruments, and was even occasionally a composer. He danced with ease and grace; was adroit in hunting, hawking, and shooting; but, above all, he *jousted* with skill; and to excel in this martial exercise, was at once to announce pretensions to strength and courage, to emulate the deeds of departed heroes, and to challenge by anticipation the honours of military fame. To enhance the value of

these advantages, his vices were not sufficiently developed to excite alarm; and by his marriage with Katherine, he gave to the nation a Queen, lovely in person and mind, of exemplary prudence and virtue, and truly gentle and feminine in her manners. Her unaffected piety and benevolence had already endeared Katherine to the people; and as, like Henry, who was passionately devoted to Thomas Aquinas, she possessed considerable learning, she cordially co-operated in his liberal patronage of literature. Six years of seniority had rather increased than diminished her attractions; nor can it be doubted that, during the early part of her marriage, she held an undivided empire in her husband's heart. It was, therefore, with a natural and amiable pride that Henry associated her in his coronation, of which the chronicler Hall has left the following lively picture:—

“On the twenty-first of June, the King came from Greenwich to the Tower, over London Bridge, and so by Grace Church, with whom came many and well-apparelled gentlemen, but especially the Duke of Buckingham, who had on a gown all of goldsmiths' work, very costly—and there the King rested till Saturday next ensuing.

“Friday, the twenty-second of June, everything being in readiness for his coronation, his Grace, with the Queen, being in the Tower of London, made there Knights of the Bath, to the number of twenty and four, with all the observances and ceremonies to the same belonging.

“And the morrow following, his Grace with the Queen departed from the Tower through the city of London, against whose coming the streets where his Grace should pass were hung with tapestry and cloth of arras, and the great part of the south side of Cheap with cloth of gold, and some part of Cornhill also. The streets were railed and barred on the one side from over against Grace Church into Bread Street, in Cheap, where every occupation stood in their liveries in order, beginning with the base and mean occupations, and so ascending to the worshipful crafts highest;

and lastly stood the Mayor with the Aldermen. The goldsmiths' stalls, unto the end of the Old Change, being replenished with virgins in white, with branches of white wax; the priests and clerks in rich copes, with crosses and censers of silver, censing his Grace and the Queen also as they passed.

"The features of his body, his goodly personage, his amiable visage, princely countenance, with the noble qualities of his royal estate, to every man known, needeth no rehearsal, considering that, for lack of cunning, I cannot express the gifts of grace and of nature that God hath endowed him withal. Yet, partly to describe his apparel, it is to be noted his Grace wore in his uppermost apparel a robe of crimson velvet, furred with ermine; his jacket or coat of raised gold, the placard embroidered with diamonds, rubies, emeralds, great pearls, and other rich stones; a great collar about his neck, of great rubies. The trapper of his horse damask gold, with a deep border of ermine; his knights and esquires of his body in crimson velvet, and all the gentlemen, with other of his chapel, and all his officers and household servants, were apparelled in scarlet. The barons of the five ports bore the canopy and cloth of estate. For to recite to you the great estates by name, the order of their going, the number of the lords spiritual and temporal, knights, esquires, and gentlemen, of their costly and rich apparel, of several devices and fashions, who took up his horse best, or who was richest beseen, it would ask long time, and yet I should omit many things, and fail of the number, for they were very many, wherefore, I pass on; but this I dare well say, there was no lack or scarcity of cloth of gold, cloth of silver, embroidery, or goldsmiths' work."

The chronicler then mentions the procession of the nine children of honour, each mounted on a steed, decorated with the name and arms of a province of the King's dominions, in ostentatious display, derived from the brilliant era of Edward the Third; since, in addition to Cornwall and Wales, it assumed the fictitious sovereignty of Normandy, Gascony, Guienne and Anjou. The Queen's

retinue appears to have been equally magnificent, and far more attractive. "In a litter, richly ornamented, sat Katherine, borne by two white palfreys, trapped in cloth of gold, her person apparelled in white satin embroidered, her long black hair hanging down her face, beautiful and goodly to behold, and on her head a coronal, set with many rich orient stones. Her ladies followed in chariots, a sort of car containing six persons, and the quality of each was designated by the gold and silver tissue habiliments, and with much joy and honour they came to Westminster, where was high preparation made as well for the coronation as for the solemn feasts and jousts to be had and done."

On the morrow, being Sunday, the King and Queen were crowned at Westminster Abbey, in most solemn manner, by the Archbishop of Canterbury, assisted by others. The ceremony concluded, the noble company retired to Westminster Hall, where they partook of a sumptuous banquet. At this feast the King's estate was seated on the right, and the Queen's on the left, of the cupboard of nine stages, which was filled with the richest gold and silver plate. "Their noble personages being seated, at the bringing in of the first course the trumpet sounded, and in came the Duke of Buckingham, mounted on a courser, richly trapped and embroidered, and the Lord Steward, likewise on a horse trapped, came in cloth of gold, riding before the service, which was sumptuous, with many subtleties, strange devices, with several poesies, and many dainty dishes."

Jousts and masques succeeded, and in these the populace had their full share of enjoyment. It may perhaps be doubted whether the rare and excellent device of the castle, invested by a silvery fountain, and embellished with a flowing vine, imparted half the delight inspired by rivulets of claret and malmsey spouted from the hideous lips of some sphinx-like monster. The supreme object of attraction appears to have been a mountainous castle dragged slowly along, in which sat a lady, who, under the imposing name of Pallas, displayed a crystal shield, and, with many grimaces, pre-

seated six of her scholars to the King, as challengers in the combat. To this redoubtable personage was opposed one equally sublime—the goddess Diana—in whose behoof appeared a troop of foresters, who, breathing from their horns a sylvan strain, ushered in the appropriate pageant of a park, within whose pales of green were living deer; but these poor victims to pleasure were no sooner allowed to escape from their enclosure, than they were chased by hounds, and attacked and killed before the eyes of the Queen. Such was the refinement—such the humanity of our forefathers.

The death of the King's grandmother, Margaret, Countess of Richmond, on the twenty-ninth of June, brought these festivities to an abrupt termination; and the outburst of an alarming pestilence drove the court to Richmond, where the King and Queen kept Christmas with pomp and splendour.

Henry greatly delighted in tilts, pageants, disguises, and other similar diversions, then so popular throughout Europe. Not a festival occurred but was celebrated at court according to primitive usage; and nothing so delighted the frolic-loving King as stealing from the tilt or tourney, and astonishing the Queen and the company by suddenly returning in the garb of a friar, an outlaw, or a foreign knight. On one occasion, the King assumed the garb of Robin Hood, and in that character surprised Katherine and her ladies, who, for the moment, were struck with terror and confusion. Another time, when the foreign ambassadors were being entertained at Westminster, in the spring of 1510, he suddenly absented himself, and presently returned disguised as a Turkish pasha. Katherine, although of a serious, retiring disposition, took pleasure in humouring her husband's tastes for frolics, disguises, and public fetes and processions. Whenever he unexpectedly appeared before her in the guise of a stranger, she affected surprise and delight; and she always obeyed with cheerfulness the summons to witness his proficiency in the martial exercises.

It was in this year that the King took Katherine to behold the grand cavalcade

called the Marching Watch of the City of London. This marching watch was in addition to the standing watchmen. The men were all dressed "in bright harness," and traversed the principal streets to the extent of "three thousand two hundred taylors' yards." "On Midsummer eve," says Stowe, "King Henry the Eighth, disguised in the livery of a yeoman of the guard, went into West Cheap, and there beheld the watch, unknown to all save his attendants, who were also disguised; but, on the following night, being that of St. Peter's, he and the Queen came royally riding to the said place, and there, with their nobles, beheld the marching watch of the city set out with its accustomed goodly shows, and did not return again till after the sun was up the next morning."

In compliance with the custom established by the Countess of Richmond, the Queen, being in a situation which promised an heir to the throne, publicly withdrew to her chamber at Richmond, in December.

On New Year's day she gave birth to a Prince, who, from the moment of his birth, became an object of almost idolatrous love and homage. The royal babe was christened Henry, with great pomp; the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Earl of Surrey, and the Countess of Devonshire stood as sponsors, and, after the Queen's churching, tournaments and pageants were held, in honour to her, at Westminster.

"On the morrow, after dinner," says the chronicler, "the company assembled in the Hall, when, at the sound of the trumpet, many a nobleman and gentleman vaulted on their steeds, after whom followed certain lords, mounted on palfreys, trapped in cloth of gold; many gentlemen on foot, clad in russet satin, and yeomen in russet damask, scarlet hose, and yellow caps; then issued the King from his pavilion of cloth of gold, his mettled courser loaded with the same gorgeous drapery, and on his gilded chafrons nodded a graceful plume, spangled with gold. Behind the King came his three aids, each armed cap-a-pie, and seated beneath a crimson pavilion. Presently entered from the oppo-

site side of the field, on the part of the defenders, Sir Charles Brandon, habited as a poor hermit, who, unheralded by trumpet or minstrel, requested Katherine to permit him to tilt in her honour; the boon was no sooner granted, than, flinging off his lowly weeds, he exposed to view a complete set of armour; and galloping to the tilt end of the field, was instantly surrounded by his supporters. During this interval, Henry Guilford appeared, clad in gold and silver tissue, but completely enveloped in a pageant resembling a castle, its glittering walls chequered with mystic rhymes, invoking blessings on the royal pair; behind him came his men, all dressed in the same livery, of silver tissue, who, having made obeisance to the Queen, passed to the field. Then followed the Marquis of Dorset and his brother-in-law, Sir Thomas Boleyn, both habited as pilgrims from St. Jago's shrine, with a train of sable-suited attendants. The procession was closed by several lords in armour, mounted on steeds superbly ornamented." Amidst this martial pomp appeared pageants of most ludicrous and fantastic incongruity. Arrows were encased in crimson damask, and amongst other goodly shows was a silver greyhound bearing Katherine's device—a tree of pomegranates. At length, the trumpets sounded to the charge, and in an instant the play of lances began. As usual, the royal party prevailed, and to the King was awarded the first prize.

The tourney ended, Henry and his consort, after attending vespers, repaired to Westminster, where the noble company partook of a sumptuous supper; and when the cloth was cleared, a spectacle was prepared, of which the lower orders were allowed to participate: first, an interlude was performed by the children of the royal chapel, then, after the King had conferred knighthood on the Irish chief, O'Neal, the minstrels played, and the lords and the King, observing how interested the spectators were, stole away to prepare for them a still higher gratification. Presently, attention was arrested by a flourish of trumpets; a ponderous machine, completely enve-

loped in cloth of arras, was wheeled into the Hall, and, whilst curiosity became intense at the sight, a cavalier issued from the pageant, and represented to the Queen that, in a certain garden of pleasure, there was a golden bower, wherein were lords and ladies, much desirous to show pastime to the Queen and ladies, if they might be permitted to do so. Permission being granted, the cloth was removed, and discovered a beautiful garden, in which were trees of hawthorn, eglantine, and rosiers, vines and gilliflowers, all wrought of gold. In an harbour appeared six ladies, all dressed in silver and satin, on whose heads were bonnets, open at the four quarters, and outfriated with flat gold of damask. The veilleets were of roses wreathed on Dutch crape, so that the gold showed through the crape. In this garden, also, was the King, robed in purple satin, embroidered with letters of gold, composing his assumed name of *Cœur Loyal*. With him were five nobles, also attired in purple satin, and with their assumed names embroidered all over their dresses, in golden letters. The gentlemen having joined the ladies, they danced together, whilst the pageant of gold was removed to the extremity of the Hall, for the purpose of receiving them when the ballet should be ended. But the rude people, as Hall calls them, ran to the pageant, and, either from curiosity or cupidity, stripped it of all its ornaments. Nor did the work of destruction end here, for as soon as the dance was concluded, the crowd rushed forward, and seizing the King and the other noble performers, tore the golden ornaments from their clothing, and robbed the ladies of their jewels. In the scramble, the King was stripped to his waistcoat and drawers, and Sir Thomas Knevet, who resisted the mob, was robbed of every article of clothing, and left naked and crest-fallen, to repent of his rashness. At last, the guards cleared the Hall, and the King, laughing heartily at the turn matters had taken, told his courtiers they must deem their losses as largesse to the commonalty; and turning to the Queen, led her to her chamber.

At this spoliation, Hall assures us that

one man alone got enough gold letters to produce three pounds eighteen shillings and eightpence from the goldsmiths; and when we remember that the robbery was committed, not by thieves or rabble, but by respectable citizens, we may form some idea of the state of society in England at the commencement of the sixteenth century—a period when one of England's most sanguinary and despotic sovereigns swayed the sceptre, and when the whole nation was remarkably corrupt, base, and venal.

The infant Prince, Henry, whose entrance into the world had caused all this pomp and joy, was taken ill on the day he was baptized; and although every known means was resorted to to restore him to health, he expired on the twenty-second of February. "The King," says Hall, "took this sad chance wondrous wisely, and, the more to comfort the Queen, he dissembled the matter, and made no great mourning outwardly; but the Queen, like a natural woman, made much lamentation: and, oh! could she have foreseen what future sorrow the loss of this little babe would bring to her own door, meweens she would have moaned but little for him, and much for herself!"

Shortly after the outbreak of a war with France, in which Scotland took part against England, Henry resolved to invade France in person. Before his departure, he appointed "his most dear consort, Queen Katherine, rectrix and governor of the realm"—a power more ample than had hitherto been bestowed on a queen regent of England.

When Henry routed the French at the Battle of Spurs—so named because the enemy only spurred their horses to fly from the field—the victory, trifling as it was, was exaggerated by flattery and policy into one of great importance. *Te Deum* was sung in the churches, bonfires blazed through the streets, and Katherine, in a letter addressed to Wolsey, who was now a rising personage, and who had accompanied the King to France, ostensibly as his almoner, but really as his friend, councillor, and secretary, says:—

"MASTER ALMONER,

"What comfort I have with the good tidings of your letter I need not write, for, by your account, the victory has been so great, that I think none such hath been seen before. All England hath cause to thank God for it, and I especially, seeing that the King beginneth so well, which is to me a great hope that the end shall be the like. I pray God send the same shortly, for if this continue so, still I trust in Him that everything shall follow hereafter to the King's pleasure and my comfort. Mr. Almoner, for the pains ye take, remembering to write to me so often, I thank you with all my heart, praying you to continue still sending me word how the King doeth, and if he keep still his good rule as he began . . . the twenty-fifth day of August.

"KATHERINE."

In the following letter, written to Wolsey a few days previously, the Queen writes of the Scotch war, with all the coolness and courage of a veteran warrior:—

"MASTER ALMONER,

"I received both your letters by Copynger and John Glyn, and am very glad to hear that the King passed his dangerous passage [to France] so well. Till I saw your letter, I was troubled to know how near the King was to the siege of Terouenne, but now, I thank God, you make me sure of the good heed that the King taketh of himself to avoid all manner of danger. . . . From hence I have nothing to write to you, but that ye be not so busy in this war as we have been encumbered with it; I mean that touching my own concerns for going further, where I shall not so often hear from the King. All his subjects be very glad, I thank God, to be busy with the Scots, for they take it for pastime. My heart is very good to it; and I am horribly busy with making standards, banners, and bagets. I pray God first to send you a good battle, as I trust he will do; as with that, every thing here will go well. At Richmond, the thirteenth day of August.

"KATHERINE."

When the Queen received intelligence of the victory at Flodden, she announced it to Henry in an affectionate letter. She then made a pilgrimage to the shrine of Walsingham, in Norfolk, and from thence returned to Richmond. Meanwhile, a truce was concluded with France, and, in October, Henry landed at Dover, travelled in disguise to Richmond, and surprised and delighted the Queen by his unexpected arrival. But although the King greeted his consort with all the affection of a true and fond husband, he, during his sojourn at Calais, had been captivated by the beauty of Lady Talibois, by whom he had a son, born in 1519, and christened Henry Fitzroy. Henry's intimacy with Lady Talibois—and for some years he had no other leman—was kept so secret, that, for a long time, it was unknown to Katherine.

In November, 1514, the Queen gave birth to a Prince, who, greatly to the sorrow of his parents, died when a few days old.

The peace with France was sealed by the marriage of Henry's sister, Mary, to Louis of France. But as the constitution of the French monarch had been enfeebled by hardships and indulgence, he died within three months afterwards; and Mary, who had been forced into this marriage, immediately afterwards privately married her former lover, the Duke of Suffolk, whom Henry had sent to France to escort her to England. The stolen match at first excited the ire of the King, but, at the intercession of Katherine and Wolsey, he forgave Mary and her husband, invited them to England, and caused their nuptials to be again solemnized in the presence of himself and his court, at Greenwich, in May, 1515. At the festival which followed, the Duke bore as his motto the following ingenious rhyme:—

"Cloth of gold do not despise,
Though thou art match'd with cloth of frize;
Cloth of frize be not too bold,
Though thou art match'd with cloth of gold."

The May game this year was, in honour of the royal wedding, unusually splendid. The King, his consort, his sister Mary, and their attendants rode

from Greenwich a-Maying, and were met at Shooter's Hill by two hundred of the King's Guards, all habited in green; one of whom, under the assumed name of Robin Hood, asked permission to show his archery. Permission being granted, he whistled, and all his men at once discharged their arrows. Again and again the same feat was performed, when Robin Hood invited the royal party to come to the greenwood, and see how outlaws lived. Consent was given, and then the horns blew, till they came to an arbour made of boughs, with a hall and a great inner chamber, strewn with flowers and sweet herbs, which the King and the Queen greatly praised. Then said Robin Hood, "Sir, outlaws' breakfast is venison, and, therefore, you must be content with such fare as we use." Then the King and court sat down, and were served with venison and wine, to their great contentation. On their return, they were met by two ladies in a rich chariot, drawn by five horses, on each of which rode some allegorical female; and in the car appeared Flora and May, who saluted the King and Queen with divers goodly songs, and so brought them to Greenwich, in the sight of the people, to their great joy and solace. The same afternoon was run the first English horse race on record. "The King, the Duke of Norfolk, the Marquis of Dorset, and the Earl of Essex came into the field on great coursers, and after running their courses appointed, they ran violent, one as fast as he might to overtake the other, which was a strange but a goodly sight to behold."

On the eighteenth of February, 1516, Katherine gave birth to a Princess, christened Mary, who afterwards ascended the throne as Queen Regent; and about twenty months after the birth of Mary, the unfortunate Katherine brought into the world a Prince, who, to the sorrow of his parents, died at the time of his birth.

The death of King Ferdinand, in February, 1516, deprived the Queen of her last surviving parent, and filled her heart with sorrow, which was only dispelled by the arrival of Queen Margaret, widow of James the Fourth, who, in May, 1516, flew for

refuge from the troubles of Scotland to the court of her brother, Henry the Eighth. Queen Margaret remained in England till May, 1517, when she returned again to Scotland. Just previous to her departure occurred that formidable insurrection of the apprentices and populace of London, which rendered the first of May, 1517, memorable in the annals of the metropolis as the "Evil May Day." The Duke of Norfolk, who was sent to quell the insurrection, hanged several of the deluded youths before their masters' doors. Two hundred and eighty others, some not more than fourteen years old, were taken prisoners, and, doubtless, would have shared the same fate, but for the intercession of Katherine, who, aided in her mission of mercy by the sister Queens of Scotland and France, flew to the King, and on her knees implored him to forgive the misguided youths. "The rioters," says Delaune, "were headed by one Lincoln, who, with a number of others, was hanged; and four hundred more, in their shirts, and bound with ropes, and halters about their necks, were carried to Westminster; but they, crying 'Mercy! mercy!' were all pardoned by the King, which clemency gained him much love."

In May, 1520, Katherine's nephew, Charles, who had recently been elected Emperor of Germany, on his passage to Flanders, approached the English coast, when, under pretence of paying his respects to the Queen, his aunt, but really to secure the friendship of Henry, and the favour of Wolsey, he landed at Dover, and proceeded to Canterbury, where the Queen and the court then were, and where this apparently accidental meeting was celebrated with feasts and rejoicings. After appointing a second meeting in Flanders, the Emperor embarked at Sandwich; and, on the fourth of May, the King, the Queen, and the court took shipping at Dover to meet Francis the First of France and his consort, at Ardres, a small town near Calais, where the nobility of both kingdoms displayed their magnificence with such emulation and profuse expense, as procured to the place of interview (an open

plain) the name of "The Field of the Cloth of Gold." Henry was lodged in a superb temporary palace, erected on the plain, whilst Francis took up his abode in the castle of Ardres. After arranging an amicable treaty, on terms advantageous to England, the two Kings met in the valley of Andern, and, after embracing, walked arm in arm into a tent of gold, which had been prepared for their reception; and from this moment commenced a jubilee such as Europe had never witnessed. One unceasing round of jousting, feasting, drinking, music, dancing, and similar amusements continued for a fortnight. Two conduits adjoining the palace continually ran with wine, which was offered without distinction to all comers. People of every grade flocked in thousands to the spectacle. Day after day came vagrants and labourers to drink and carouse, who afterwards lay stretched on the ground in brutal insensibility; and amidst these licentious excesses, Wolsey celebrated high mass, with imposing pageantry. At this solemn service, Wolsey, after having presented to the two monarchs the Gospel and the pix, which each with reverence pressed to his lips, advanced to Queen Katherine, and Claude, the Queen of France, who sat side by side in a separate oratory; but these Princesses, who really felt for each other the cordial good will which their lords only affected, instead of kissing the pix, tenderly embraced each other, as a pledge of amity, love and concord; indeed, the intercourse between Katherine and the good Queen Claude appears to have been not merely courteous, but affectionate. During the entertainment they met daily, and, at the final separation, they parted in tears.

Although there was every reason to suppose that Anna Boleyn, who was then one of the maids of honour to the French Queen, danced before Henry in the masque performed in compliment to his visit to Queen Claude, her presence as yet gave no uneasiness to Katherine. Indeed, Henry, during his continental excursion, appears, by his decorous conduct, to have justified the eulogium which Erasmus had lately bestowed on his conjugal and

domestic virtues. "What house is there of any of your subjects that can give an example of state in wedlock so chaste and harmonious? Where could be found a wife more suitable to the best of husbands?" At this period the Emperor Charles, on whose mind similar impressions had been produced, repeatedly felicitated his aunt on her union to the best and the most magnificent monarch in Europe.

A few days after their departure from the camp of gold, Katherine, with her royal lord and their suite, met the Emperor Charles at Gravelines, and, despite the jealousy of the French court, conducted him with pomp to Calais, where an imitation of the splendour of the Field of the Cloth of Gold was attempted, without the same success. A superb amphitheatre was constructed, and adorned with tapestry, statues, and curious

pictures; and overhead was painted "a likeness of the firmament, the sun, moon, and stars." All was prepared for the entertainment of the royal guests, and the banquet ready to be served, when "God," says Godwin, "displeased with the mad prodigality of these two Kings, sent a tempest; the violence thereof scattered this counterfeit heaven, blew out a thousand wax tapers, defaced the glorious thrones prepared for these Princes, frustrated the expectation of the people, and forced the King to the necessity of another place." The revels and feasting continued till the eighth of July, on which day the Emperor, mounted on an English courser, "trapped with goldsmiths' work, set with gems"—a parting present from Katherine—went his way, and, a few days afterwards, Henry, the Queen, and their court returned to England.

CHAPTER III.

Mary Boleyn—Anne Boleyn, maid of honour to Katherine—She wins the heart of the King—Decline of Katherine's health—The King shuns her society—His pretended scruples—Origin of the divorce—Wolsey's perilous policy—Displeases the King—Katherine upbraids Henry—Sweating sickness rages—Henry, in alarm, rejoins the Queen—Cardinal Campeggio arrives—Katherine refuses to retire to a convent, or consent to the divorce—Henry's hypocritical speech—His extraordinary questions to the canonists at Rome.



ABOUT this time the Queen discovered, to her sorrow, that her husband entertained a tender penchant for Mary Boleyn. The King denied the charge; but Mary admitted that she had overstepped the bounds of discretion, and, probably by the Queen's advice, was married to William Carey, of the privy chamber, on the thirty-first of January, 1521. In the household-book occurs the following entry:—"Item, For the King's offering, upon Saturday, at the marriage of W. Care and Mare Bullayn, six shillings and eightpence."

A little before the declaration of war with France, in 1522, the beautiful and

accomplished Anne Boleyn was recalled to England, and appointed one of Katherine's maids of honour. Her French education gave her a superiority over all her companions; and by the vivacity of her disposition, and the gaiety of her conversation, she unconsciously won the heart of the voluptuous monarch, who concealed his secret till his jealousy of the young Percy made it known to Anne and to the world.

Meanwhile, although Henry continued to live with Katherine, it was well known to his confidential friends that he had become indifferent to her person and weary of her society. Her exemplary virtues he still admired; and whilst approving the reformation which, both by precept and example, she sought to introduce in female manners, he frequently

repined at her tediousness and peevishness. In truth, as her beauty declined, her health gave way, her gravity increased; and although she affected to participate in her husband's favourite amusements of feasting, hunting, and tilting, her heart was no longer in unison with the scene; and submission being a poor substitute for sympathy and animation, Henry, although he continued to dine and sup in the Queen's chamber, quitted the presence of his consort immediately the meal was dispatched, and, attended by Sir Edward Neville, Sir Francis Brian, and two or three others, went masked and disguised in the pursuit of pleasant adventures.

In 1527, the King first made known his pretended scruples regarding the validity of his marriage. Wolsey, who, from the hour he had brought the Queen's old friend, Buckingham, to the block, had lost her friendship, advised the King to sue for a divorce—advice which too well accorded with the sentiments of the inconstant King, not to be adopted with all possible dispatch. As a pretext for opening the matter of the divorce, it was pretended that, during the conference respecting the marriage of the Princess Mary, then in her eleventh year, to Francis the First, a hint had been thrown out by the Bishop of Tarbes, the French ambassador in London, that the young Princess might be illegitimate, being the issue of a marriage of doubtful validity. This story, although a fiction, answered its intended purpose. The French embassy, of whom the Bishop of Tarbes was one, arrived in England in March, 1527. In May, Henry gave them a magnificent entertainment at Greenwich, at which, after joining in the jousts and other martial exercises, and presiding at the princely banquet, he, in the disguise of a Venetian nobleman, joined in the dance, with Anne Boleyn for a partner.

During the early part of these transactions, the situation of Wolsey induced him to play a perilous game. On the one hand, he disengaged Anne Boleyn from young Percy; and through his agent, Pace, secretly procured aid to the King's suit from the venal pen of Wake-

field, Hebrew professor at Oxford, who had before declared for the validity of the marriage with Katherine. But, on the other hand, he was really desirous of wedding his master to a French princess, to forward his own designs on the Papacy, and to cover, by the popularity of a valuable and illustrious alliance, the odium which he foresaw would be the consequence of a justly obnoxious divorce. In fact, Wolsey, who, since 1518, had been invested with the dignity of Papal Legate, and whose sole ambition it was to be seated in the chair of Rome, equally dreaded offending his King, or ruining his own reputation by openly sanctioning Henry's base designs against his virtuous consort. However, after many private consultations, Wolsey was dispatched to the continent, to settle several important matters; one of these being to break off the promised marriage of the Princess Mary with one of the royal family of France. From France Wolsey apprized Henry, by letter, of the many difficulties attending the divorce; and suggested several expedients, all tending to his own personal aggrandizement. That the King's distrust might be dispelled, he dispatched the Bishop of Bath, to explain what he stated to be the gist of the question; but when the bishop urged the difficulties foreseen by the cardinal, the King sharply answered:—"I have studied the matter myself, and found the marriage to be unlawful, *jure divino*, and undispensable. As for delay, that is of little moment; I have waited eighteen years, and, for that matter, can wait four or five more; and with respect to the Queen's supposed appeal, it is not probable that she will appeal from the judgment of the prelates of Canterbury, Rochester, Ely, and London."

"Might not she be induced to enter a convent, your Grace?" asked Bath.

"The bull is good," quickly replied Henry, "or it is naught. If it is naught, let it be so declared; and if it be good, it shall never be broken by no *byways* by me."

As Henry now, more than ever, felt convinced of the selfish designs of the cardinal, he recalled him; and in August dispatched his secretary, Knight, to Rome, to obtain a divorce.

Meanwhile Katherine, who had witnessed with a jealous eye her husband's partiality for Anne Boleyn, at last discovered his real intentions towards herself. In a fit of passion, she reproached him to his face with the baseness of his conduct, declaring that, as she had come a virgin to his bed, she would never admit that she had been living ever since in incest; and moreover, she would have, what in justice could not be denied her, the aid of foreign as well as English counsel to defend her right. Henry replied, that his only object in instituting an inquiry as to the validity of their marriage, was to satisfy the scruples of his own conscience, and secure their daughter from the brand of illegitimacy; and thus, by hypocritical dissimulation, he, after a "short tragédie," appeased the Queen.

It must be remarked, however, that at this period the interior of the Court of England presented a perpetual system of disguises and deceptions; and Katherine, whilst affecting to be the dupe of her husband's hypocritical professions, was secretly exerting her utmost energies to thwart his purpose. Although all her proceedings were narrowly watched, she contrived to send information to her nephew in Spain, and also to the arch-duchess in Flanders; and, to disarm the suspicion of the King and his advisers, she treated Anne Boleyn with unusual complacency; and Anne, with equal hypocrisy, testified profound respect for her mistress.

During this period of mistrust, the citizens, displeased by the interruption of their commerce with Flanders, and alarmed with threats of hostility from Austria, openly exclaimed against the divorce; and the women, to their honour, were notoriously the warm and disinterested advocates of Katherine's cause. Without entering into theological quibbles, or political speculation, they condemned, as cruel, a measure which, however disguised by sophistry and hypocrisy, was in reality only brought forward to gratify one party at the expense of the other; and for a time, such was the enthusiasm inspired by their influence, that the people protested who-

ever married the Princess Mary, should be their lawful sovereign. Meanwhile, Henry's ill-humour exploded in fury against Wolsey, who was intimidated into writing to the Pope, urging him to instantly dispatch a legate, to inquire into the legality of the marriage. But before the legate, Cardinal Campeggio, arrived, that pestilence, the sweating-sickness, became epidemic; and such was the panic created by this awful malady, that alike the physician, the confessor, and the lawyer, were in constant requisition. Henry, who saw the contagion spread amongst his own household, became seriously alarmed. He sent Anne Boleyn home to her parents, returned to the company of the Queen, with whom he fasted and daily prayed; and whilst in this devout, penitent mood, made no less than thirty wills.

When the pestilence subsided, the King's mistress again returned to court; but when the legate from Rome was expected, a sense of decency induced the King to send her away again, and live with the Queen on the same terms as if there had been no controversy between them. On the seventh of October, 1528, Campeggio arrived in London; and Katherine, to utterly discountenance the idea entertained at Rome, that she would consent to retire to a convent, adopted a gayer style of dress, encouraged music and dancing, and joined with alacrity in those pleasures she had formerly censured or rejected.

As Campeggio had been privately enjoined by the Pope, to delay giving sentence of divorce till he received fresh orders, he, on his arrival in England, began his legation by advising the King to quiet the pretended compunctions of conscience, and live in harmony with his consort. But this advice proving ineffectual, he urged the Queen to agree to the separation. Katherine, however, being as resolute in the right as her lord was in the wrong, peremptorily rejected his counsel, alleging that she was the King's lawful wife, and would remain such till declared otherwise by the Pope's sentence; besides, said she, "I have in Spain two bulles, the one being of later date than the other, but both of such

efficacye and strengthe, as shulde sone remove all objections and cavylations."

Having paid the proper tribute to decorum, the punctilious legate, in conjunction with Wolsey, entered upon an elaborate investigation of the evidence both for and against the divorce; but his diligence was checked by the rumour of the Pope's death. This intelligence revived the hopes of Wolsey, who in an ecstacy of enthusiasm sent to Gardiner, to secure his election to the papacy; and as both Henry and the King of France had cogent motives for seconding his pretensions, letters were written, messengers dispatched, largesses promised and anticipated; when, lo! the Pope recovered, and Wolsey saw his sun of glory sink for ever.

On the eighth of November, the King called a great meeting of his judges, councillors, nobles, and others, in the great chamber of his palace at Bridewell, "and addressed them," says Hall, "in as near as I could carry away, the following words: 'Our trusty and well-beloved subjects, it is known to you that we have reigned over this realm about twenty years, during which time we have so ordered us, thank God, that no outward enemy hath oppressed you, nor taken any thing from us; nor have we invaded any realm, without obtaining victory and honour; so that we think neither you, nor your predecessors, ever lived more quietly, more wealthily, nor in more estimation, under any of our noble progenitors. But when we remember our morality, and that we must die, then we think that all our doings are clearly defaced, and worthy of no memory, if we leave you in trouble at the time of our death. For if our true heir be not known at the time of our death, see what trouble shall succeed to you and your children. The experience thereof some of you have seen, after the death of our noble grandfather, Edward the Fourth; and you all have doubtless heard what manslaughter continued in this realm between the houses of York and Lancaster, by the which dissent this realm was like to have been clean destroyed. And although it hath pleased God to send us a fair daughter, to the great comfort of

us and our beloved consort, Katherine; yet it hath been told to us by divers great clerks, that neither she is our lawful daughter, nor her mother our lawful wife * * * but that we have been living with our consort in open adultery. The last ambassadors from France declared to this effect; and said, before marrying our daughter to the Duke of Orleans, it were well done to know whether she was the King of England's lawful daughter or not, as her mother was his brother's wife, which is directly against God's law, and abominable in the eyes of man. Think you, my lords, that these words touch not my body and soul? think you that these doings do not daily and hourly trouble my conscience? Yes, we doubt not but if it were your own case, every man would seek remedy, when the peril of your soul and the loss of your inheritance are laid open to you. I protest before God, and on the word of a prince, that for this cause only, have I asked council of the greatest clerks in Christendom, and invited over the legate from Rome, as a man indifferent only to know the truth, and who will do nothing but what is upright in the sight of God. As touching the Queen, if it be adjudged by the law of God that she is my lawful wife, there was never anything more acceptable to me in my life, both for the discharge of my conscience, and also for her sake; for I assure you all, that apart from her noble parentage, she is a woman of great virtue, gentleness, and humility. Of all good qualities appertaining to nobility, she is without comparison; and if I were to marry again, presuming the marriage to be good, I would choose her before all other women; but if it be determined by judgment that our marriage was against God's judgment, and clearly void, then shall I not only sorrow the departing from so good a lady and loving companion, but much more lament and bewail that I have so long lived in adultery, to God's great displeasure, and have no true heir to inherit this realm. These be the sores that pain my mind; these be the pangs that trouble my conscience; and for these griefs I seek a

remedy; therefore I require of you all, as our trust and confidence is in you, to declare to our subjects our intent, according to our true meaning, and desire them to pray with us that the truth may be known, for the discharge of our conscience, and saving our soul; and for declaration hereof, we have assembled you together, and now you may depart."

It was strange to behold the effect produced by this oration upon the hearers. Some sighed, and said nothing; others deplored that the King should be so troubled in his conscience; whilst those who favoured the Queen, were grieved to find the matter thus formally made public.

Meanwhile, that no stone might be left unturned, the King sought to obtain, in favour of the divorce, the opinions of the most learned divines, and the most celebrated universities in Europe; and Katherine laid her statement of the case before the Pope, and obtained a promise from her nephew, the Emperor, that if the Pope decided in her favour, he would

support her cause with all the means which God had placed at his disposal. Henry, on finding that the pontiff would not comply with his unjust request, retained the ablest canonists in Rome, as his counsel, and "required, with due secrecy, their opinions on the three following extraordinary questions: 1. Whether if a wife were to make a vow of chastity, and enter a convent, the Pope could not, in the plenitude of his power, authorize the husband to marry again? 2nd. Whether, if the husband were to enter a religious order, that he might induce his wife to do the same, he might not be afterwards released from his vow, and at liberty to marry? 3rd. And whether, for reasons of state, the Pope could not license a King to have, like the ancient patriarchs, two wives, of whom one only should be acknowledged, and enjoy the honours of royalty?" a tolerable proof that Henry's compunctions of conscience were a sham, and that his real object was to surmount by any means the obstacle to his marriage with Anne Boleyn.

CHAPTER IV.

The legatine court—Katherine appeals to the Pope—Her speech to the King in court—She unexpectedly retires—Refuses to again appear in court—Is pronounced contumacious—The unsatisfactory letter from the Bishops to the King—Katherine's interview with Wolsey and Campeggio—The legatine court adjourned—Fall of Wolsey—His last speech, and death—Henry's further proceedings—His rage—He drives Katherine from his presence—The parting a final one—Her residence at Ampthill—The Pope confirms the marriage—The King wavers—Cromwell confirms him in his resolution—Cranmer is made Archbishop of Canterbury—The King marries Anne Boleyn—Cranmer pronounces the divorce.



length it was rumoured that Anne Boleyn shared bed and board with Henry, who, perhaps, urged by the hope or the fear of her pregnancy, resolved to proceed to trial immediately. A license under the broad seal was issued on the thirtieth of May, 1529, empowering Wolsey and Campeggio to execute the commission. The former legate, dreading the King's wrath, urged the ex-

pedition of the cause; but the latter obstinately adhered to established forms, and did not open the Consistorial Court till he had exhausted every possible pretext for delay. The court was prepared in the palace at Blackfriars: "There were many tables and benches set in the manner of a consistory, one seat being higher than another for the judges (Campeggio and Wolsey), aloft above them; three degrees high was a cloth of estate hanged, and a chair royal under the same, wherein sat the King, and some distance off sat the Queen, in a

rich chair, and at the judges' feet sat the scribes and officers for the execution of the process; the chief scribe was Dr. Stephens, afterwards Bishop of Winchester, and the apparitor, who was called Doctor of the court, was one Cooke of Westminster; then, before the King and judges sat the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Worham, and all the other bishops; then stood at both ends within, councillors learned in the spiritual laws, as well on the King's side as the Queen's side. The council for the King were Dr. Samson, afterwards Bishop of Chichester, and Dr. Hall, afterwards Bishop of Worcester, with divers others, and proctors in the same law, were Dr. Peter, who was afterwards chief secretary, and Dr. Tregunwell, with divers others.

"On the other side there were council for the Queen, Dr. Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, and Dr. Standish, Bishop of Asaph in Wales, two brave divines, especially the Bishop of Rochester, a very godly man, whose death many nobles and many worthy divines much lamented, who lost his head about this cause before it was ended, upon Tower Hill; as also, another ancient doctor called Dr. Kidley, a little man, but a great divine. On the twenty-first of June, the court being thus ordered as is before expressed, the judges commanded the crier to proclaim silence, whilst the commission was both read to the court and to the people there assembled; that done, and silence being again proclaimed, the scribes commanded the crier to call King Henry of England, whereunto the King answered and said, 'Here;' then called he again the Queen of England, by the name of 'Katherine, Queen of England, come into the court,' &c. The Queen, who was already present, rose from her chair, and in a loud firm voice, said, 'As I am a stranger in this land, and moreover, as the judges hold benefices in the realm, the gift of my adversary, I cannot believe that justice will be done me in this court, and therefore I protest and appeal to Rome, against the present proceedings.' The cardinals however, refused to admit her appeal; when on her name being again called,

she rose a second time out of her chair, and because she could not reach the King directly, by reason of the distance, she went round about the court to the King, and kneeling down at his feet, said, in broken English, as follows:

" 'Sir,' (quoth she), 'I pray you to do me justice and right, and have pity on me a poor woman and a stranger, born out of your dominions, having here no indifferent council, and less assurance of friendship. Alas, Sir! in what have I offended you, what have I done to so kindle your anger, that you thus proceed to put me from you? I call God to witness that I have always been to you a true and loyal wife, ever conformable to your will and pleasure; never did I contrary or gainsay your pleasure, but always submitted myself in all things wherein you had any delight or dalliance, whether it were little or much, without grudging or discontent; I have loved, for your sake, all persons whom you loved, whether I had cause or not, were they friends or foes. I have been your wife these twenty years; I have brought you many children, and if they have died, it has not been for the want of a mother's love or care. God knows that when I came to your bed I was a virgin, and I put it to your conscience whether it was not so. If there be any offence which in justice can be alleged against me, then I am willing to depart with shame and infamy; but if there be none, then I pray you do me justice. The king, your father, was in his lifetime accounted a second Solomon for wisdom, and my father, Ferdinand, was deemed one of the wisest kings that reigned in Spain these many years. So they were both princes full of nobleness and wisdom, and it is no question but they had counsellors as wise as are at this day, who thought the marriage of you and me good and lawful. I therefore marvel greatly, at the inventions now brought against me. Surely ye do me much wrong; for ye may condemn me for lack of answer, as I have no council, but such as ye have assigned me, and who cannot be impartial councillors to me, they being your own subjects chosen out of your own council, whereunto they be privy, and men

site side of the field, on the part of the defenders, Sir Charles Brandon, habited as a poor hermit, who, unheralded by trumpet or minstrel, requested Katherine to permit him to tilt in her honour; the boon was no sooner granted, than, flinging off his lowly weeds, he exposed to view a complete set of armour; and galloping to the tilt end of the field, was instantly surrounded by his supporters. During this interval, Henry Guilford appeared, clad in gold and silver tissue, but completely enveloped in a pageant resembling a castle, its glittering walls chequered with mystic rhymes, invoking blessings on the royal pair; behind him came his men, all dressed in the same livery, of silver tissue, who, having made obeisance to the Queen, passed to the field. Then followed the Marquis of Dorset and his brother-in-law, Sir Thomas Boleyn, both habited as pilgrims from St. Jago's shrine, with a train of sable-suited attendants. The procession was closed by several lords in armour, mounted on steeds superbly ornamented." Amidst this martial pomp appeared pageants of most ludicrous and fantastic incongruity. Arrows were encased in crimson damask, and amongst other goodly shows was a silver greyhound bearing Katherine's device—a tree of pomegranates. At length, the trumpets sounded to the charge, and in an instant the play of lances began. As usual, the royal party prevailed, and to the King was awarded the first prize.

The tourney ended, Henry and his consort, after attending vespers, repaired to Westminster, where the noble company partook of a sumptuous supper; and when the cloth was cleared, a spectacle was prepared, of which the lower orders were allowed to participate: first, an interlude was performed by the children of the royal chapel, then, after the King had conferred knighthood on the Irish chief, O'Neal, the minstrels played, and the lords and the King, observing how interested the spectators were, stole away to prepare for them a still higher gratification. Presently, attention was arrested by a flourish of trumpets; a ponderous machine, completely enve-

loped in cloth of arras, was wheeled into the Hall, and, whilst curiosity became intense at the sight, a cavalier issued from the pageant, and represented to the Queen that, in a certain garden of pleasure, there was a golden bower, wherein were lords and ladies, much desirous to show pastime to the Queen and ladies, if they might be permitted to do so. Permission being granted, the cloth was removed, and discovered a beautiful garden, in which were trees of hawthorn, eglantine, and rosiers, vines and gilliflowers, all wrought of gold. In an arbour appeared six ladies, all dressed in silver and satin, on whose heads were bonnets, open at the four quarters, and outfitted with flat gold of damask. The veillots were of roses wreathed on Dutch crape, so that the gold showed through the crape. In this garden, also, was the King, robed in purple satin, embroidered with letters of gold, composing his assumed name of Cœur Loyal. With him were five nobles, also attired in purple satin, and with their assumed names embroidered all over their dresses, in golden letters. The gentlemen having joined the ladies, they danced together, whilst the pageant of gold was removed to the extremity of the Hall, for the purpose of receiving them when the ballet should be ended. But the rude people, as Hall calls them, ran to the pageant, and, either from curiosity or cupidity, stripped it of all its ornaments. Nor did the work of destruction end here, for as soon as the dance was concluded, the crowd rushed forward, and seizing the King and the other noble performers, tore the golden ornaments from their clothing, and robbed the ladies of their jewels. In the scramble, the King was stripped to his waistcoat and drawers, and Sir Thomas Knevet, who resisted the mob, was robbed of every article of clothing, and left naked and crest-fallen, to repent of his rashness. At last, the guards cleared the Hall, and the King, laughing heartily at the turn matters had taken, told his courtiers they must deem their losses as losses to the commonalty; and turning to the Queen, led her to her chamber.

At this spoliation, Hall assures us that

one man alone got enough gold letters to produce three pounds eighteen shillings and eightpence from the goldsmiths; and when we remember that the robbery was committed, not by thieves or rabble, but by respectable citizens, we may form some idea of the state of society in England at the commencement of the sixteenth century—a period when one of England's most sanguinary and despotic sovereigns swayed the sceptre, and when the whole nation was remarkably corrupt, base, and venal.

The infant Prince, Henry, whose entrance into the world had caused all this pomp and joy, was taken ill on the day he was baptized; and although every known means was resorted to to restore him to health, he expired on the twenty-second of February. "The King," says Hall, "took this sad chance wondrous wisely, and, the more to comfort the Queen, he dissembled the matter, and made no great mourning outwardly; but the Queen, like a natural woman, made much lamentation: and, oh! could she have foreseen what future sorrow the loss of this little babe would bring to her own door, mewens she would have moaned but little for him, and much for herself!"

Shortly after the outbreak of a war with France, in which Scotland took part against England, Henry resolved to invade France in person. Before his departure, he appointed "his most dear consort, Queen Katherine, rectrix and governor of the realm"—a power more ample than had hitherto been bestowed on a queen regent of England.

When Henry routed the French at the Battle of Spurs—so named because the enemy only spurred their horses to fly from the field—the victory, trifling as it was, was exaggerated by flattery and policy into one of great importance. *Te Deum* was sung in the churches, bonfires blazed through the streets, and Katherine, in a letter addressed to Wolsey, who was now a rising personage, and who had accompanied the King to France, ostensibly as his almoner, but really as his friend, councillor, and secretary, says:—

"MASTER ALMONER,

"What comfort I have with the good tidings of your letter I need not write, for, by your account, the victory has been so great, that I think none such hath been seen before. All England hath cause to thank God for it, and I especially, seeing that the King beginneth so well, which is to me a great hope that the end shall be the like. I pray God send the same shortly, for if this continue so, still I trust in Him that everything shall follow hereafter to the King's pleasure and my comfort. Mr. Almoner, for the pains ye take, remembering to write to me so often, I thank you with all my heart, praying you to continue still sending me word how the King doeth, and if he keep still his good rule as he began . . . the twenty-fifth day of August.

"KATHERINE."

In the following letter, written to Wolsey a few days previously, the Queen writes of the Scotch war, with all the coolness and courage of a veteran warrior:—

"MASTER ALMONER,

"I received both your letters by Copynger and John Glyn, and am very glad to hear that the King passed his dangerous passage [to France] so well. Till I saw your letter, I was troubled to know how near the King was to the siege of Terouenne, but now, I thank God, you make me sure of the good heed that the King taketh of himself to avoid all manner of danger. . . . From hence I have nothing to write to you, but that ye be not so busy in this war as we have been encumbered with it; I mean that touching my own concerns for going further, where I shall not so often hear from the King. All his subjects be very glad, I thank God, to be buisy with the Scots, for they take it for pastime. My heart is very good to it; and I am horribly buisy with making standards, banners, and bagets. I pray God first to send you a good battle, as I trust he will do; as with that, every thing here will go well. At Richmond, the thirteenth day of August.

"KATHERINE."

a poor foreign woman, lacking wit to answer such noble persons of wisdom as you be, in so weighty a matter; therefore, I pray you, pity and counsel me, for I would be glad to hear your advice."

She then led the Cardinals into her private chamber, where they continued for some time. The conference, being strictly private, has not been recorded; but, certain it is, that no accommodation was effected; and the Queen so completely won over the Cardinals, that, afterwards, nothing could prevail upon them to decide against her.

Baffled in his hopes of a compromise, Henry next importuned Campeggio for the decretal bull which had been entrusted to his care; but in this he was also disappointed, for the important document had just previously been destroyed by the express command of the Sovereign Pontiff. At length the day arrived when Campeggio was to pronounce the definitive sentence. The King, who, contrary to Anne Boleyn's fears and predictions, insisted that he should have a favourable verdict, attended in a neighbouring apartment, from which he could see and hear the proceedings. The case being closed, his counsel, in lofty terms, demanded judgment. An anxious pause ensued, when Campeggio, who had hitherto listened in profound silence, rose from his chair, and, with solemn deliberation, spoke as follows:—

"I have with care and diligence examined whatever has been alleged in the King's behalf, and, indeed, the arguments are such, that I might not scruple to pronounce for the King, if two reasons did not control and curb my desire so to do. The Queen withdraws herself from the judgment of the court, having before excepted against its supposed partiality, inasmuch as she says nothing can be determined without the consent of the Pontiff. Moreover, his holiness, who is the fountain and life of honour, hath, by a special messenger, given us to understand that he has reserved this cause for his own hearing; so that if we desired to proceed with the matter, we cannot, indeed, I am sure, we may not. Therefore, I do here dissolve the court;

and I beseech those whom this cause concerns, to take in good part what I have done. I am a feeble old man, and see death so near me, that, in a matter of such great consequence, neither hope nor fear, nor any other respect, but that of the Supreme Judge, before whom I am so soon to appear, shall sway me."

The oration ended, the assembly remained in mute consternation, till the Duke of Suffolk, conscious of the King's invisible presence, started from his seat, struck the table with his fist, and exclaimed with vehemence: "It was never well with England since these cardinals sat amongst us."

Incensed at this insult, Wolsey, although aware of the danger, rose and said: "Sir, of all men living, you have the least reason to dispraise cardinals; for if I a poor cardinal had not been, you would not at this present hour have had a head upon your shoulders to make such a brag in disrepute of us, who have meant you no harm, and have given you no just cause of offence."

Campeggio's verdict led to three important consequences. It hurried on the Reformation, was the immediate cause of the disgrace and fall of the ostentatious Wolsey, and augmented the troubles of Katherine, against whom the Privy Council fulminated an edict, recommending the King to absent himself from her company, under pretence of her having lately assumed cheerfulness, not regarding the King's melancholy and discontent, which perverseness plainly showed she was the King's enemy, and likely to conspire against his royal life. They, therefore, presumed, as good and faithful subjects, to admonish him, for his own sake, to withdraw from her society, and to remove the Princess, their daughter, from her evil example. But withal, immediately after the Consistorial Court was closed, Henry took Katherine with him on a progress. Anne Boleyn accompanied the Queen, and, what is remarkable, received from her every outward show of respect and good-will. At Grafton, Campeggio took a final leave of the King, on the 19th of September, and on the following day, the disgraced Wolsey, who had accompanied the Ita-

refuge from the troubles of Scotland to the court of her brother, Henry the Eighth. Queen Margaret remained in England till May, 1517, when she returned again to Scotland. Just previous to her departure occurred that formidable insurrection of the apprentices and populace of London, which rendered the first of May, 1517, memorable in the annals of the metropolis as the "Evil May Day." The Duke of Norfolk, who was sent to quell the insurrection, hanged several of the deluded youths before their masters' doors. Two hundred and eighty others, some not more than fourteen years old, were taken prisoners, and, doubtless, would have shared the same fate, but for the intercession of Katherine, who, aided in her mission of mercy by the sister Queens of Scotland and France, flew to the King, and on her knees implored him to forgive the misguided youths. "The rioters," says Delaune, "were headed by one Lincoln, who, with a number of others, was hanged; and four hundred more, in their shirts, and bound with ropes, and halters about their necks, were carried to Westminster; but they, crying 'Mercy! mercy!' were all pardoned by the King, which clemency gained him much love."

In May, 1520, Katherine's nephew, Charles, who had recently been elected Emperor of Germany, on his passage to Flanders, approached the English coast, when, under pretence of paying his respects to the Queen, his aunt, but really to secure the friendship of Henry, and the favour of Wolsey, he landed at Dover, and proceeded to Canterbury, where the Queen and the court then were, and where this apparently accidental meeting was celebrated with feasts and rejoicings. After appointing a second meeting in Flanders, the Emperor embarked at Sandwich; and, on the fourth of May, the King, the Queen, and the court took shipping at Dover to meet Francis the First of France and his consort, at Ardres, a small town near Calais, where the nobility of both kingdoms displayed their magnificence with such emulation and profuse expense, as procured to the place of interview (an open

plain) the name of "The Field of the Cloth of Gold." Henry was lodged in a superb temporary palace, erected on the plain, whilst Francis took up his abode in the castle of Ardres. After arranging an amicable treaty, on terms advantageous to England, the two Kings met in the valley of Andern, and, after embracing, walked arm in arm into a tent of gold, which had been prepared for their reception; and from this moment commenced a jubilee such as Europe had never witnessed. One unceasing round of jousting, feasting, drinking, music, dancing, and similar amusements continued for a fortnight. Two conduits adjoining the palace continually ran with wine, which was offered without distinction to all comers. People of every grade flocked in thousands to the spectacle. Day after day came vagrants and labourers to drink and carouse, who afterwards lay stretched on the ground in brutal insensibility; and amidst these licentious excesses, Wolsey celebrated high mass, with imposing pageantry. At this solemn service, Wolsey, after having presented to the two monarchs the Gospel and the pix, which each with reverence pressed to his lips, advanced to Queen Katherine, and Claude, the Queen of France, who sat side by side in a separate oratory; but these Princesses, who really felt for each other the cordial good will which their lords only affected, instead of kissing the pix, tenderly embraced each other, as a pledge of amity, love and concord; indeed, the intercourse between Katherine and the good Queen Claude appears to have been not merely courteous, but affectionate. During the entertainment they met daily, and, at the final separation, they parted in tears.

Although there was every reason to suppose that Anna Boleyn, who was then one of the maids of honour to the French Queen, danced before Henry in the masque performed in compliment to his visit to Queen Claude, her presence as yet gave no uneasiness to Katherine. Indeed, Henry, during his continental excursion, appears, by his decorous conduct, to have justified the eulogium which Erasmus had lately bestowed on his conjugal

appearances and the opinions of the vulgar. The learned and the universities have pronounced in favour of the divorce, only the approbation of the Pope is wanting, and though that approbation might be useful to check the resentment of the Emperor, surely there is no need for your Grace to forego your rights on that account. Rather let your Majesty imitate the Princes of Germany, who have thrown off the yoke of Rome, and, with the authority of Parliament, declare yourself the head of the church within your own realm of England, which at present is a monster with two heads. But were your Grace to take into your own hands the authority now usurped by the Pope, every enormity would be rectified, the present difficulties would vanish, the royal coffers would be filled to overflowing, and the clergy, sensible that their lives and fortunes were at your disposal, would become the obsequious ministers of your will."

Henry was pleased with this advice. It flattered not only his passion for Anne Boleyn, but his thirst for wealth and greediness for power. To put it in practice, he made Cromwell one of his privy council; and, on the death of Archbishop Warham, elevated that esteemed divine, Thomas Cranmer, to the archbishopric of Canterbury, in October, 1532. He next had an interview with the King of France, but finding that monarch disinclined to effectually further his measures for a total separation from Rome, he concluded a treaty of amity with him; and about the period of January, 1533, the precise date being questionable, espoused the woman who had so long possessed his affections.*

His next object was to proceed with the divorce. To shake the resolution and weaken the power of Katherine, an act of Parliament was passed, in Febru-

* Henry justified his second marriage, before the divorce was pronounced, by declaring that he had examined the cause in the court of his own conscience, which was enlightened and directed by the Spirit of God, who possesseth and directeth the hearts of princes, and so he was convinced that he was at liberty to exercise and enjoy the benefit of God for the procreation of children, in the lawful use of matrimony, and no man ought to inveigh at this his doing.

ary, forbidding, under the penalty of premunire, appeals from the spiritual judges in England to the courts of the Pontiff. At the same time, the Convocations of Canterbury and York were assembled, and required to give opinions on the following questions: Whether or not the dispensation granted by Pope Julius rendered the marriage of Henry and Katherine binding and valid? and whether or not the consummation of Arthur's marriage had been rendered apparent? The convocations, having no desire to displease the King, declared that the Pope had no power to grant dispensations contrary to the law of God, and that the consummation of the first marriage had been as fully proved as the nature of the case would admit.

These measures taken, Cranmer, as if ignorant of the object for which he had been made archbishop, addressed two letters to the King, begging permission to hear the cause of divorce in the archiepiscopal court. The last of these letters proceeds:—"It may please, therefore, your most excellent Majesty (considerations had to the premises, and to my most bounden dutie towards your Highness, your realme, succession, and posteritie, and, for the exoneracion of my conscience towards Almighty God), to licence me according to myn office and dutie to procede to the examination, fynall determination, and judgment in the saide grete cause touching your Highness."

As a matter of course, the King assented to his request, and Katherine was cited to appear before Cranmer, at Dunstable, four miles from her residence at Amptill. On the eighth of May, the primate opened the court, and, lost the Queen should appear, and, regardless of the late statute, put in an appeal from him to the Pope, the trial was hastened, and his instructions to give judgment kept a profound secret. Two days afterwards, being Saturday, the citation was proved, and Katherine, as she did not appear, was pronounced "contumacious."

On the following Monday, she again not appearing, was pronounced "verily and manifestly contumacious," and the court proceeded with the case without

repined at her tediousness and peevishness. In truth, as her beauty declined, her health gave way, her gravity increased; and although she affected to participate in her husband's favourite amusements of feasting, hunting, and tilting, her heart was no longer in unison with the scene; and submission being a poor substitute for sympathy and animation, Henry, although he continued to dine and sup in the Queen's chamber, quitted the presence of his consort immediately the meal was dispatched, and, attended by Sir Edward Neville, Sir Francis Brian, and two or three others, went masked and disguised in the pursuit of pleasant adventures.

In 1527, the King first made known his pretended scruples regarding the validity of his marriage. Wolsey, who, from the hour he had brought the Queen's old friend, Buckingham, to the block, had lost her friendship, advised the King to sue for a divorce—advice which too well accorded with the sentiments of the inconstant King, not to be adopted with all possible dispatch. As a pretext for opening the matter of the divorce, it was pretended that, during the conference respecting the marriage of the Princess Mary, then in her eleventh year, to Francis the First, a hint had been thrown out by the Bishop of Tarbes, the French ambassador in London, that the young Princess might be illegitimate, being the issue of a marriage of doubtful validity. This story, although a fiction, answered its intended purpose. The French embassy, of whom the Bishop of Tarbes was one, arrived in England in March, 1527. In May, Henry gave them a magnificent entertainment at Greenwich, at which, after joining in the jousts and other martial exercises, and presiding at the princely banquet, he, in the disguise of a Venetian nobleman, joined in the dance, with Anne Boleyn for a partner.

During the early part of these transactions, the situation of Wolsey induced him to play a perilous game. On the one hand, he disengaged Anne Boleyn from young Percy; and through his agent, Pace, secretly procured aid to the King's suit from the vernal pen of Wake-

field, Hebrew professor at Oxford, who had before declared for the validity of the marriage with Katherine. But, on the other hand, he was really desirous of wedding his master to a French princess, to forward his own designs on the Papacy, and to cover, by the popularity of a valuable and illustrious alliance, the odium which he foresaw would be the consequence of a justly obnoxious divorce. In fact, Wolsey, who, since 1518, had been invested with the dignity of Papal Legate, and whose sole ambition it was to be seated in the chair of Rome, equally dreaded offending his King, or ruining his own reputation by openly sanctioning Henry's base designs against his virtuous consort. However, after many private consultations, Wolsey was dispatched to the continent, to settle several important matters; one of these being to break off the promised marriage of the Princess Mary with one of the royal family of France. From France Wolsey apprized Henry, by letter, of the many difficulties attending the divorce; and suggested several expedients, all tending to his own personal aggrandizement. That the King's distrust might be dispelled, he dispatched the Bishop of Bath, to explain what he stated to be the gist of the question; but when the bishop urged the difficulties foreseen by the cardinal, the King sharply answered:—"I have studied the matter myself, and found the marriage to be unlawful, *jure divino*, and undispensable. As for delay, that is of little moment; I have waited eighteen years, and, for that matter, can wait four or five more; and with respect to the Queen's supposed appeal, it is not probable that she will appeal from the judgment of the prelates of Canterbury, Rochester, Ely, and London."

"Might not she be induced to enter a convent, your Grace?" asked Bath.

"The bull is good," quickly replied Henry, "or it is naught. If it is naught, let it be so declared; and if it be good, it shall never be broken by no *byways* by me."

As Henry now, more than ever, felt convinced of the selfish designs of the cardinal, he recalled him; and in August dispatched his secretary, Knight, to Rome, to obtain a divorce.

Meanwhile Katherine, who had witnessed with a jealous eye her husband's partiality for Anne Boleyn, at last discovered his real intentions towards herself. In a fit of passion, she reproached him to his face with the baseness of his conduct, declaring that, as she had come a virgin to his bed, she would never admit that she had been living ever since in incest; and moreover, she would have, what in justice could not be denied her, the aid of foreign as well as English counsel to defend her right. Henry replied, that his only object in instituting an inquiry as to the validity of their marriage, was to satisfy the scruples of his own conscience, and secure their daughter from the brand of illegitimacy; and thus, by hypocritical dissimulation, he, after a "short tragedy," appeased the Queen.

It must be remarked, however, that at this period the interior of the Court of England presented a perpetual system of disguises and deceptions; and Katherine, whilst affecting to be the dupe of her husband's hypocritical professions, was secretly exerting her utmost energies to thwart his purpose. Although all her proceedings were narrowly watched, she contrived to send information to her nephew in Spain, and also to the archduchess in Flanders; and, to disarm the suspicion of the King and his advisers, she treated Anne Boleyn with unusual complacency; and Anne, with equal hypocrisy, testified profound respect for her mistress.

During this period of mistrust, the citizens, displeased by the interruption of their commerce with Flanders, and alarmed with threats of hostility from Austria, openly exclaimed against the divorce; and the women, to their honour, were notoriously the warm and disinterested advocates of Katherine's cause. Without entering into theological quibbles, or political speculation, they condemned, as cruel, a measure which, however disguised by sophistry and hypocrisy, was in reality only brought forward to gratify one party at the expense of the other; and for a time, such was the enthusiasm inspired by their influence, that the people protested who-

ever married the Princess Mary, should be their lawful sovereign. Meanwhile, Henry's ill-humour exploded in fury against Wolsey, who was intimidated into writing to the Pope, urging him to instantly dispatch a legate, to inquire into the legality of the marriage. But before the legate, Cardinal Campeggio, arrived, that pestilence, the sweating-sickness, became epidemic; and such was the panic created by this awful malady, that alike the physician, the confessor, and the lawyer, were in constant requisition. Henry, who saw the contagion spread amongst his own household, became seriously alarmed. He sent Anne Boleyn home to her parents, returned to the company of the Queen, with whom he fasted and daily prayed; and whilst in this devout, penitent mood, made no less than thirty wills.

When the pestilence subsided, the King's mistress again returned to court; but when the legate from Rome was expected, a sense of decency induced the King to send her away again, and live with the Queen on the same terms as if there had been no controversy between them. On the seventh of October, 1528, Campeggio arrived in London; and Katherine, to utterly discountenance the idea entertained at Rome, that she would consent to retire to a convent, adopted a gayer style of dress, encouraged music and dancing, and joined with alacrity in those pleasures she had formerly censured or rejected.

As Campeggio had been privately enjoined by the Pope, to delay giving sentence of divorce till he received fresh orders, he, on his arrival in England, began his legation by advising the King to quiet the pretended compunctions of conscience, and live in harmony with his consort. But this advice proving ineffectual, he urged the Queen to agree to the separation. Katherine, however, being as resolute in the right as her lord was in the wrong, peremptorily rejected his counsel, alleging that she was the King's lawful wife, and would remain such till declared otherwise by the Pope's sentence; besides, said she, "I have in Spain two bulles, the one being of later date than the other, but both of such

efficacy and strength, as shulde some remove all objections and cavillations."

Having paid the proper tribute to decorum, the punctilious legate, in conjunction with Wolsey, entered upon an elaborate investigation of the evidence both for and against the divorce; but his diligence was checked by the rumour of the Pope's death. This intelligence revived the hopes of Wolsey, who in an ecstasy of enthusiasm sent to Gardiner, to secure his election to the papacy; and as both Henry and the King of France had cogent motives for seconding his pretensions, letters were written, messengers dispatched, largesses promised and anticipated; when, lo! the Pope recovered, and Wolsey saw his sun of glory sink for ever.

On the eighth of November, the King called a great meeting of his judges, councillors, nobles, and others, in the great chamber of his palace at Bridewell, "and addressed them," says Hall, "in as near as I could carry away, the following words: 'Our trusty and well-beloved subjects, it is known to you that we have reigned over this realm about twenty years, during which time we have so ordered us, thank God, that no outward enemy hath oppressed you, nor taken any thing from us; nor have we invaded any realm, without obtaining victory and honour; so that we think neither you, nor your predecessors, ever lived more quietly, more wealthily, nor in more estimation, under any of our noble progenitors. But when we remember our morality, and that we must die, then we think that all our doings are clearly defaced, and worthy of no memory, if we leave you in trouble at the time of our death. For if our true heir be not known at the time of our death, see what trouble shall succeed to you and your children. The experience thereof some of you have seen, after the death of our noble grandfather, Edward the Fourth; and you all have doubtless heard what manslaughter continued in this realm between the houses of York and Lancaster, by the which dissent this realm was like to have been clean destroyed. And although it hath pleased God to send us a fair daughter, to the great comfort of

us and our beloved consort, Katherine; yet it hath been told to us by divers great clerks, that neither she is our lawful daughter, nor her mother our lawful wife * * * but that we have been living with our consort in open adultery. The last ambassadors from France declared to this effect; and said, before marrying our daughter to the Duke of Orleans, it were well done to know whether she was the King of England's lawful daughter or not, as her mother was his brother's wife, which is directly against God's law, and abominable in the eyes of man. Think you, my lords, that these words touch not my body and soul? think you that these doings do not daily and hourly trouble my conscience? Yes, we doubt not but if it were your own case, every man would seek remedy, when the peril of your soul and the loss of your inheritance are laid open to you. I protest before God, and on the word of a prince, that for this cause only, have I asked council of the greatest clerks in Christendom, and invited over the legate from Rome, as a man indifferent only to know the truth, and who will do nothing but what is upright in the sight of God. As touching the Queen, if it be adjudged by the law of God that she is my lawful wife, there was never anything more acceptable to me in my life, both for the discharge of my conscience, and also for her sake; for I assure you all, that apart from her noble parentage, she is a woman of great virtue, gentleness, and humility. Of all good qualities appertaining to nobility, she is without comparison; and if I were to marry again, presuming the marriage to be good, I would choose her before all other women; but if it be determined by judgment that our marriage was against God's judgment, and clearly void, then shall I not only sorrow the departing from so good a lady and loving companion, but much more lament and bewail that I have so long lived in adultery, to God's great displeasure, and have no true heir to inherit this realm. These be the sores that pain my mind; these be the pangs that trouble my conscience; and for these griefs I seek a

future home of his repudiated wife. Thither Katherine was taken at the commencement of 1535; and doubtless, as the evil-minded King had anticipated, the noxious vapours from the neighbouring Mere of Whittlesea greatly accelerated the decline of her health. In the winter she became so alarmingly ill, that her physician despaired of her recovery. When the King heard how sick she was, he sent a kind message to her, and the emperor's ambassador, and her intimate friend, Lady Willoughby, paid her visits of condolence. On finding death approaching, the ill-used Queen repeated a request which had often been refused, that she might see her daughter, the Princess Mary, once at least, before she died. Henry had the cruelty to refuse this last consolation to the unfortunate Katherine, who from her death-bed dictated a short letter to him. In the title she called him her dear lord, king, and husband. She advised him to attend to the salvation of his soul, forgave him all the wrongs he had done her, recommended their daughter Mary to his paternal protection, requested him to provide her three maids with suitable husbands, and pay her other servants one year's wages more than was due to them; and concluded, "lastly, I make this vow, that mine eyes desire you above all things." By her desire two copies of this epistle were made, one of which was delivered to the King, and the other to the imperial ambassador, with a request, that the emperor would extend his protection to her daughter, the Princess Mary, and reward her servants, should her husband refuse to do so.

She retained her consciousness to the last, and on the eighth of January, 1536, expired in the arms of Lady Willoughby, whilst breathing a prayer for her husband's forgiveness, and for the welfare of her beloved daughter. In her Will, she supplicates Henry to pay to her executors the monies due to her for the time past, and to permit them to retain the goods she held, that they might pay her debts and recompense her servants. She then requests that her body may be buried in a convent of Observant Friars (who had done and suffered much

for her), that five hundred masses may be said for her soul, and that some one shall, for her behoof, perform a pilgrimage to the shrine of Our Lady at Walsingham, and distribute twenty nobles in alms by the way. She bequeaths the gold collar that she brought from Spain, to the Princess Mary; and ordains that to Mrs. Blanche, be given one hundred pounds; to Mrs. Margery, to Mrs. Whyller, to Mrs. May, her physician's wife, to Mrs. Isabella, and to her faithful servant Francisco Phillippo, be given each, forty pounds. To Mistress Darrel, to Isabella de Vergas, to Mr. Whyller, to Philip, to Antony, and to Bastien, be given each, twenty pounds; to her little maids be given each, ten pounds. She also desires that to her ghostly father, to her physician, to her apothecary, to her goldsmith, and to her laundress, be paid each, one year's wages more than is due to them. In conclusion, she requests the King to cause the gowns which he holdeth of hers, to be cut up to adorn the church where she may be buried, and begs that it may please the King to give the furs cut off the gowns, to her beloved daughter the Princess Mary.

Such is the substance of the Will written by Katherine of Arragon on her death bed; a Princess who, in her dying moments, acknowledged, not only in words, but in the more substantial form of bequests, the services of her attendants and servants, even to those of her laundress. All our historians affirm, that Henry the Eighth wept over her last letter. These tears, if those of sincerity, could not have been for her unhappy fate; perhaps he mourned the departure of that brilliant hopeful season of youth, when, with a true and earnest heart, he pledged his faith to his first love; or it might be, that his new passion for Jane Seymour urged him to regret having cast aside the adored bride of his youngling manhood, to obtain an object he no longer valued. Reflections such as these might produce temporary sadness; and transient, indeed, was the sorrow of the selfish King, who, ere the remains of his deceased wife were consigned to their final resting-place, became anxious to enrich

himself by unjustly gaining possession of her property, without even fulfilling the conditions of her Will. Henry, instead of paying to Katherine's executors the arrears of five thousand pounds per year, due to her as Princess of Wales, by the advice of Riche, afterwards Lord Chancellor, on the grounds of some pretended informality, declared her Will void, caused the Bishop of Lincoln, in whose diocese she had died, to grant an administration of her goods to such persons as his grace should appoint, and on the grounds that her possessions were insufficient to pay the funeral charges, confiscated the whole. By this means did the dishonest King possess himself of the property of his injured wife, little or no part of it being appropriated as she had requested.

That the King equally disregarded Katherine's request, to be interred in a convent of Observant Friars, is evident from the following letter, circulars to the same effect being addressed to the leading personages in Kimbolton castle and neighbourhood.

"HENRY REX.

"By the King.

"Right dear and well-beloved, we grete you well, and forasmuch as it hath pleased Almighty God to call unto his mercy out of this transitorie life, the Princesse, our derest sister, the Lady Katharyne, relict, widow, and dowager, of our natural brother, Prince Arthur, of famous memorie, deceased, and that we entende to have her bodie interred according to her honor and estate, at the enterrement whereof, and for other ceremonies to be doon at her funerall, and in conveyance of the corps from Kymbolton, wher it now remayneth, to Peterborough, where the same shall be buried; it is requested to have the presence of a good number of ladies of honor. You shall understand that we have appoynted youe to be there oon of the principal mourners, and therefore desire and pray you to put yourself in redynes to be in anywise at Kymbolton, to aforsayd the twenty-fifth day of this month, and so to attende uppon the sayd corps tyll the same shall be buried, and the ceremo-

nies to be thereat done be finished; letting you further wite, that for the mourning apparail of your own person, we send you by this bearer, yards black cloth for two gentlewomen to waite upon you, yards for two gentlemen, yards for eight yeomen, yards; all which apparail ye must cause in the meane tyme to be made up as shall appertaine. And as concerning the abillment of linnen for your head and face, we shall, before the day limited, send the same unto you accordingly.

"Given under our signet, at our manor of Greenwich, the tenth daye of January.

"P.S. And for as moche as sithens the writing herof, it was thought ye should be enforced to send to London, for making of the sayd apparail; for the more expedition we thought it convenient to you, immediately on the receipt of this, to sende your servant to our trusty and well-beloved Councillor, Sir William Poulet, Knight, Comtroller of our household, living at the freres Augustines in London, aforsaid, to whom, bringing this letter with him for a certen token, that he cometh from you, the said cloth and certein lynden for yr head shall be delivered accordingle.

"To our right dear and well-beloved, the Ladye Benyngfeld."*

On the twenty-sixth of January, 1536, the remains of the truly virtuous and amiable Katherine of Arragon were conveyed in solemn procession from Kimbolton to the abbey church of Peterborough, and there interred with regal, but not imposing funeral rights. The obsequies were performed by John Chambers, the last abbot of Peterborough. No richly wrought sepulchre or finely chiselled effigy was erected to the memory of the first Queen of Henry the Eighth; but although her grave was only pointed out by a small brass plate, long since removed by the destroying hand of time, the King, at the suggestion of some of her friends, it is said, spared her resting-place from de-

* The original copy of this letter is in the possession of Sir Henry Bedingfield, Bart. of Oxborough Hall, Norfolk.

struction at the period of the suppression of the monasteries ; and in memory of her piety, learning, righteousness, and undying love, endowed and established it as the see of Peterborough. Thus, although the precise spot where her remains repose, can no longer be pointed to with accuracy, the whole of

that magnificent structure, the cathedral of Peterborough, may be viewed as the monument of Katherine of Arragon ; a Queen adored by her friends, respected by her foes, and whose moral worth and high endowments Shakespeare has portrayed with scrupulous truth and inimitable skill.





Anne Bullen.





ANNE BOLEYN,

Second Queen of Henry the Eighth.

CHAPTER I.

Birth—Descent—Parentage—Education—Goes to France as maid of honour to Queen Mary—Enters the service of Queen Claude—Her talents and accomplishments—Her proposed marriage—She returns to England—Appointed maid of honour to Queen Katherine—Regulations of the Royal Household.



THE records of no Queen Consort of England more fully exemplify the vanity of human ambition, nor are more replete with startling and romantic incidents, than those of Anne Boleyn; a queen, whose character remains to the present day a debateable point in history. By the advocates of the Reformation, whose cause she zealously supported, even her vices have been painted as virtues, whilst the opposite party have depicted her as a monster, deformed in person, and base and brutal in mind. Sanders, one of her bitterest detractors, says, "she was ill-shaped and ugly, had six fingers, a gag tooth, and a tumour under her chin, with many other unseemly things in her person. At the age of fifteen she permitted her father's butler and chaplain to have access to her person; afterwards she was sent to France, where she was kept privately in the house of a person of quality; then she went to the French court, where she led such a dissolute life

that she was called the English hackney. That the French king admired her, and from the freedoms he took with her, she was called the king's mule." These slanders, however, bear the colour of untruth upon their face. Her exquisite portrait by Holbein, in the British Museum, and from which the engraving in this work is taken, is an incontrovertible witness of her beauty; and the preceding pages will show that her moral conduct, although highly exceptionable, was, at least, not so black as her detractors would have us to suppose. Of her birth more than one idle tale has been dressed up in the sober garb of truth. The most scandalous is by Sanders, who assures the world that the King entertained a tender penchant for her mother, and to gratify his desires, sent her father, Sir Thomas Boleyn, ambassador to France. Two years afterwards, Sir Thomas returned, when finding his wife *enceinte*, he sued for a divorce in the Archbishop of Canterbury's court; but the Marquis of Dorset was sent to him, to declare that the King was the father of the child, and to request him to pass the matter over,

and be reconciled to his wife; to which he consented. "Thus," continues Sanders, "although Anne went under the name of Sir Thomas' daughter, Henry the Eighth was in reality her father." Burnet pronounces this assertion a falsehood, invented more than half a century after the death of the parties implicated, to blacken their fame, and injure the reputation of Queen Elizabeth. And when we consider, that Anne was born in 1507, the date given by Camden, or, what is more probable, 1501, as Herbert says she was twenty years old when she returned from France, we cannot for a moment put faith in this statement by Sanders; for Henry the Eighth, who was born in 1491, was at the period of Anne's birth but a mere boy. Sir Thomas Boleyn was not sent ambassador to France till 1515; and if the records of his family are to be relied on, all his children had been born previous to that date.

The family of Boleyn, Bullen, or Bolen—the name is differently spelt—was of French descent, and appears to have settled in Norfolk shortly after the Norman Conquest. Anne's great-grandfather, Geoffrey Boleyn, was apprenticed to a mercer, and became one of the most wealthy and distinguished citizens of London. Having entered the Mercers' Company, he was advanced to the dignity of Lord Mayor in 1457. For his energy, wisdom, and discretion, in preserving the peace of the city, when the partisans of the rival roses met in congress there to reconcile their differences, he was invested with the titles of knighthood. In all his undertakings he prospered, nothing he touched but turned to gold; and to crown his good fortune, he married the daughter of the lord of Hoo and Hastings. To firmly establish his family, he purchased the manor of Blinking in Norfolk, of Sir John Falstaffe, and the manor of Hever from the Chobhams in Kent; and thus, whilst he gave good portions with his daughters, who intermarried with the Cheynys, the Heydons, and the Portescues, of Norfolk, he reserved for his son an estate fully adequate to the pretensions of a noble bride, who was the fair Margaret, daughter and co-heiress of Thomas Boteler, the great Earl

of Ormond, whose ancestors had suffered in the Lancasterian cause. But conspicuous as he was for shrewd sense and enterprising perseverance, munificence and generous liberality formed equally prominent features in his character. To the poor householders of London he left the magnificent bequest of one thousand pounds, and to the poor of Norfolk a donation of two hundred pounds.

His equally fortunate, but more aspiring son, Sir William Boleyn, attached himself to the court, and was made a Knight of the Bath at the coronation of Richard the Third. Sir William succeeded in marrying his children into noble families, the most successful match being that of his son Thomas, the father of Anne Boleyn, to the Lady Elizabeth Howard, daughter of the Earl of Surrey, afterwards Duke of Norfolk. During the greater period of the reign of Henry the Seventh, Sir Thomas Boleyn lived in retirement at his paternal mansion of Rochford Hall, in Essex; but the marriage of his wife's brother, Lord Thomas Howard, with Anne, sister of the consort of Henry the Seventh, brought him into close connection with royalty. At the commencement of Henry the Eighth's reign, after being appointed a knight of the body, he was made deputy warden of the customs of Calais, and from this time he regularly took part in the toils and pleasures of the court.

Anne Boleyn was the daughter of Sir Thomas Boleyn and Elizabeth Howard. The place is no more certain than the date of her birth; history, topography, and tradition, having all referred it to Blickling Hall in Norfolk, Hever Castle in Kent, and Rochford Hall in Essex. In 1512 her mother died of puerperal fever. Her father afterwards married a Norfolk woman of mean origin; and it is not improbable that it was this second wife, and not the mother of Anne, as Sanders, perhaps by mistake, has asserted, who listened to Henry the Eighth's improper overtures. After the death of her mother, Anne resided at Hever castle, where she received a better education than usually fell to the lot of court ladies at that period.

When the peace with France was

sealed by the marriage of Henry's sister, Mary, to the King of France, Anne Boleyn was made one of Mary's four maids of honour. Anne was present when the Princess Mary was married by proxy to Louis the Twelfth, in the Grey Friars Church, Greenwich, in August 1516; and she accompanied her to Dover in the subsequent month as one of her retinue. Foul weather detained Mary at Dover till the second of October, when bidding adieu to Henry and Katherine, who had accompanied her thither, she embarked with her train at four o'clock.

Although quitting the home and the friends of her childhood, Anne Boleyn was accompanied on the voyage by her uncle the Earl of Surrey, her grandfather the Duke of Norfolk, and her father Sir Thomas Boleyn, to whom, with other nobles, was delegated the honour of delivering the Princess Mary to the French King. The voyage, though brief, was rough and perilous; a tempest scattered the little fleet, and the vessel in which Anne and the royal bride sailed, alone made the harbour of Boulogne; where, on nearing land she struck the ground with force, and shortly afterwards filled and went down. The timely arrival of boats prevented a loss of life; but scarcely had the terrified ladies set their feet on terra firma, when, although wet and exhausted, they were forced to answer, with smiles and expressions of complacency, the congratulations of the French princes and nobles, who were waiting on the beach to do homage to Mary as their future queen. After recruiting themselves at Boulogne, the fair travellers proceeded with becoming pomp to Abbeville, where, on Monday, the ninth of October, Anne assisted at the marriage of her royal mistress to Louis the Twelfth. "When the masse was done," says Hall, "there was a great banquet and fest, and the ladies of England were highly entreteyned." But on the morrow the scene was suddenly changed. To the sorrow of Mary, and to the mortification of her retinue, all the English party, with the exception of Anne Boleyn and two other ladies, were, by command of the French king, suddenly dismissed, and ordered to return home. Anne,

therefore, witnessed the pageants and jousts which took place in honour of the nuptials, and to which all the English nobility, who had not commenced their homeward journey, were freely invited.

After the death of Louis the Twelfth, Anne Boleyn, by the mediation of her former mistress, who returned to England as the bride of the man of her choice, Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, was transferred to the service of the consort of Francis the First—the virtuous Claude, a queen eminent for piety and moral rectitude. Never was the court of France more chaste than at this period. The maids of honour were prohibited the society of gentlemen, and when not attending the queen at mass, or on public occasions, their attention was wholly directed to embroidery, weaving, serious literature, the offices of religion, or other worthy pursuits. At such a court, Anne Boleyn had little temptation to step out of the right way; but as she had been treated from the hour of her birth with extraordinary distinction, and was naturally gay, giddy, self-willed and aspiring, it is a matter of surprise that we hear no complaints of her conduct at this period. That she was the most beautiful, witty and accomplished maid at court appears probable. Count de Chateaubriant, a courtier of Francis the First, says she was a talented poetess, a graceful dancer, a bewitching songstress, a skilful performer on the lute, flute, and rebec, and in dress her taste was matchless, and the model of the court.

As remarked in the previous memoir, Anne doubtless was present at the Field of the Cloth of Gold. Many of her nearest relatives were there, in particular her father and mother, her father's younger brother and his wife, Sir Edward and Lady Boleyn, her maternal uncle the Lord Edmund Howard, and indeed all her relations of the Howard line; so that it is but reasonable to conclude that she was included in the number of Queen Claud's female attendants. However she was at this period too young to have attracted the notice of Henry the Eighth, and the bright star-fire from her eyes was doubtless only darted at

the youthful bachelor noblemen amongst whom she might reasonably have expected to find a suitable husband.

In 1522, a little before the declaration of war with France, Anne returned to England. Camden, Burnet, Rapin, and some other historical writers affirm, that on the death of Claud she entered the service of the Duchess of Alençon; but it is certain if she was an attendant on that princess, it must have been prior to Claud's death, which happened in 1524, for Herbert assures us, and appeals for his assertion to "our records," that she returned to England in 1522, at the same time that our students at Paris were recalled. This statement is confirmed by Fiddes, who says that Francis the First complained to the English ambassador that "the English scholars and the daughter of Sir Thomas Boleyn should return home." Besides the war with France, there was another cause for her recall. The Boleyns and the Butlers had long disputed for the inheritance of Anne's grandfather, the late Earl of Wiltshire. To put a period to the feud, Lord Surrey suggested to the King that the son of Sir Piers Butler should marry a daughter of Sir Thomas Boleyn. Henry, after some hesitation, agreed to the proposal, and ordered Wolsey to bring about the marriage; this order was dated November, 1521, and as Mary Boleyn had been married nine months previously, Anne was recalled from France by an order which reached Paris in the beginning of the subsequent year.

When Anne Boleyn returned to England she was about twenty or twenty-two years of age: her father's first care was to procure her an appointment as one of the maids of honour to Katherine of Arragon, Queen of Henry the Eighth. In effecting this object he probably had recourse to the aid of Wolsey, who at this period governed the King by flattering his passions and administering to his pleasures, and controlled the Queen through the medium of her husband's authority.

"There was at this time," says the poet and artist Wyatt, "presented to the eye of the court, the rare and admirable

bewtie of the frish and young lady Anne Boleyn, to be attendrichte upon the queen. In this noble imp the graces of nature, graced by gracious education, seemed even at the first to have promised blis unto hereafter times; she was taken at that time to have a bewtie not so wholy cleere and fresh above all we may esteem which appeareth much more excellent by her favour passinge sweet and chearful, and thes both also increased by her noble presence of shape and fasion, representing both mildness and majesty more than can be exprest. Ther was found indeed upon the side of her naile, upon one of her fingers, some little shoue of a naile, which yet was so small by the report of those that have seen her, as the *work-maister* seemed to have it an occasion of greater grace to her hand, which with the tip of one of her other fingers might be and was usually by her hidden without any least blemish to it. Likewise ther wer said to be upon certin parts of her boddy small moles, incident to the clearest complexions, and certainly both thes were none other than might more stain their writings with note of malice than have catch at such light moles in so bright beams of bewtie than in any part shaddow it as may right well appeare by many arguments, but chiefly by the choice and exquisite judgments of many brave spirits that weer esteemed to honour the honourable parts in her, even honoured of envy itself."

"The fascination of Anne," says Miss Benger, "appears not to have resided even in her features, though of these the loveliness is almost universally acknowledged, but in her eloquent eyes, the symmetry of her form, the mingled airiness and dignity of her carriage; above all, in those indefinable charms of grace and expression which lend interest to every glance, and intelligence to every movement. Trained in the court of France, she had learned to improve her person by all those embellishments of dress which, directed by good taste, render art so powerful an auxiliary to nature. Discarding, as far as etiquette permitted, the stiff costumes of English dames, she ventured to introduce such novelties of fashion as best became her own form and

the admiration she excited, soon induced other ladies to imitate her example. But it was not only at the toilette that her taste was confessedly pre eminent; unrivalled in every captivating talent, she danced like a nymph, and not only touched the lute and virginal with a masterly hand, but accompanied them with her voice, in a strain of delicious melody. To these brilliant accomplishments she added an exquisite winningness and propriety of manners, not less rare, and even more seducing than beauty," insomuch, as Herbert says, that "when she composed her hands to play and her voice to sing, it was joined with that sweetness of countenance, that three harmonies concurred; likewise, when she danced, her rare proportions carried themselves into all the graces that belong either to rest or motions; briefly, it seems the most attractive perfections were eminent in her."

The interior of Queen Katherine's court, where, indeed, neither book, song, nor dance, beguiled the labours of tent, stitch, and tapestry, could have afforded but little to delight or amuse one of Anne's sprightly, volatile temperament. The regulations of the royal household, however, show, that although within the walls of the palace few of the more elegant conveniences and accommodations of modern life were to be found, whilst luxury and wretchedness, elegance and penury, stalked almost hand-in-

hand, the six maids of honour were, at least, provided with an abundance of the essentials of life; for their breakfast was allowed a chet loaf,* a manchet,† a chine of beef, and a gallon of ale. The brewer was enjoined not to adulterate the ale with *hops* or brimstone. The ladies dined at mess. "Seven messes of ladies," says Loyd, "dined at the same table in the great chamber; a chet loaf and manchet, ale and wine, beef and mutton, were supplied in abundance, with the addition of capons, or hens, pigeons and conies." On fast days was served up salt salmon, salted eels, whittings, gurnet, plaice, and flounders; fruit was reserved for Lent; butter was always allowed in profusion, and the ladies who were peers' daughters, had stabling allowed for their horses. Great regularity was observed in the order and rotation of meals. The gentlemen and the ladies dined in separate apartments at stated hours the year throughout, never departing from this rule but on special occasions. To the King alone belonged the prerogative to dine when he pleased. This prerogative was doubtless of importance to the epicure Henry, "who," remarks a learned author, "well understood a man and a dish, relishing, amongst other dainties, giggots of mutton or venison stopped with cloves, chickens in crituary, larks, sparrows, lamb stewed with chines of mutton, venison pasty, jelly, hippocras and cream of almonds.

CHAPTER II.

Percy falls in love with Anne—Henry's jealousy prevents the match—Percy is banished from the court and married to Mary Talbot—Anne is withdrawn from court to Hever castle—Her indignation—Henry visits her and declares his love—She at first rejects, but afterwards receives his addresses—His love letters.



HENRY first became enamoured of Anne Boleyn, cannot be stated with certainty, as only the dread of her becoming the wife of another, induced him to disclose his passion. The fair maid of

honour herself little dreaming of the conquest she had made, and utterly disregarding the desire of her family to unite her to Sir Piers Butler, lent a willing ear to the love pleadings of Lord Henry Percy, son and heir of the Earl of North-

* Fine bread purchased or not made in the family.

† A small loaf of fine home-made bread.

umberland. Percy anticipated no paternal opposition to his suit; for although in his boyhood he had been contracted by his father to Mary Talbot, a daughter of the Earl of Shrewsbury, the contract had never been ratified on his part, and to the lady he had always expressed strong aversion. Circumstances afforded the lovers the felicity of frequent meetings. Percy attended Cardinal Wolsey, in his daily visits to the palace, as one of his pages; and whilst the Cardinal was closeted with the King, the love-linked pair met in the Queen's ante-chamber, and at length reciprocated a promise of marriage. To complete their happiness, only the exercise of caution and concealment seemed necessary; but, unfortunately, Percy lacked experience, and Anne required discretion. Their secret was discovered, and whispered to the King; and Henry, in a rage of jealousy, resolved to separate Anne from his unconscious rival before he himself had any distinct idea in what manner he should attach her to his own person. Accordingly, he sent for his great favourite and adviser, Wolsey, and after angrily reverting to the love between Anne and Percy, ordered him to see that the arrangement previously entered into for the marriage between Anne and Piers Butler was not overturned. Wolsey, not suspecting the real purpose of the King, bowed complaisance; and, on returning home, sent for Percy, and after upbraiding and rebuking his folly, commanded him, as he valued life and honour, for ever to relinquish the pursuit of Anne Boleyn. Instead of submitting with deference to the will of the Cardinal, Percy, with the boldness of a sincere lover, answered by justifying his choice. "My father," said he, "cannot reasonably object to my mistress. In birth and accomplishments she is fully my equal; and though she be but a simple knight's daughter, by her mother's side she is well nigh the Norfolk blood; and her father is one of the heirs-general of the Earl of Ormond."

Incensed and alarmed at this opposition, the Cardinal rejoined: "I marvel not a little at thy folly and boldness; for in this matter thou hast greatly of-

fended the King, who, in truth, has already promised the lady to another, with whom he is certain she will be well satisfied."

At this astounding intimation, Percy burst into tears, and, in an agony of grief, implored the Cardinal to intercede with the King in his favour, protesting that his conscience would not permit him to withdraw the pledge he had given to his mistress.

"Sirrah!" said the Cardinal, in tones of anger, "the King's purpose is fixed. You must submit to his will, or incur his severest displeasure."

"Sir," exclaimed Percy, "I have no help; and, therefore, discharge my conscience of this weighty matter, and, with due deference, submit the case to me King and yourself."

"Well then," replied the Cardinal, "I will instantly summon your father from the north, and advise with him on the subject. And, mark, I charge ye, as ye would avoid the King's indignation, not to see Anne Boleyn in the meantime."

He then left the crest-fallen lover to weep over his disappointment; and, retiring to his chamber, instantly dispatched a special messenger to the north, with a positive order to make all speed, and not return without the Earl of Northumberland.

On reaching London, the no less proud than mean old Earl went to Wolsey's residence, where, after holding a private conference with the Cardinal, he took his seat on a bench at the end of the gallery, and calling to him his son, who, hat in hand, approached with dutiful submission, in the presence of the pages and the other attendants, publicly reprehended his late conduct, in the following severe language:

"Son," quoth he, "even as thou art proud, and always hast been a proud, licentious, disdainful, and a very unthrifty master, so hast thou now declared thyself. Wherefore, what joy, what comfort, what pleasure or solace shall I conceive of thee, that thus, without discretion, hast misused thyself, having neither regard to thy natural father nor unto thy natural sovereign lord, to

whom all subjects bear faithful obedience, nor yet to the wealth of thine own estate, but hast so unadvisedly assured thyself unto her, for whom thou hast purchased the King's high displeasure, intolerable for any subject to sustain; and but that his Grace doth consider the lightness of thy head, and wilful qualities of thy person, his displeasure and indignation were sufficient to cast me and all my posterity into utter ruin and destruction; but he being my singular good and favourable Prince, and my Lord Cardinal my good lord, hath and doth clearly excuse me in thy lewd fact, and doth rather lament thy lightness than malign me for the same; and hath devised an order to be taken for thee, to whom both thou and I be more bound than we be well able to consider. I pray to God that this may be unto thee a sufficient admonition to use thyself more wisely hereafter, for that, as I assure thee, if thou dost not amend thy prodigality, thou wilt be the last Earl of our house; for, of thy natural inclination, thou art disposed to be wasteful, and prodigal, and to consume all that thy progenitors have with great travail gathered and kept together with honour; but loving the King's majesty, my singular good and gracious lord, I trust I assure thee so to order my succession that ye shall consume thereof but a little; for I do not intend, I tell thee true, to make thee my heir, for, thanks be to God, I have more boys that, I trust, will prove much better, and use themselves more like world-wise and honest men, of whom I will choose the most likely to succeed me. Now, good masters and gentlemen," quoth he to the pages and the others around, "it may be your chance hereafter, when I am dead, to see these things that I have spoken to my son prove so true as I speak them, yet, in the mean season, I desire you all to be his friends, and to tell him his fault when he doth amiss, wherein ye shall show yourself friendly unto him. And here," quoth he, "I take my leave of you. And, son, go your ways into my lord your master, and attend upon him according to thy duty." And so he departed, and went

his way down the hall into his own barge.

Shortly after receiving this harsh paternal rebuke, Percy was banished from the court, and compelled by his father to marry Mary Talbot. The date of the marriage is not known, but that it took place about the close of 1523 is verified by a letter, still extant, from the Earl of Surrey to Lord Darcy, scribbled the twelfth of September, 1523, in which he states "that the marriage of my Lorde Percy shal be wt. my Lorde Steward's doghter, wherof I am right glade, and so I am sure ye be. Now the Cheff Baron is with my Lorde of Northumberland to conclude the marriage."

Meanwhile, Henry, perhaps to cloak his real designs, or to punish Anne for accepting the suit of young Percy, sent for Sir Thomas Boleyn, who, to please the King, after rating his daughter for her disobedience, withdrew her from court to the retirement of his favourite residence at Hever Castle. Unlike Percy, the ingenuous, high-spirited Anne could neither suppress nor conceal her resentment at being thus harshly dealt by. She was, however, so far from penetrating the real cause of her disappointment, that she attributed it exclusively to the Cardinal's malicious interference; and, on leaving the palace, protested, with an impetuosity which, fatally for herself, she never learnt to control, that she would not let slip the first opportunity to requite the injury. That Anne, at this period, should not divine the true source of her disappointment, is not surprising, as even her father's sagacity appears not to have penetrated the mystery, he having, it is said, attributed the royal interposition solely to the spirit of domination which he had long remarked in his jealous Sovereign's character, of whom Sir Thomas More, whilst chancellor, too justly predicted, that he would even strike off a favourite's head if it obstructed his views of advantage.

Sir Thomas Boleyn, however, became convinced of the real designs of his Sovereign, when the King, on a frivolous pretext, which ill disguised his real errand, paid a secret and unexpected

visit to Hever Castle. But Henry was greatly disappointed in his expectation of obtaining a glimpse of Anne, for, under the plea of indisposition, she was shut up in her chamber till after the King's departure. Whether her own indignation or her father's policy prevented her from offering her homage to the enamoured tyrant, has not been recorded; and, indeed, so little is known as to the sentiments or the conduct of Anne towards the King, till their marriage appeared almost certain, that nothing like a connected circumstantial account of the rise and progress of their courtship can be given.

The elevation of Sir Thomas Boleyn to the peerage, by the title of Viscount Rochford, in June, 1525, the conferring on him the office of treasurer of the royal household, the advancement of most of his relations, the return of Anne to court, in 1527, and the valuable offerings of jewels which she accepted from the King, and wore without reserve, must certainly now have assured both her and her immediate relations of the King's real intentions towards her. Yet she still affected to be wholly free from suspicion; and when Henry, encouraged by this forbearance, ventured on an undisguised avowal of his passion, she answered: "I am too good to be your mistress—I cannot be your wife; therefore, I beseech your Grace, never again to broach the subject." This answer only fanned the flame of the King's desires, as the following four letters, addressed by the royal wooer to his mistress, evince. The original copies are in French: they were stolen by some treacherous domestic from Anne's cabinet, and conveyed to the Vatican at Rome; and although, as they are without date, their arrangement may be a matter of opinion, there is little doubt that they were written antecedent to the commencement of the divorce.

"MY MISTRESS AND FRIEND,

"I and my heart put ourselves into your hands, begging you to recommend us to your favour, and not to let absence lessen your affection to us, for it were great pity to increase our pain,

which absence alone does sufficiently, and more than I could ever have thought, bringing to my mind a point of astronomy, which is, that the farther the sun is from us, the more scorching is its heat; so it is with our love. We are at a distance from one another, and yet it keeps its fervency, at least on my side; I hope the like on your part, assuring you that the uneasiness of absence is already too severe for me. And when I think of the continuance of that which I must of necessity suffer, it would seem intolerable to me, were it not for the firm hope I have of your unchangeable affection for me; and now to put you sometimes in mind of it, and seeing I cannot be present in person with you, I send you the nearest thing to that possible—that is, my picture set in bracelets, with the whole device, which you know already, wishing myself in their place, when it shall please you. This from the hand of

"Your servant and friend,

"H. REX."

"TO MY MISTRESS,

"Because the time seems to me very long since I have heard from you or concerning your health, the great affection I have for you has obliged me to send the bearer of this to be better informed both of your health and pleasure, particularly because, since my last parting with you, I have been told that you have entirely changed the opinion in which I left you, and that you will neither come to court with your mother, nor any other way, which report, if true, I cannot enough wonder at, being persuaded in my own mind that I have never committed any offence against you; and it seems a very small return for the great love I bear you, to be kept at a distance from the person and presence of the woman in the world that I value the most; and if you love me with as much affection as I hope you do, I am sure the distance of our two persons would be a little uneasy to you. Though this does not belong so much to the mistress as the servant, consider well, my mistress, how greatly your absence grieves me. I hope it is not your will that it should be so; but if I hear for certain

that you yourself desired it, I would do no other than complain of my ill fortune, and, by degrees, abate my great folly. And so, for want of time, I make an end of my rude letter, desiring you to give credit to the bearer of it in all that he will tell you from me.

"Written by the hand of your entire servant,

"H. R."

The next letter shows that the replies of Anne to the royal wooer were then far from satisfactory.

"By turning over in my thoughts the contents of your last letters, I have put myself into a great agony, not knowing to understand them whether to my disadvantage, as I understood some others, or not. I beseech you now, with the greatest earnestness, to let me know your whole intention as to the love between us two; for I must of necessity obtain this answer of you, having been above a whole year struck with the dart of love, and not yet sure whether I shall fail or find a place in your heart and affection. This uncertainty has hindered me of late from naming you my mistress, since you only love me with an ordinary affection; but if you please to do the duty of a true and loyal mistress, and to give up yourself, body and heart, to me, who will be, as I have been, your most loyal servant (if your rigour does not forbid me), I promise that, not only the name shall be given you, but also that I will take you for my mistress, casting off all others that are in competition with you out of my thoughts and affection, and serving you only. I beg you to give an entire answer to this my rude letter, that I may know on what and how far I may depend. But if it does not please you to answer me in writing, let me know some place where I may have it by word of mouth, and I will go thither with all my heart. No more, for fear of tiring you.

"Written by the hand of him who would willingly remain yours,
"H. REX."

That Anne sent a favourable answer

to the above epistle, is rendered probable by the next letter, which we shall quote.

"For a present so valuable, that nothing could be more (considering the whole of it), I return you my most hearty thanks, not only on account of the costly diamond, and the ship in which the solitary damsel is tossed about, but chiefly for the fine interpretation and too humble submission which your goodness hath made to me. For I think it would be very difficult for me to find an occasion to deserve it, if it was not assisted by your great humanity and favour which I have sought, do seek, and will always seek, to preserve by all the services in my power; and this is my firm intention and hope, according to the motto, *aut illic aut nullibi* (either here or nowhere). The demonstrations of your affections are such, the fine thoughts of your letters so cordially expressed, that they oblige me for ever to honour, love, and serve you sincerely, beseeching you to continue in the same firm and constant purpose; and assuring you that, on my part, I will not only make you a suitable return, but outdo you in loyalty of heart, if it be possible. I desire you also, if at any time before this I have in any sort offended you, you would give me the same absolution that you ask, assuring you that hereafter my heart shall be dedicated to you alone. I wish my body was so too. God can do it, if he pleases, to whom I pray once a day for that end, hoping that at length my prayers will be heard. I wish the time may be short, but I shall think it long till we see one another.

"Written by the hand of the secretary, who, in heart, body, and will, is

"Your loyal

"And most assured servant,
"H. R."

It is evident that neither the royal writer nor the fair receiver of these flattering love letters possessed even an ordinary sense of moral rectitude or religious duty. True it is that one of Anne's encomiasts says that her father, to whom Henry had disclosed his intentions, urged her to freely accept the proffered hand

of her Sovereign, but "that she stood still upon her guard, and was not, as we would suppose, so easily taken with all this appearance of happiness, whereof two things appeared to be the causes: the one, the love she bore ever to the Queen whom she served, that was also a personage of great virtue; and the other, her conceit that there was not that freedom of conjunction with one that was her lord and king, as with one more agreeable to her."

These remarks are but a weak apology for the blackest traits in Anne's character—a lack of moral rectitude, and a fatal ambition, which induced her to listen to the overtures of her base, wedded Sovereign, and to purchase the crown matrimonial by robbing Katherine of Arragon, one of the best of women, and the most dutiful and affectionate of consorts, of her husband, her home, and her happiness.

CHAPTER III.

Anne permits Wyatt to pay court to her—He steals her tablet—The discovery, and Henry's anger—Anne and Henry entertained at Wolsey's palace—Henry resolves to divorce Queen Katherine—Wolsey proposes to marry Henry to a French princess—His astonishment on learning the King's intentions to wed Anne—The increasing sickness; Anne seized with it—Henry's anxiety for her—Her recovery; and deceitful letters to Wolsey—She returns to court—Is sent away again against her will—Her suspicions—Henry's letters—Her London residence.



THIS period, not only did Anne lend a willing ear to the addresses of her Sovereign, but, at the same time, she overstepped the bounds of maidenly modesty by accepting the adulations of love from another married man, the poet statesman, Sir Thomas Wyatt. The following extract from a little work, published by one of the descendants of Sir Thomas Wyatt, in the seventeenth century, besides verifying our assertion, affords a curious picture of polite society at the period to which these remarks allude.

"About this time, it is said that the Knight Wyatt entertanyng talk with her (Anne Boleyn), as she was earnest at work, and sportingwise caught from her a certain small jewel, hanging by a lace out of her pocket, or otherwise loose, which he thrust into his bosom, neither with any earnest request could she obtain it from him againe. He kept it, therefore, and wore it afterwards about his neck, under his cassoque, promising to himself either to have it with her favor, or as an occasion to have talk with

her, wherein he had singular delight; and she afterwards seemed not to make much reckoning of it, either the thing not being worth much, or not worthy much striving for. The noble King having a watchful eye upon Wyatt, noting him more to hover about the lady, and she more to keepe aloof of him, was whetted the more to discover to her his affection, so as rather he liked first to try of what temper the regard of her honor was, which he finding not any way to be tainted with those things his kingly Majestie and means could bringe to the batterie, he in the end fell to win her by treaty of marriage, and in this talk took from her a ring, and that ware upon his littel finger; and yet al this with such a secrecie was carried, and on her part so wisely, as none, or very few, esteemed this other than an ordinary course of dalliance.

"Within a few days after, it happened that the King sporting himself at bowles, had in his company divers noblemen, and other courtiers of account, amongst whom might be the Duke of Suffolk, Sir F. Brian and Sir Thomas Wyatt, himself being more than ordinarily pleasantly disposed, and in his game takinge

occasion to affirm a cast to be his that plainly appeared to be otherwise, those on the other side sayd with His Grace's leave they thought not, and yet stil he pointinge with his finger whereon he wore Anne's ring, replied often it was his, and addressing himself to Wyatt especially, said, 'Wyatt, I tell the it is *mine*,' smiling upon him triumphantly withal. Wyatt at length, casting his eyes upon the King's finger, perceived that the King meant the lady whose ring that was, which he well knew. He paused a little, but finding the King who again addressed him in the same significant manner, bent to pleasure, he replied 'If it may please your majestie to give me leave to measure it, I hope it will be *mine*,' and withal took from his neck the lase wercat hung the tablet, and therewith stooped, to measure the cast, which the king espiunge knew and had seen Anne wear, and withal spurned away the bowle, and said 'It may be so, but then I am deceived,' and so broke up the game.

"This thing thus carried was not understood by many, but of some few it was. Now the King resortinge to his chamber, shewing some resentment in his countenance, found means to break this matter to Anne, who with goode and evident prooffe how the knight came by the jewel, satisfied the King so effectually, that this more confirmed the King's opinion of her truth and virtue than herself could have expected."

It must be borne in mind that this statement is from the pen of Anne's ardent admirer, Sir Thomas Wyatt himself. That the circumstance related in the anecdote actually occurred, need not be questioned; but that the King, after his selfish jealousy had been aroused, should deem Anne more true and virtuous for her coquetries, to use a mild expression, with another who was a married man, is quite beyond the pale of probability.

At this period, the King frequently resorted to Wolsey's palace, where he met Anne Boleyn, and where entertainments gorgeous as the fabled feasts of eastern poets, were expressly prepared for his reception.

"On one of these occasions," says Cavendish, "the King and his companions came disguised as shepherds, in garments made of fine cloth of gold, and fine crimson satin, and caps of the same, with visors of good proportion of *visnamy*, their hairs and beards of fine silver wire or black silk. Before this gallant company, appeared sixteen torch bearers and three drummers: when they reached the water-gate, a loud salute announced the arrival of honourable guests, and the tables were set in the chamber of presence all covered, and my Lord Cardinal sitting under the cloth of estate, there having all his service alone; and there was there set a lady and a nobleman, and a gentleman and a gentlewoman, throughout all the tables in the chamber, on the one side, which were made adjoining as it were but one table; all which order and devise was done by the Lord Sands, then Lord Chamberlain, and Sir Henry Guilford, Comptroller of the King's house. Then, immediately after this great shot of the gun, the Cardinal desired the Lord Chamberlain and the Comptroller to look what this should mean, as though he knew nothing of the matter: they looked out of the windows on to the Thames, returned again, and shewed him that it seemed they were noblemen and strangers arrived at his bridge, coming as ambassadors from some foreign prince. 'With that,' quoth the Cardinal, 'I desire you, because you can speak French, to take the pains to go into the hall, there to receive them according to their estates, and to conduct them into this chamber, where they shall see us and all these noble personages being merry at our banquet desiring them to sit down with us and to take part of our feast.

"Then went they down into the hall, where they received them with twenty new torches, and conveyed them up into the chamber with such a number of flutes and drums as I have seldom seen together at one place and time. At their arrival into the chamber two and two together, they went directly before the Cardinal where he sat, and saluted him very reverently, to whom the Lord Chamberlain for these said, 'Sir, foras-

much as they be strangers and cannot speak English, they have desired me to declare unto you that they having understanding of this your triumphant banquet, where was assembled such a number of excellent fair dames, could do no less, and under the supportation of your Grace, but to repair thither to view as well their incomparable beauty as for to accompany them at mumchaunce, and then after to dance with them, and to have of their acquaintance. And sir, furthermore they require of your grace licence to accomplish the same cause of their coming.' To whom the Cardinal said he was very well content they should do so. Then went the maskers and first saluted all the dames, and then returned to the most worthiest, and then opened their great cup of gold, filled with crowns and other pieces of gold, to whom they set certain of the pieces of gold, to cast at those pursuing all the ladies and gentlewomen, to some they lost and of others they won; and pursuing after this manner all the ladies, they returned to the Cardinal with great reverence, pouring down all the gold left in their cup, which was about two hundred crowns. 'Oh,' quoth the Cardinal, and so cast the dice and won them, whereof was made great noise and joy. Then quoth the Cardinal to my Lord Chamberlain, 'I pray you that you will show them that messemeth there should be a nobleman amongst them who is more meet to occupy this seat and place than I am, to whom I would most gladly surrender the same if I knew him.' Then spake my Lord Chamberlain to them in French, declaring my Lord Cardinal's words, and they redounding him again in the ear. the Lord Chamberlain said to the Lord Cardinal, 'Sir, they confess that amongst them there is such a noble personage, whom if your grace will point out from the rest, he is content to disclose himself and to take and accept your place most worthily.'

"With that the Cardinal taking a good advertisement amongst them, at the last quoth he, 'Messemeth the gentleman in the black beard shall be even he,' and with that he rose out of his chair, and offered the same to the gentleman in the

black beard with his cap in his hand. The person to whom he offered then his chair was Sir Edward Neville, a comely knight, of a goodly personage, that much more resembled the King's person in that mask than any other. The King hearing, and perceiving the Cardinal was deceived, could not forbear laughing, but pulled down his visor, and Master Neville's also, and dashed out such a pleasant countenance and cheer that all the noblest estates there assembled, perceiving the King to be there amongst them, rejoiced very much.

"The Cardinal eftsoons desired His Highness to take the place of estate, when the King answered, that he would go first and shift his apparel, and so departed, and went straight into my Lord Cardinal's bed chamber, where was a great fire prepared for him, and new apparelled himself with rich and princely garments. And in the time of the King's absence the dishes of the banquet were clean taken up, and the table spread again with new and clean perfumed cloaths, every man sitting still until the King's majesty with all his maskers came in amongst them, again every man new apparelled. Then the King took his seat under the cloth of estate, commanding every person to sit still as they did before. In came a new banquet before the King's majesty, and to all the rest throughout the tables, wherein I suppose were served two hundred dishes of wondrous costly devices and subtleties. Thus passed they forth the night in banquetting, dancing, and other triumphant devices, to the great comfort of the King, and pleasant regard of the nobility there assembled."

At these gorgeous fêtes, Henry invariably chose Anne Boleyn for his partner; and at the splendid farewell entertainment given to the French ambassadors at Greenwich, on the fifth of May, 1527, he publicly exhibited his preference for Anne, by dancing with her in the mask which concluded the midnight ball. About this period the question of Henry's divorce * excited the attention of his courtiers, and shortly afterwards

* See the Life of Katherine of Arragon for the particulars of the divorce.

"the King's secret matter," as his desire to cast off his Queen and wed Anne Boleyn, was named, came to the knowledge of Katherine, who, although in the height of rage she upbraided the King, made no change in her conduct towards her maid of honour. Only on one occasion, and then by a sort of caustic pleasantry, did she advert to their mutual situation. They were playing at cards in the royal presence, when Katherine observing Anne Boleyn to stop more than once on turning up a king, said, "My Lady Anne, you have good luck to stop at a king, but you are not like others, you will have all or none."

Cardinal Wolsey, little suspecting the King's real purpose in desiring to rid himself of his consort, offered his aid, and even ventured to predict success. In truth, Wolsey looked only to the political consequences of the divorce, and to perpetuate the alliance between England and France, actually went to France and entered into negotiations for a marriage between Henry and Renee, the daughter of Louis the Twelfth. In this state of ignorance the Cardinal was not long suffered to remain. His slow, cautious mode of proceeding offended the King, who recalled him, and communicated to him his firm determination to marry Anne Boleyn. This announcement overwhelmed Wolsey with astonishment. For several hours, he on his knees implored the King to desist from his purpose; but finding all efforts vain, he resolved, rather than give mortal offence to his sovereign, to urge forward the divorce, and trust the issues to the events of time. As to Anne, she already swayed the will of the English monarch, and she resolved to share his throne immediately his marriage with Katherine was lawfully annulled. Meanwhile a treatise was composed by Henry and several of his prelates, in which his case was supported by all the authority which law or custom had sanctioned since the world commenced, and by all the arguments which erudition or ingenuity could supply. A copy of this treatise was sent to the Pope, and Stephen Gardiner and Edmund Fox, the King's almoner, were commissioned to obtain a favourable

opinion of it, and to procure a decretal bull and a dispensation for the marriage of Henry and Anne from the Sovereign Pontiff. Having obtained the dispensation and some other unimportant concessions, Fox returned to England; and Anne Boleyn mistaking the papal instruments for the Pope's sanction for the divorce, vented her feelings in a tumult of joy, and overwhelmed Fox with promises of place and patronage, in gratitude for his services. Wolsey and Campeggio were appointed to try the validity of the King's marriage; but before Campeggio arrived, public business was suspended by the sudden appearance and rapid spread of that alarming epidemic, the sweating sickness. A desire to shun the contagion induced most of the nobles to shut themselves up in retirement; Henry caught the alarm, and sent Anne home to her parents at Hever; but although he rejoined his Queen, and took part with her in her daily devotions, Anne was more than ever the object of his affection. In one of his letters to her at this period, he says, "As touching your abode at Hever, you know what aire doth best suit you, but I would it were come to that, thereto if it please God that neither of us need care for that, for I assure you I think it long."

In the following letter his fears for her health are rendered apparent.

"The uneasiness my doubts about your health gave me, disturbed and frightened me exceedingly, and I should not have had any quiet, without hearing a certain account. But now since you have yet felt nothing, I hope it is with you as with us; for when we were at Walton, two ushers, two valets de chambre, and your brother, master treasurer, fell ill, and are now quite well; and since we have returned to your house at Hunsdon,* we have been perfectly well, God be praised, and have not at present one sick person in the family; and I think if you could retire from the Surrey side, as we did, you would escape all danger. There is another thing that may comfort you, which is, that in truth few or no women have been seized with this distemper,

* In Essex, purchased by the King of Sir Thomas Boleyn in 1512.

and besides no person of our court, and few elsewhere have died of it. For which reasons I beg of you, my entirely beloved, not to frighten yourself, nor to be too uneasy at our absence, for wherever I am I am yours; and yet we must submit to our misfortunes, for whoever will struggle against fate is generally but so much the further from gaining his end. Wherefore comfort yourself and take courage, and make this misfortune as easy to yourself as you can, and I hope shortly to make you sing for joy of your recal. No more at present for lack of time, but that I wish you in my arms that I might dispel your unseasonable doubts."

Amongst other victims to the pestilence was Sir William Cary, husband of Mary Boleyn, on whose behalf Anne wrote to Henry, to which he replied:

"With regard to your sister's matter, I have caused Walter Welche to write to my lord your father my mind thereon. Whereby I trust that Eve shall not have power to deceive Adam; for surely whatsoever has been said it cannot so stand with his house, but that he must needs take her his natural daughter now in her extreme necessity. No more to you at the present time, mine own darling, but I would that we were together an evening."

From this letter it is evident that there was not, as Sanders and others would have us believe, an estrangement between Anne and Mary Boleyn at this period.

In July, whilst Henry had as yet but partially overcome his dread of the infection, Anne and her father were both seized with the alarming epidemic. The King, half frantic with the intelligence, despatched Dr. Butts to her assistance, and sent her the following tender epistle, in which his feelings are forcibly expressed.

"There came to me at night the most afflicting news possible. On these accounts I have reason to grieve. First, because I heard of the sickness of my mistress, whom I esteem more than all the world, whose health I desire as much as my own, and the half of whose sickness I would willingly bear to have her

cured. Secondly, because I fear I shall suffer yet longer that tedious absence, which has hitherto given me all possible uneasiness, and, as far as I can judge, is likely to give me more. I pray God he would deliver me from so troublesome a tormentor. The third reason is, because the physician in whom I trust most is absent at present, when he could do me the greatest pleasure. For I should hope by him and his means to obtain one of my principal joys in this world, that is, my mistress cured; however, in default of him, I send you the second, and the only one left, praying God that he may soon make you well, and then I shall love him more than ever. I beseech you to be governed by his advices with relation to your illness, by your doing which I hope shortly to see you again, which will be to me a greater cordial than all the precious stones in the world.

"Written by the secretary, who is, and always will be, your loyal and most assured servant.

"H. R."

Anne's illness was of short duration; and such was her eagerness to accomplish her fatal purpose, that one of the first uses she made of her convalescence, was, with a want of sincerity that is visible in several of her letters, to forward the following epistle to the unforgiven Wolsey:—

"MY LORD, "After my most humble commendations, this shall be to give unto your grace, as I am most bound, my humble thanks for the great pain and travell that your Grace doth take in studying, by your wisdom and great diligence, how to bring to pass honourably the greatest wealth that is possible to come to any creature living, and in especially remembering how wretched and unworthy I am in comparison to his Highness. And for you I do know myself never to have deserved by my deserts that you should take these great pains for me. Yet daily of your goodness I do perceive by my friends; and though that I had not knowledge by them, the

daily proof of your deeds doth declare your words and writing towards me to be true. Now, good my Lord, your discretion may consider as yet how little it is in my power to recompense you, but all only with my good will, the which I assure you that after this matter is brought to pass, you shall find me as I am bound. In the meantime to owe you my service, and then look what thing in this world I can imagine to do you pleasure in, you shall find me the gladdest woman in the world to do it. And next unto the King's grace, of one thing I make you full promise to be assured to have it, and that is my hearty love unfeignedly during my life. And being fully determined with God's grace never to change this purpose, I make an end of this my rude and true-meant letter, praying our Lord to send you much increase of honour with long life.

"Written with the hand of her that beseeches your Grace to accept this letter as proceeding from one that is bound to be your humble and obedient servant,

"ANNE BOLEYN."

That Henry was aware of the deceit that Anne was practising toward Wolsey, is evident by the following epistle addressed to that prelate, and penned conjointly by the royal wooer and his mistress:—

"MY LORD,

"In my most humble wise that my heart can think, I desire you to pardon me, that I am so bold to trouble you with my simple and rude writing, esteeming it to proceed from her that is much desirous to learn that your Grace doth well, as I perceive by this bearer that you do, the which I pray God long to continue. I am most bound to pray, for I do know the great pains and trouble that you have taken for me both day and night is never likely to be recompensed on my part but alone in loving you, next to the King's grace, above all creatures living; and I do not doubt that the daily proofs of my deeds will manifest, declare, and affirm my writing to be true, and I do trust you do think the same. My Lord, I do assure you I do long to hear

from you news of the legate, for I hope an' they come from you they shall be very good; and I am sure you desire it as much as I do, and more if it were possible, as I know it is not. And thus remaining in a steadfast hope, I make an end of my letter, written with the hand of her that is most bounded to be."

Postscript subjoined by Henry.

"The writer of this letter would not cease till she had caused me likewise to set my hand, desiring you, though it be short, to take it in good part. I assure you there is neither of us but that greatly desires to see you, and are much more joyous to hear that you have escaped this plague so well, trusting the fury thereof to be past, especially to him who keepeth good diet, as I trust you do. The not hearing of the legate arriving in France, causes us somewhat to muse, notwithstanding we trust by your diligence and vigilance, with the assistance of Almighty God, shortly to be eased out of that trouble. No more to you at this time, but that I pray God send you good health and prosperity as the writer would. By your loving sovereign and friend,

"H. R."

Anne's duplicity increased with her desire to hasten the divorce; Wolsey she viewed as the prime agent in the matter; and although she bitterly hated him for the part he had played in depriving her of young Percy, when, to avoid the further threats and entreaties of his Sovereign, and to gain time till the arrival of Campeggio, he pretended to fall ill of the sweating sickness, she sent him an epistle, if possible, more full of deceitful protestations and flattery than those already quoted. It runs thus:

"MY LORD,

"In most humble wise that my poor heart can think, I do thank your Grace for your kind letter, and for your rich and your goodly present, the which I shall never be able to deserve without your help, of which I have hitherto had so great a plenty, that all the days of my life I am most bound of all creatures, next the King's grace, to love and serve

your Grace, of the which I beseech you never to doubt it, that ever I shall vary from this thought, so long as any breath is in my body. And, as touching your Grace's trouble with the sweat, I thank our Lord that them that I desired and prayed for are escaped, and that is the King and you; not doubting but that God has preserved you both for great causes, known only of His high wisdom. And as for the coming of the legate, I desire that much, and if it be God's pleasure, I pray Him to send this matter shortly to a good end, and then I trust, my Lord, to recompense part of your great pains. In the which, I must require you in the meantime to accept my good will in the stead of the power, the which must proceed partly from you, as our Lord knoweth, to whom I beseech to send you long life, with continuance in honour. Written with the hand of her that is most bound to be,

"Your humble and obedient servant,
"ANNA BOLEYN."

The ravages of the pestilence having subsided, Anne, thirsting for admiration and the pleasures of the palace, returned to court on the eighteenth of August. Her empire was now more confirmed than ever; and the French ambassador, who had predicted the estrangement of the King's affection during her absence, now confessed his error, and declared that Henry's mad passion for her could only be cured by the miraculous interposition of heaven.

The Queen was packed off to Greenwich with but little ceremony, and the favoured maid of honour lodged in splendid apartments adjoining those of the King. But, at this crisis, the murmurs of the nation in favour of the Queen, and the threatened insurrection in the north, seriously alarmed the King and his advisers. The prudent Lord Rochford advised that Anne should be dismissed from the court; and as Campeggio was expected from Rome, these considerations, combined with a sense of decency, now that the validity of his marriage was about to be tried, induced Henry to desire his mistress to retire for a period to her father's residence at Hever Castle.

"Whereat," says one of her contemporaries, "she smoked mightily." But as the King insisted on her departure, she left the court in a towering rage, vowing that she would never return again.

Her position at this period appeared to her to be critical. Should the King relinquish his purpose, he would still remain a king, whilst she would be ruined. Her mind was constantly on the rack. She entertained doubts of the Pope, and suspicions of Wolsey; and that something like recrimination passed between her and her royal lover, who, however, to do him justice, continued, in impassioned epistles, to transmit to her almost hourly intelligence of Campeggio's approach, is evident, by the following billet from Henry to Anne, shortly after she left court:—

"Although, my mistress, you have not been pleased to remember the promise which you made me when I was last with you, which was that I should hear news of you, and have an answer to my last letter, yet, I think, it belongs to a true servant, since otherwise he can know nothing, to send to inquire of his mistress' health; and for to acquit myself of the office of a true servant, I send you this letter, begging you to give me an account of the state you are in, which, I pray God, may continue as long in prosperity as I wish my own.

"H. R."

Campeggio's arrival at Paris, he thus announces to her:—

"The reasonable requests of your last letter, with the pleasure I also take to know them, causes me to send you now this news. The legate which we most desire arrived at Paris on Sunday or Monday last past, so that I trust, by the next Monday, to hear of his arrival at Calais; and then I trust, within a while after, to enjoy that which I have so long longed for, to God's pleasure, and both our comforts."

Campeggio, being aged and diseased, reached London in such a state of suffering and weakness, that he was carried on a litter to his lodgings, where, for some time, he was confined to his bed. Frequent fits of the gout, and the false

rumour of the Pope's death, retarded his endeavours to open the legatine court. Anne's impatience accused the Cardinal of wilful delay, which so irritated Henry, who at this period believed in Campeggio's intentions to, at all hazards, pronounce in favour of the divorce, that he sent her the following mild reproof:—

"To inform you what joy it is to me to understand of your conformableness with reason, and of the suppressing of your inutile and vain thoughts and fantasies with the bridle of reason, I assure you all the goodness of this world could not counterpoise for my satisfaction in the knowledge and certainty thereof. Therefore, good sweetheart, continue the same, not only in this, but in all your doings hereafter, for whereby shall come both to you and me the greatest quietness that may be in this world. The cause why the bearer stays so long, is the gear I have had to dress for you, which I trust ere long to see you occupy; and then I trust to occupy yours, which shall be recompence enough to me for all my pains and labour. The unfeigned sickness of this well-willing legate doth somewhat retard this access to your person; but I trust verily, when God shall send him health, he will with diligence recompence his demur. For I know well where he hath said (fomenting the saying and bruit noise that he is deemed imperial), that it shall be well known in this matter that he is not imperial. And this, for lack of time, farewell.

"H. R."

As Anne was dissatisfied with Durham House, a stately building in the Strand, pleasantly situated on the banks of the Thames, which the King had already bestowed upon her or her father, Henry, in his solicitude for her return to court, employed Wolsey to secure for her Suffolk House, a splendid mansion near to the Cardinal's favourite residence at Whitehall, then known as York House. The allusion to gear in the above letter doubtless applies to the furnishing and fitting-up of Suffolk House;

and in another epistle to Anne, the King announces his success in securing that noble mansion, in the following words:

"Darling, as touching a lodging for you, we have gotten one by my Lord Cardinal's means, the like whereof could not have been found hereabouts for all causes, as this bearer shall more show you."

The next letter Henry evidently penned to soothe the impatience of his mistress, and to hasten her arrival in London.

"The approach of the time which I have so long expected, rejoices me so much, that it seems almost really come. However, the entire accomplishment cannot be till the two persons meet, which meeting is more desired by me than any thing in this world; for what joy can be greater upon earth than to have the company of her who is my dearest friend, knowing likewise that she does the same on her part, the thinking on which gives great pleasure. You may judge what effect the presence of that person must have on me, whose absence has made a greater wound in my heart than either words or writing can express, and which nothing can cure but her return. I beg you, dear mistress, to tell your father from me that I desire him to hasten the appointment by two days, that he may be in court before the old term, or, at furthest, on the day prefixed, for otherwise I shall think him not inclined to do the lovers' turn, as he said he would, nor to answer my expectation. No more at present, for want of time, hoping shortly that, by word of mouth, I shall tell you the rest of my sufferings from your absence.

"H. R."

Anne's propensity to tattle, and boast of her ascendancy over the King, caused Henry no little uneasiness; the mildness of his reproof, when he learned that what he had written to her in confidence, was well known in London, is, considering the offence, a proof that Henry, if a selfish husband, was, at least, an indulgent lover. He says:

"DARLING,

"I heartily recommend me to you, ascertaining you, that I am a little perplexed with such things as your brother shall, on my part, declare unto you, to whom, I pray, you will give full credit, for it were too long to write. In my last letters I writ to you that I trusted shortly to see you, which is bet-

ter known at London than any that is about me; wherefore I not a little marvel, but lack of discreet handling must needs be the cause thereof. No more to you at this time, but that I trust, shortly our meeting shall not depend upon other men's light handling, but upon your own. Writ by the hand of him that longs to be yours."

CHAPTER IV.

Anne comes to London—Keeps Christmas at Greenwich—Writes to Gardiner—Cramp rings—Fall of Wolsey—The new cabinet—Anne's strength of character—Book of prophecies—Cromwell's bold expedient—Anne created Marchioness of Pembroke—The French Ambassador's account of Henry and Anne—Wyatt's verses to Anne—She goes with the King to France—The entertainment—The return.



N December, 1528, Anne came to London, and took up her abode in Suffolk House; where, surrounded by her nearest relations, she daily held levées, dispensed patronage, assumed all the pomp of royalty, and was honoured by the King's ministers and courtiers, and even by the foreign ambassadors, as the future Queen of England. During the Christmas festivity, Henry rejoined his Queen at Greenwich; and Anne, with a lack of delicacy, and an indiscretion truly remarkable, excited the suspicion even of her friends, by accompanying the King thither. She occupied apartments away from those of the Queen; but this only rendered her position more doubtful and objectionable, and gave at least an appearance of probability to the now widely circulated rumours, that she already shared her bed with the King.

When Gardiner was again despatched to Rome, to plead for the divorce, in the spring of 1529, Anne made him a present of some cramp rings,* and as-

sured him of her friendship in the following kind-worded epistle:—

"MR. STEPHEN,†

"I thank you for my letter, wherein I perceive the willing and faithful mind that you have to do me pleasure, not doubting, but as much as is possible for man's wit to imagine you will do. I pray God to send you well to speed in all your matters, so that you will put me to the study how to reward your high service. I do trust in God you shall not repent it, and that the end of this journey shall be more pleasant to me than your first, for that was but a rejoicing hope, which ceasing, the lack of it does put me to the more pain, and they that are partakers with me as you do know. And therefore, I do trust, that this hard beginning shall make the better ending.

"Mr. Stephen, I send you here cramp rings, for you and Mr. Gregory (Cassali), and Mr. Peter, praying you to distribute them as you think best; and have me recommended heartily to them both, as she (I), that you may as-

* These rings were of metal, and after the Queen had consecrated them with great and solemn ceremony, they were deemed a certain cure for the cramp. Like the galvanic

rings of the present day, their efficacy may be attributed solely to the superstitious faith of the wearer, who believing himself cured, was cured.

† Stephen was Gardiner's Christian name.

sure them, will be glad to do them any pleasure which shall lay in my power. And thus I make an end, praying God send you good health. Written at Greenwich, the fourth day of April,

"By your anxious friend,
"ANNE BOLEYN."

It is worthy of remark, that the office of consecrating the cramp rings appertained especially to the Queen; and as Anne was not yet the consort of Henry, it becomes a question how she could have become possessed of the rings which she sent to Gardiner with the above letter; perhaps the King, with a stretch of his lordly prerogative, obtained them, and gave them to her; or, what is more probable, perhaps, she already exercised all the functions of a Queen Consort. But however this may be, she at this period completely controlled the will of her lover; and, what is remarkable, Gardiner and Bonner, both bigoted Catholics, and Cranmer, a staunch Reformer, were the three most energetic ecclesiastics for the divorce, and they all owed their elevation chiefly to her patronage.

The abrupt adjournment of the consistorial court, without the object for which it had been held being obtained, increased the fire of Anne's anger against Wolsey, and determined her to compass his ruin. Not long since she had prevailed upon the King, to recall Sir Thomas Cheney, whom Wolsey had banished from the court for some offence, and prompted by this victory, she now threw off the mask, openly avowed her hostility, and eagerly seconding the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk, and her father, the Viscount Rochford, to precipitate the downfall of the minister she so bitterly hated, placed in the hands of the King, letters, which, if written by Wolsey, afford evident proofs of his duplicity. But, despite Anne's malice, Wolsey, after many disappointments, obtained permission to accompany Campeggio, when that prelate took leave of the King at Grafton. Campeggio was received with all the attention and courtesy due to his rank, whilst Wolsey found, to his sorrow, that no preparation

had been made for his reception; and although his colleague was ushered into a stately chamber, he was indebted to the kindness of Sir Henry Norris for even a temporary accommodation. When he was introduced into the presence, every courtier anticipated his disgrace; but, to their surprise, the King cordially welcomed him, and taking him familiarly by the hand, led him aside in a friendly manner, and conversed with him for some time. Wolsey dined with the ministers, the King took his midday meal in his chamber with Anne, who was so alarmed and irritated at Henry's conduct, that in the presence of the waiters she arraigned the Cardinal's mal-administration, reprobated the heavy loans he had contracted in the Sovereign's name, and declared, that had Suffolk, Norfolk, or any other nobleman, adventured but half as much, they would long ere this have lost their heads.

"Then I perceive you are not the Cardinal's friend," replied Henry, amused, or perhaps flattered, by Anne's inquisitiveness.

"Indeed, sir," she rejoined, "I have no cause, nor any that love you; no more hath your Grace, if you do but well consider his indirect and unlawful doings."

The waiters soon cleared the tables; and so little was the effect produced by this discourse upon the King, that he admitted Wolsey to a private evening conference of two hours, during which time, Anne endured by anticipation all the torments of disappointed ambition, for she believed her cause lost for ever, if Wolsey were restored to the King's confidence. Henry promised to see Wolsey again the next morning; but Anne prevented the meeting, by prevailing on the King to accompany her to view a tract of land he intended to convert into a park, since called Harewell Park; and whilst dining in this romantic retreat, extorted from him a promise that he would never more speak to the Cardinal.

A few days afterwards, Campeggio's luggage was rifled at Dover, under pretence that he was carrying away some of Wolsey's treasures, but really to search for Henry's billet-doux to Anne,

which had been abstracted from the royal cabinet at Whitehall, but which could not be found, as they had already been sent to Rome, where they may still be seen in the Vatican library, seventeen in number, but without dates.

Wolsey's fall was rapid. A false charge of premunire was brought against him. The blow, although not unexpected, plunged him in despair. He knew, he said, there was a "night crow" (meaning Anne Boleyn), that possessed the royal ear, and misrepresented the most harmless of his actions. He therefore resigned the seals, transferred to the King the whole of his property, pleaded guilty to the indictment, and threw himself without reserve on the royal mercy. He then prevailed upon Sir Henry Norris to intercede for him with his fair foe, and from time to time anxiously inquired of him, "Yf the dyspleasure of my ladye Anne be somewhat asswaged, as her favour was the only help and remedy." In allusion to his situation, the Bishop of Bayonne says in one of his letters, "I have been to visit the Cardinal in his distress, and have witnessed the most striking change of fortune. He explained to me his hard case in the worst rhetoric that ever was heard. Both his tongue and his heart failed him. He recommended himself to the pity of the King and Madame (Francis and his mother) with sighs and tears, and at last left me without saying anything near so moving as his appearance. His face is dwindled to half its natural size. In truth, his misery is such, that his enemies, Englishmen as they are, cannot help pitying him. Still they will carry things to extremities. As for his legation, the seals, his authority, &c., he thinks no more of them. He is willing to give up everything, even the shirt from his back, and live in hermitage, if the King will but desist from his displeasure." In December 1529, the Cardinal became dangerously ill, which so alarmed Henry that he exclaimed, "God forbid that he should die! I would not lose him for twenty thousand pounds." He immediately dispatched Dr. Butts and three other physicians to the Cardinal's aid,

and, as a further assurance of his unabated attachment, sent him a valuable ring, and compelled Anne Boleyn to forward him a tablet of gold for a token of reconciliation. The kindness of the King quieted the agitation of Wolsey's mind, and restored him to health; but his enemies allowed him no peace. His vicinity to the court displeased Anne and her friends; Norfolk sent him word that he would tear him with his teeth if he did not instantly depart to the north; and shortly after his departure, Anne, to satisfy her vengeance, caused him to be arrested for high treason, which so overpowered his already broken spirits, that on the twenty-ninth of November, a dysentery put a period to his existence, and saved the executioner the unpleasant office of striking off his head.

On the removal of Wolsey, a new cabinet was formed, consisting of the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk, Anne's father, Viscount Rochford, afterwards created Earl of Wiltshire, Sir Thomas More, Sir William Fitzwilliam and Dr. Stephen Gardener. These six formed the council; but, according to the report of the French ambassador, Anne Boleyn was the real minister, who through her father, and her uncle the Duke of Norfolk, ruled the cabinet, and by the exercise of her charms completely swayed the mind and will of her royal wooer. In obtaining and preserving this empire, Anne discovered more than ordinary energy and powers of understanding. Of her strength of character she is said to have given several convincing proofs. On one occasion she persuaded Henry to visit a spot in Woodstock forest, said to be haunted, and of which there was a prediction extant that the King who approached it would instantly die; and she enjoyed with him the triumph he had obtained over his superstitious fears. Another instance related by Wyatt, shows what little regard she paid to pretended prophecies.

"There was conveyed to her," says Wyatt, "a book pretending old prophecies, wherein was represented the figure of some personages with the letter H upon one, A upon another, and K upon

a third, which an expounder thereupon took upon him to interpret by the king and his wives, and to her personage certain destruction if she married the King. This book coming into her chamber, she opened, and finding the contents, called to her maid who also bore her name.

"Come hither, Nan," said she, "see here a book of prophecies, this is the King, this is the Queen mourning and wringing her hands, and this is myself with my head cut off."

"The maid answered, 'If I thought it true, though he were an Emperor I would not marry him with that condition.'

"Tut Nan," replied Anne Boleyn, 'I think the book a bauble, and for the hope I have that this realm may be happy by my issue, I am resolved to have him whatever may become of me.'"

But whatever might be Anne's desire to become the wife of Henry, the opinion of all Christendom was greatly against her, Luther and many others declared that it would even be better for the King to marry a second wife, than to dissolve his present marriage. The Pope secretly favoured this view of the case, and indeed Anne's path to the queenly chair would long have remained rugged and doubtful, had not Cromwell prevailed upon the King to adopt his bold expedient of separating the English church from the Papal See. From this time all the obstructions to the consummation of her desires fast disappeared. The King, after driving Katherine of Arragon from Windsor, made Anne his constant companion, and on the ninth of September, 1532, conferred on her the handsome sum of one thousand pounds per year for life, and created her Marchioness of Pembroke, a title rare and honourable in England, and never before conferred on any unmarried female.

The habits and manners of Henry and Anne at this period are thus described by the French ambassador, Cardinal du Bellai, "I should be unjust not to acknowledge the handsome and very friendly attentions I have received from the King and his court, and in particular the familiar intimacy to which he has admitted me. I am every day along with him hunting, he chats familiarly of his

private affairs, and takes as much trouble to make me a partaker of his sports and pleasures, as if I were in reality the superior personage. Sometimes Madam Anne joins our party, when each of them are equipt with the bow and arrows, as is, you know, the English style of hunting. Sometimes he places us both in a spot where we shall be sure to see him shoot the deer as they pass, and whenever he reaches a lodge appropriated to his servants, he alights to tell them of all the feats he has performed, and of all that he is about to do. The Lady Anne presented me with a complete hunting suit, including a hat, a bow and arrows, and a greyhound. Do not fancy I announce this gift to make you believe I am thought worthy to possess a lady's favour, I merely state it to let you see how much this prince values the friendship of our monarch, for whatever this lady does is by King Henry's suggestion."

In another letter, dated Hanwell, the Cardinal intimates how anxiously Henry desires that Anne Boleyn should be invited to his intended meeting with Francis the First. "I am convinced," proceeds du Bellai, "our sovereign, if he wished to gratify the King and Madam Anne, could devise nothing better than to authorize me to entreat that she may accompany him to Calais, to be there received and entertained with due respect. It is nevertheless desirable that there be no company of ladies, since there is always better cheer without them, but in that case it would be necessary the King of France should bring the Queen of Navarre to Boulogne, that she might in like manner receive and entertain the King of England. I shall not mention with whom this idea originates, being pledged to secrecy, but you may be well assured I do not write without authority. As to the Queen of France she is quite out of question, as he would not meet her for the world, that Spanish costume is to him as abhorrent as the very devil. The Duke of Norfolk assures me that much good may be expected to result from this interview, and that it will redound to the honour and glory of both nations. Let me, however, whisper that our King ought to exclude from his train

all imperialists, if any such there be in his court, and to take especial care that no mischievous wags, or coxcomical jesters accompany him, a species of character very detested by the English."

It was probably at this period, that Wyatt, beholding in Anne his future Queen, addressed to her the following elegant and tender verses:

"Forget not yet the tried intent
Of such a truth as I have meant,
My great travail so gladly spent—
Forget not yet.

"Forget not yet when first began
The merry life ye knew since when
The suit the service none tell can—
Forget not yet.

"Forget not yet the great assays
The cruel wrong, the scornful ways,
The painful patience and delays—
Forget not yet.

"Forget not, oh! forget not this,
How long ago have been and is
The mind that never meant amiss—
Forget not yet.

"Forget not now thine own approved,
The which so long hath thee so loved,
Whose stedfast faith yet never moved—
Forget not yet."

On the eleventh of October, Anne Boleyn, attended by the Marchioness of Derby and several other ladies of the first quality, accompanied Henry to Calais, where, on the seventeenth, Henry settled upon her lands in Herts, Somerset, Essex, and Wales; and the grand Master of France sent her a present of choice grapes, pears, and other fruit. On the twenty-first the King and his suite proceeded to Boulogne, where Francis the First, King of France, who, to the disappointment of Anne, brought no ladies with him, entertained them with gorgeous magnificence and profuse liberality. Four days afterwards the French King and his nobles accompanied the English to Calais, where they remained the same time, and were feasted and entertained with a profusion and splendour little short of that displayed in the celebrated Field of Gold.

"On Sunday at night," says Hall, "the French King supped with the King of England, in a chamber hanged with tissue raised with silver, paned with cloth of silver raised with gold, and the seams of the same were covered with brode wrethes of goldsmiths work, full of pre-

cious stones and perles. In this chamber there was a cupboard seven stages high, all full of plate gold, and no gilt plate. Besides that there hong in the said chamber ten branches of silver gilt, and ten branches all white silver, every branch hanging by a long chain of the same sute, beryng five lightes of wax. To tell the riches of the clothes of estate, the basins, and other vessels whiche were there occupied, I assure you my wit is insufficient, for there was nothing occupied that night but all of gold. The French Kyng was served three courses, and his meat dressed after the French fasion, and the King of England had like courses after the English fasion. The first course of every kind was forty dishes, the second sixty, the third seventy, which were costly and pleasant.

"After supper came in the Marchioness of Pembroke, with seven ladies in masking apparel of straunge fashion, made of cloth of gold, compassed with crimosyn tinsell satin, puffed with cloth of silver, lying lose and knit with laces of gold. These ladies were brought into the chamber by foure damoiselles apperelled in crimosin sattyn with tabardes* of pine cipres. The Lady Marchioness took the French King, the Countess of Derby took the King of Navarre, and every lady took a lorde. In dancing the King of England took away the ladies visors, so that their beaunties were shown. The French King then discovered that he had danced with Anne Boleyn, the gay and beautiful maid of honour to his first Queen." He conversed with her for some little time apart, and the next morning sent her as a present a jewel valued at fifteen thousand crowns.

"On the thirtieth of October, the two Kings departed out of Calais, and alighted on a fair green spot near Sardyng field, where the Englishmen served the Frenchmen with wine, ypcras fruit and spice abundantly. When the two Kings had communed a little, they mounted their horses, and at the very entering of the French groundes they toke

* The tabard was a sort of tunic or mantle, then in vogue, which covered the body before and behind, and reached below the loins, but opened at the sides from the shoulders downwards.

handes, and with princely countenance, loving behaviour and hartie wordes, embrased eche other and so departed."

Foul weather detained Henry and

Anne at Calais till the fourteenth of November, when a favourable wind bore them and their suite across the channel to Dover in safety.

CHAPTER V.

Anne's marriage with King Henry solemnized privately—Publicly celebrated—Katherine of Arragon divorced by Cranmer—Anne's gorgeous coronation—Her marriage opposed at home and abroad—Birth of the Princess Elizabeth—Fisher and More brought to the scaffold by Anne's malice—Her firm adherence to the Catholic faith—Encouragement to the reading of the Bible in English—Patronage of Latimer—Liberality and devotion—Persecution of Katherine—Vain triumph at her death.



HE next important incident in Anne's life, was her marriage to Henry. The time and place of this marriage is one of the most disputed points in history.

Dover, Calais, Blickling Hall, and Sope-well Nunnery have each been referred to as the spot of its celebration, whilst dates ranging from the middle of November, 1532, to the close of January, 1533, have been named as the period of its solemnization. The account, however, deemed the most reliable by all impartial writers is as follows :

Early in the morning of the twenty-fifth of January, 1533, being St. Paul's day, Dr. Boland Lee received a prompt summons to celebrate mass, in an unfrequented room in the west turret of Whitehall. There he found the King, attended by Norris and Heneage, two of the grooms of the chamber, and Anne Boleyn, accompanied by her train bearer Anne Savage, afterwards Lady Berkley. At first he objected to solemnize the marriage of Henry and Anne, but his scruples were overcome by the promise of the bishopric of Lichfield, and the false assurance that the Pope had pronounced in the King's favour, and granted a dispensation for his second marriage.

As soon as the marriage ceremony had been performed, the parties separated in silence before it was light, and the bride's brother, the Viscount Rochford, was despatched to announce the event in strict confidence to the King of France.

That the royal nuptials were performed on the above named day, and with profound secrecy, is affirmed by a letter still extant, written by Cranmer to his friend Hawkins. After detailing the coronation, Cranmer proceeds, "But nowe sir, you may nott imagine that this coronacion was before her marriage, for she was married much about Sainte Paule's daye laste as the condicion in which she is dothe well show. Notwithstanding yt hath been reported thorowte a great parte of the realme that I married her, which is plainly false for I myselfe knew not thereof a fortnyght after it was donne."

Anne remained Henry's unacknowledged bride till her pregnancy became visible, when on the twelfth of April, being Easter eve, the King acknowledged his marriage with her, gave orders that she should receive the honours due to the Queen Consort, and caused a proclamation to be issued for her coronation.

On the eighth of May, Cranmer presided at the public tribunal at Dunstable, which it was thought expedient to hold on the former marriage. The proceedings terminated May the twenty-third, when Cranmer pronounced not a divorce but a sentence that the King's marriage with Katherine, had been and was a nullity and invalid, having been contracted against the Divine law. Five days after, he gave a judicial confirmation to Henry's union with Anne Boleyn.

Whilst these harsh measures were being enacted against the unfortunate Katherine of Arragon, the preparations for Anne's magnificent coronation were brought to a close. Never before had the inauguration

of a Queen consort so excited the public attention. In former times the royal brides might have been young, beautiful and accomplished, but the object of the present spectacle was, besides all this, a woman for whose exaltation an important part of the national system had been subverted, or rather perhaps by whose ambition the shackles of popery, which for ages had bound the nation in spiritual and intellectual darkness, were burst asunder. The prelude of this solemnity, which on Whit-sunday was to be concluded, commenced on the Thursday in Easter week, with the ceremony of conducting the Queen from Greenwich to the Tower, which is thus described by Hall, Stow, and others.

In obedience to royal orders, the mayor and the leading members of the city of London took to their barges on the nineteenth of May at one o'clock, and proceeded in procession to convey the Queen from Greenwich to the Tower. The mayor and his brethren were dressed in scarlet, with massive gold chains about their neck, and those that were knights wore the collar of SS. In the mayor's barge were shalmes, shagbushes,* and divers other musical instruments, which continually made goodly harmony. Before the mayor's barge was a sort of gun boat, called a froyst or waffer, full of ordnance, in which froyst on the middle of the deck was a great red dragon who kept continually moving his frightful tail, and vomiting wild fire into the Thames; and round about the froyst stood terrible monsters and savage men casting fire, and making hideous noises, to which the ordnance in the froyst responded in one continuous roar. On the right of the mayor's barge was the bachelor's barge gaily decorated with streamers, banners, and royal devices; and on the left was another froyst, on the deck of which was a pageant in honour of Anne Boleyn. It was meant to represent her device, and consisted of a mount upon which stood a tree of gold,

* Rude wind instruments. In this reign music was greatly discouraged by the reformers, they pronounced "synging, and sayng of mass, to be but roryng, howling, whietelyng, mummyng, conjuryng, and jogelling, and the playing at the organoys, a foolish vanity."

covered with white and red roses, and with a white falcon crowned, perched on the centre of the tree, and beneath it Anne's motto *Mihi et mee*, Me and mine. The barges were all gaily bedecked with silk and cloth of gold, their sides were set full of flags and banners, and their chords were hung with innumerable little pennons, having small bells attached to their ends, which made a goodly noise as they gracefully wavered in the wind. Thus arrayed the fifty barges, representing the companies of the city of London, rode downwards to Greenwich, and there cast anchor, making great melody. At three o'clock the Queen appeared in rich cloth of gold, and attended by a bevy of damsels all elegantly attired. When she entered her barge the citizens moved theirs forward in their order. The mayor immediately preceded her, and on her right were the bachelors, whose minstrels, continuously playing their trumpets and other melodious instruments, greatly delighted her. A hundred barges belonging to the nobility followed, magnificently ornamented with silk or cloth of gold gliding on in harmonious order to measured strains of music. The river was covered with boats, the shores were lined with spectators, and it might have been supposed that London was deserted of its inhabitants, but for the innumerable multitudes collected near the Tower to witness the Queen's disembarkation, which was heralded by a discharge of artillery the most marvellous that ever was heard, but which was lost amid the shouts and answered by the spontaneous acclamations of the delighted populace, few of whom perhaps quitted the gorgeous scene indifferent to the future welfare of the woman who had that day been the object of universal curiosity and attention. On her landing, Anne was conducted by the lord chamberlain, and the officers at arms to the King, who with loving countenance received her at the postern by the water side, and kissed her, and then she turned back again and thanked the mayor and the citizens for their kindness to her on that day, and so entered the Tower.

Whilst she remained in the Tower with

the King, seventeen nobles were created Knights of the Bath, to attend her coronation. In accordance with established custom, she went in grand procession through the city on the day preceding her coronation, and never before had the ceremony been performed with such pomp, or excited such general attention. All serious business was suspended, and besides the citizens, thousands flocked from the country to witness the triumph of the woman, the history of whose romantic fortunes had been the familiar theme of conversation to every country in Europe.

"That horses should not slide on the pavement, nor the people be hurt, the high streets through which the Queene was to passe were all gravelled, from the Tower to Temple-barre, and rayled on each side; within the rayles stood the crafts, and on the other side of the streete stood the constables of the city, apparelled in velvet and silkes, with great staves in their hands, to preserve order. When the streets were somewhat ordered, the maior in a gown of crimson velvet, and a rich collar of SS, with two footmen clothed in white and red damaske, rode to the Tower, to give his attendance on the Queene, on whom the sheriffs and their officers did awaite until they came to Tower-hill, where they, taking their leave, rode down the high streets, and so went and stood by the aldermen in Cheape: meanwhile Grace-street and Cornhill were harged with fine scarlet, crimson, and other grained clothes, and, in places, with rich arras. The most part of Cheape was hanged with cloth of tissue, gold, velvet, and rich hangings, whiche made a goodly shew; and the windows were crowded with ladies and gentlemen, all anxious to beholde the Queene and her traine as they passed.

"First in order came twelve Frenchmen belonging to the French ambassador, cloathed in coats of blue velvet, with sleues of yellow and blue velvet, their horses trapped with blew sarsonet powdered with white crosses: after them marched Gentlemen, Esquires, and Knights, two and two: then came the Judges, the Knights of the Bathe, the Abbotts, the Barons, the Bishops, the

Earls and Marqueses, the Lord Chancellor of England, the Archbishop of York, the Ambassador of Venice, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the ambassador of France; after them rode two Esquires of Honour, with robes and caps of estate, representing the Dukes of Normandy and Aquitaine; then rode the Lord William Howard, with the Marshall's rod, deputy to his brother the Duke of Norfolk, Marshall of England, and on his right hand rode Charles Duke of Suffolke, for that day high constable of England, bearing the warder of silver, appertaining to the office of constableness; and all the Lords for the most part were clothed in crimson velvet, and all the Queene's servants or officers of armes in scarlet: next before the Queene rode her Chancellor, bareheaded, the serjeants and officers at armes rode on both side of the Lordes. Then came the Queene in a white litter of white cloth of gold, not covered or braided, which was drawn by two palfries clad in white damaske down to the ground, head and all, and led by her footmen; she had on a kirtle of white cloth of tissue, and a mantle of the same, furred with ermine, her hair hanging downe, but on her head she had a coif, with a circlet about it, full of rich stones; over her was borne a richly wrought canopy of cloth of gold carried by four Knights. Next after the Queene rode the Lord Browgh, her chamberlaine; then William Coffin, master of her horses, leading a spare horse, with a side-saddle trapped down with cloth of tissue: after him rode seven ladies, in rich crimson velvet, and cloth of gold on horses trapped with gold: then followed two chariots, covered with red cloth of gold; in the first chariot were the old Duchess of Norfolk and the Marchioness of Dorset; in the second, four ladies all in crimson velvet; after them rode seven ladies in the same suite, their horses trapped and all; then came the fourth chariot, all red, with eight ladies, also in crimson velvet: after whom followed thirty gentlewomen all in velvet and silke, in the livery of their ladies, on whom they gave their attendance; after them followed the garde, in coates of goldsmiths' worke,

in which order they rode forth till they came to Fenchurch, where there was a pageant of little children, apparelled like merchants, which welcomed her to the cittie, from thence she rode towards Gracechurch corner, where there was a costly and marvellous pageant, made by the merchants of the Stillyard; therein was the Mount Parnassus, with the fountain of Helicon, which was of white marble, and four streams without pipes did rise an ell high, and meet together in a little cup above the fountain, which ran with rackt Reynish wyne till night. On the fontaine sate Apollo, and at his feete Calliope; and on the sides of the mountaine sate four muses, playing on sweete instruments, and at their feete epigrams and poesies were written in golden letters, in prayse of the Queene. From thence the Queene with her traine passed to Leadenhall, where there was a goodly pageant with a tippe and heavenly rose; under the tippe was a tree of gold set on a little mountaine, environed with red roses and white; out of the tippe came down a faulcon, all white, and set upon the tree, and continually came down an angel with great melodie, and set a close crowne of golde on the faulcon's head;* and in the same pageant sate St. Ann, with all her issue beneath her; and under Mary Cleophe sate her four children, of which children one made a goodly oration to the Queene of the fruitfulness of St. Ann, and of her generation, trusting that the like fruit would come of her. Then she passed to the conduit in Cornehill, where the three Graces sat on a throne, and before it was the spring of grace, continually running wine. Before the fontaine sate a poet, who declared the property of the three ladies, each of whom gave the Queene a gift of grace.

"That done, she passed by the great conduit in Cheape, out of which ranne continually wyne, both white and claret, all that afternoone: and so she rode to the Standard, which was richly painted with images of Kinges and Queenes, and hanged with banners of armes, and

* This pageant is similar to the one previously mentioned in the water procession.

in the top was marvellous sweete harmonie both of songs and instruments.

"Then she went forward by the crosse, which was newly gilt, till she came where the aldermen stood, and then Master Baker, the recorder, came to her with low reverence, and gave to her in the name of the cittie, a thousand gold markes, in a golden purse, whiche she thankfully accepted with many good wordes, and so rode to the little conduite, where there was a rich pageant full of melody and songs, where Pallas, Juno, and Venus, by the hand of Mercuries, gave the Queen their apple of golde, divided in three, signifying wisdom, riches, and felicitie.

"As Anne entered into Paul's Gate, there was a pretty pageant, in which sate three ladies, richly cloathed, and in a circle over their heads was written in Latin, 'Proceed Queen Anne, and reign prosperously.' The lady in the midst had a tablet, in which was written, 'Come friend, and be crowned.' The lady on the right had a tablet of silver, in which was written, 'God preserve me.' The third lady had a tablet of golde, with letters of azure written, 'Confide in God.' And these ladies cast down wafers on whiche the said sentences were written. From thence the Queen passed to the east end of Paul's, where some children well apparelled, and standing on a scaffold, recited verses to her in honor of the Kinge and herself, which she highly commended, and then she came to Ludgate, which was garnished with golde and bice; and on the leads of St. Martin's church stood a queere of men and children, singing new ballets made in her praise, shes then proceeded toward Fleet-street, where the conduit was newly painted, and all the armes and angels refreshed, and the shalmes melodiously sounding. Upon the conduit was a tower with foure turrets, in each of which stood a cardinal vertue, which promised the Queene never to leave her, but always to be aiding and comforting her: in the midst of the tower closely concealed was a concert of solemn instruments, that seemed to be a heavenly noyse, and was regarded and prayed; and besides this the conduit ran wine,

claret and red, all the afternoon. Thus the Queene with her company, and the maior, rode past Temple-bar, where stood divers singing men and children, till she came to Westminster-hall, which was richly hanged with cloth of arras, and newly glazed; and in the midst of the hall she was taken out of her litter, and led up to the high dais under the cloth of estate, on whose left hand was a cupboard of ten stages high, marvellous rich and beautiful to behold. Shortly afterwards was brought to the Queene, with a solemn service, in great standing, spice-plates, a voide of spice and subtleties, with ipocrases, and other wines, which shee sent down to her ladies, and when the ladies had dranke, she gave hearty thanks to the lordes and ladies, and to the maior, and others that had given attendance on her, and then withdrew with a few ladies to Whitehall, and there shifted herself, after which she went in her barge secretly to the Kinge at his manor of Westminster, where she rested that night.

"On the following day, being Whitsunday, the 1st of June, the maior, clad in crimson velvet, with his collar, and all the aldermen and sherifes in scarlet, and the counsell of the city, took their barge at the Crane at seven in the morning and came to Westminster, to give their attendance upon the Queene: between eight and nine o'clock Anne came into the hall, and stood under the cloth of estate, and presently afterwards entered the monks of Westminster, in rich copes, and many bishops and abbots in copes and mitres; then a ray cloth was spread through the hall, the palace and the sanctuary, to the high altar of Westminster; after which the procession set forth as follows, first went Gentlemen, the Esquires, the Knights, the Aldermen of London, in clokes of scarlet over their gownes of scarlet. After them the Judges, in mantles of scarlet and coifes: then followed the Knights of the Bath, being no Lords, every man having a white lace on his left sleeve: then followed the Barons and Viscounts in robes of scarlet: after them came Earles, Marquesses, and Dukes, in robes of crimson velvet, furred with ermine, powdered

according to their degrees; after them came the Lord Chancellor in a robe of scarlet, open before, bordered with lettice; after him came the Kinge's chappell, and the monks solemnly singing, then came Abbots and Bishops mitred, then Sergeants and Officers at Armes; then the Maior of London with his mace, and Garter, in his coate of armes: then the Marques Dorset, bearing the Queen's scepter, and the Earl of Arundel, with the rod of ivory, and the dove; then the Earl of Oxford, high chamberlaine of England, bearing the crowne; after him came the Duke of Suffolk, who for that day was high steward of England, with a white rod in his hand; and the Lord William Howard, with the rod of the marshall-ship.

"Then proceeded forth the Queene, in a robe of purple velvet, furred with ermine; and over her was borne the canopy, by foure of the cinque portes all in crimson, with points of blew and red hanging over their sleeves, and the Bishops of London and Winchester bare up the lappets of the Queene's robe; and her train, which was very long, was borne by the old Duchesse of Norfolk; after her followed Ladies, in circotes of scarlet, with narrow sleeves, the breast all lettice, with barres of poudres, according to their degrees, and over that they had mantles of scarlet, furred, and every mantle had lettice about the necke, like a neckerchiefe, likewise powdered, so that by their powderings, their degrees might be knowne. Then followed Knights' wives, in gownes of scarlet, with narrow sleeves without traines, and only edged with lettice. When the Queen was thus brought to the high place erected in the midst of the church between the queere and the high altar, she was set in a riche chaire, and after she had rested awhile, shee descended to the high altar, and there prostrated herself, while the Archbishop of Canterbury said certain collects over her. Then she rose, and the Archbishop anointed her on the head and on the breast: and shee was led up agayn to her chayre, where, after divers orisons, the Archbishop placed the crown of St. Edward on her head, and delivered to her the

scepter in her right hand, and the rod of ivory, with the dove, in her left, and all the queere sung *Te Deum*, &c. ; after this the Bishop took off the crowne of St. Edward, being heavie, and placed on her heade the crowne made for her, and so went to masse; and when the offering was began, she descended downe and offered, being crowned, and so ascended up againe, and sat in her chaire till *Agnus Dei* was sung, and then she went down and kneeled before the high altar, where shee received of the Archbishop the holy sacrament, and then went up to her place againe: when mass was done, she went and offered at St. Edward's shrine, and then withdrew into a little place made for that purpose on one side of the queere. Meanwhile every duchesse put on her bonnet a coronelle of gold wrought with flowers, and every Marchionesse put on a demi-coronell of gold, wrought with flowers, and every Countesse a plaine circle of golde wrought with flowers, and every King at Armes, put on a crowne of copper and gilt, all which were worne till night.

"When the Queene had a little reposed, the company returned in the order that they set forth, and the Queene went crowned: her right hand was sustained by the Earle of Wiltshire, her father, and her left by the Lord Talbot, deputy for the Earle of Shrewsbury, and Lord Furnivall, his father. And when shee was out of the sanctuary within the pallace, the trumpets played marveyulous freshly, and thus shee was brought to Westminster-hall, and so to her withdrawing chamber. While the Queene was in her chamber, every Lord and other that ought to do service at the coronation, prepared themselves according to their dutie, the Duke of Suffolke, High Steward of England, was richly apparelled, with a long white rod in his hand; on his left hand rode the Lord William, deputy for his brother, as Earle Marshall, with the Marshall's rod, whose gown was crimson and velvet, and his horse trapper purple velvet cutt on white sattine, embroidered with white lions. The Earle of Oxford was High Chamberlain; the Earle of Essex, carver; the Earle of Sussex,

sewer; the Earle of Arundele, chiefe butler, on whom twelve citizens of London gave their attendance at the cupboard; the Earle of Darby, cup bearer; the Viscount Lisle, pantler; the Lord Burgeiny, chief larder; the Lord Bray, almener for him and his co-partners; and the Maior of Oxford kept the buttery bar; and Thomas Wyatt was chosen ewerer, for Sir Henry Wyatt, his father.

"When all these things were ready and ordered, the Queene under her canopy came into the hall, and washed, and satte down to table, under her cloth of estate: on the right side of her chaire stood the Countesse of Oxford, widow; and on her left hand stood the Countesse of Worcester, all the dinner season; at divers times they held a fine cloth before the Queene's face, when she listed to spit, or do otherwise at her pleasure; at the table's end sate the Archbishoppe of Canterbury; and on the right hand of the Queene, between the Archbishoppe and the Countesse of Oxford, stoode the Earle of Oxford with a white staff all dinner time.

"When all these things were thus ordered, came in the Duke of Suffolke, and the Lord William Howard, on horseback, and the Sergeants of Armes before them; and after them the sewer, and then the Knights of the Bathe, bringing in the first course, which was eight-and-twenty dishes, besides subtilties, and shippes made of waxe, marveyulous gorgeous to beholde, all which time of service the trumpets played goodly music. When the Queene was served two dishes, the Archbishoppe's service was set downe. After the Queene and the Archbishoppe were served, the Barons of the Ports began at the table at the right hand next the wall. Then at the table sate the Master and Clerks of Chauncerie, and beneath them other doctors and gentlemen. The table next the wall on the left hand by the cupboard, was begun by the Maior and Aldermen, the Chamberlaine and Councell of the City of London; and beneath them sate substantiall merchants, and so downwarde other worshipfull persons. At the ta-

ble on the right hand, in the midst of the hall, sate the Lord Chancellor, and other temporal Lordes; on the right, and on the left, sate Bishops and Abbots, in their parliament robes: beneath them sate Judges, Serjeants, and the King's Councill; beneath them the Knights of the Bath. At the table on the left hand, in the middle part, sate Duchesses, Marquesses, Countesses, Baronesses, in their robes, and other ladies in circotes, and gentlemwomen in gownes; all which gentlemwomen and ladies sate on the left side of the table, and none on the right side; and when all were thus sett, they were served so quickly, that it was marvellous. As touching the fare, there could be devised no more sweetly dishes nor subtilties. The Maior of London was served with four-and-twenty dishes at two courses, and so were his brethren, and such as sate at his table.

"The Queene had at her second course four-and-twenty dishes, and thirtie at the third course; and betweene the last courses, the Kinges of Armes crowned, and other officers of armes, cried *largesse* in three parts of the hall; on the right hand out of the Cloyster of St. Stephen's Chappel was made a little closet, in which the Kinge, who took no part in the entertainment, stood with divers ambassadors, to behold the service. The Duke of Suffolke and the Lord William rode oftentimes about the hall, cheering the Lordes, Ladies, and Maior, and his brethren. After they in the hall had dined, they had wafers and ipocrase, and then washed, and stood still in their places till the Queene had washed. When shee had partaken of wafers and ipocrase, and washed, and after the surnape was withdrawn, shee rose, and the Earle of Sussex brought her a void of spices and confections. After him the Maior of London brought a standing cup of golde, set in a cup of assaye of golde; after she had drunke, she gave the Maior the cups, according to the claim of the city, thanking him and his brethren for their pains. Then shee, under her canopie, departed to her chamber, and at the entry of her chamber, gave the canopie, with bells and all, to the Barons of the ports, according to

their claime, with great thanks: then the Maior of London, bearing his cup in his hand, with his brethren, went through the hall to their barge, and so did all the other noblemen and gentlemen, for it was sixe of the clocke."

On the Monday following, there were iousts in the royal tilt yard, before the King and Queen, the nobles and the city functionaries; and it is worthy of remark, that as not one of Henry's four following wives were crowned, Anne Boleyn may, in this respect, be considered as his most favoured Queen.

The coronation festivities had scarcely closed, when Henry, anxious to preserve a friendly relation with foreign powers, despatched ambassadors to the various courts of Europe, with intelligence of his marriage with Anne Boleyn, and a lengthy justification of his conduct. As might have been supposed the news created a great sensation throughout Europe; and in July, the Pope published a bull, pronouncing the marriage of Henry and Anne unlawful, and excommunicating them if they did not separate by September. In England the marriage was viewed, by the body of the people, as a gross violation of the laws of God and man. Friar Peto openly denounced it from the pulpit of the chapel royal at Greenwich, whilst the King was staying there; and in other parts of the kingdom the clergy in their sermons told the people that the King, to gratify his gross desires, had put away the good Katherine of Arragon, and now sought to establish the succession to the crown by adultery. Cardinal Pole reprehended Henry for his conduct, and called Anne "Jezebel sorceress." But although mortified by the hostile clamours of the nation, and the marked disrespect of many of the independent nobility, Anne now enjoyed all the plenitude of power, pomp and dignity, and experienced unwonted kindness from her too fickle-minded selfish husband.

Anne Boleyn had been a wife about eight months when she gave birth to the Princess Elizabeth, who afterwards ascended the throne. This event took place at Greenwich, on the seventh of September, 1533, between three and

four o'clock in the afternoon, and greatly disappointed Henry, who passionately longed for a son, and had so confidently believed the child would prove a boy, that in the circular prepared to announce Anne's accouchement to the nobility the word prince was inserted, to which the feminizing *s* was added after the infant was born. Elizabeth was christened with great pomp, and when three months old created Princess of Wales; but, to avoid confusion and repetition, these matters will be detailed in her memoir as Queen Regnant.

It appears that Anne Boleyn was not, as some zealous anti-catholic writers would have us believe, a Protestant at heart. True, Fisher and More, both staunch Papists, were by her influence brought to the scaffold; but in her eyes their crime was less the denying of Henry's supremacy over the English church, than, what had so kindled her wrath against them, their refusing, as a matter of conscience, to swear that his marriage with Catherine of Arragon was a nullity, that the Princess Mary was a bastard, and that the crown should descend to Queen Anne's heirs. Then, again, to the very day of her death she adhered to the ceremonies of the Roman Catholic rituals; and what is further remarkable, she did not intercede to avert the cruel deaths of Binley, of Byfield, of Frith, and of other early Protestant martyrs, whom, had she so pleased she might doubtless have preserved from the consuming flames. Indeed only selfish party motives induced her to espouse the cause of the Reformation, and the greatest boon the reformers obtained from her was the sanctioning and encouraging the reading of Tindal's and other translations of the Holy Scriptures, and the rescue of the celebrated Hugh Latimer from the durance to which he had been consigned by Stockesly, Bishop of London. On hearing of Latimer's imprisonment, and knowing that he was one who dared to preach as he believed, and to practise what he preached, Anne not only prevailed upon the King to restore him to life and liberty, but sending for him to court, listened with delight to his less flattering than lucid eloquent reasonings, and at

the close of the sermon, entreated him to point out whatever appeared amiss in her conduct and deportment. Latimer, despising the duplicity of the courtier, replied by seriously admonishing the Queen to inculcate the duties of religion and morality on her attendants, and to strenuously enforce her precepts by example. Pleased with the sincerity of the good pastor, Anne appointed him one of her chaplains, and afterwards procured his elevation to the Bishopric of Worcester. Under the auspices of Latimer a striking change was effected in the exterior of Anne's court. Habits of industry and application were introduced. The Queen became grave and pious, and to discountenance levity and idleness amongst her ladies, occupied her time chiefly in devotional exercise, and in assisting at the beautiful tapestry work that afterwards adorned Hampton Court; "which," says Wyatt, "was chiefly wrought by her own hand and needle. And yet," he continues, "far more rich and precious were those works in the sight of God, which she caused her maidens and those about her, daily to work in shirts and smocks for the poor; but not staying here, her eye of charity, her hand of bounty passed through the whole land, each place felt that heavenly flame burning in her—all times will remember it." In imitation of her father and Wolsey, she caused many promising youths to be educated and sent to college at her own expense. The poor in every village in England were relieved by her munificence, and with a praiseworthy wisdom and liberality, she in the last nine months of her existence distributed fourteen thousand pounds in alms.

But liberal and devout as she had now become, she ceased not to urge the King to still harass and persecute his deserted Queen, Katherine. A conviction of the instability of her position, the capricious disposition of her tyrannical lord, and the desire of the Pope's party to strengthen their dying cause by depriving her of the King's affections, and filling her place with a woman who would sway Henry for and not against them, rendered her still jealous of the Queen she

had so injured, and urged her to further acts of injustice. According to some writers, she greatly feared that Katherine, if she survived the King, would be at the head of a party sufficiently formidable to annul the act of succession, with whatever rights it had conferred on herself and her daughter Elizabeth. From these apprehensions she was relieved by the news of Katherine's death, when, with an unbecoming air of triumph, she exclaimed, "Now I am indeed a Queen!" Henry, stung with re-

morse on reading the last letter of the consort of his youth, shed tears, and out of respect to her memory, ordered his court to wear black on the day of her burial. "But Queen Anne, who," says Burnet, "expressed too much joy at her rival's death, both in her carriage and dress," instead of wearing mourning, violated the King's orders, by dressing herself in robes of yellow silk—conduct greatly to be reprehended, and which Henry doubtless considered as highly disgusting.

CHAPTER VI.

Anne discovers the King's amours with Jane Seymour—Gives birth to a dead son—Henry's anger and alienation—Anne's levity and indiscretion—Committee appointed to examine into the charges against her—The Countess of Rochford accuses her of incest—Arrest of Brereton and Smeaton; and of Rochford, Norris and Weston—The King vainly urges Norris to criminate Anne—Anne is arrested at Greenwich and carried to the Tower—She despairs—Confesses some indiscretion—Her last message and letter to the King—Condemnation of Anne's brother and the others accused of guilty intercourse with her—Smeaton's confession—Trial and condemnation of Anne—Her marriage pronounced to have been illegal from the first—Last words and execution of Rochford and the others—Dialogue between Anne and Lady Kingstone—Kingstone's letter to Cromwell—Anne's conduct at her death—Execution—Burial—Henry's object in pursuing her with insatiable hatred—Dirge written by her in prison.



T now became Anne's turn to place to her lips the poisoned chalice out of which the unfortunate Katherine had been forced to drink such deep and frequent draughts. Anne had before received intimation of her lord's inconstancy, and a few days after Katherine's burial, whilst yet in the exultation of her joy, she accidentally surprised Jane Seymour, one of her maids of honor, seated on his knee, and submitting without reluctance to his tender caresses. In an instant she discovered the bitter truth, that her prosperity was departed. She being far advanced in pregnancy, Henry, that his hopes of an heir might not be disappointed, endeavoured to soothe her; but nature sunk under the conflict of contending emotions, and after a pro-

tracted agonizing travail, she was prematurely delivered of a still born son, on the twenty-ninth of January, 1536. Henry, on learning this disappointment, instead of commiserating her sorrows, burst into her chamber in a towering rage, and with brutal reproaches laid the loss of his heir to her door. The unhappy Queen imprudently retorted, that his unkindness, and her trouble of mind about Jane Seymour had caused the calamity. These words sealed her fate; Henry, unused to reproof, muttered he would have no more boys by her, and left her to muse over the consequences of daring to reply to her lord and King in angry tones.

On recovering and finding her efforts to procure the dismissal of Jane from court futile, she secluded herself from society in Greenwich palace. Since the unpleasant meeting in her lying-in chamber, the King had withdrawn himself

all imperialists, if any such there be in his court, and to take especial care that no mischievous wags, or coxcomical jesters accompany him, a species of character utterly detested by the English."

It was probably at this period, that Wyatt, beholding in Anne his future Queen, addressed to her the following elegant and tender verses :

" Forget not yet the tried intent
Of such a truth as I have meant,
My great travail so gladly spent—
Forget not yet.

" Forget not yet when first began
The merry life ye knew since when
The suit the service none tell can—
Forget not yet.

" Forget not yet the great assays
The cruel wrong, the scornful ways,
The painful patience and delays—
Forget not yet.

" Forget not, oh ! forget not this,
How long ago have been and is
The mind that never meant amiss—
Forget not yet.

" Forget not now thine own approved,
The which so long hath thee so loved,
Whose stedfast faith yet never moved—
Forget not yet."

On the eleventh of October, Anne Boleyn, attended by the Marchioness of Derby and several other ladies of the first quality, accompanied Henry to Calais, where, on the seventeenth, Henry settled upon her lands in Herts, Somerset, Essex, and Wales ; and the grand Master of France sent her a present of choice grapes, pears, and other fruit. On the twenty-first the King and his suite proceeded to Boulogne, where Francis the First, King of France, who, to the disappointment of Anne, brought no ladies with him, entertained them with gorgeous magnificence and profuse liberality. Four days afterwards the French King and his nobles accompanied the English to Calais, where they remained the same time, and were feasted and entertained with a profusion and splendour little short of that displayed in the celebrated Field of Gold.

" On Sunday at night," says Hall, " the French King supped with the King of England, in a chamber hanged with tissue raised with silver, paned with cloth of silver raised with gold, and the seams of the same were covered with brode wrethes of goldsmithes work, full of pre-

cious stones and perles. In this chamber there was a cupboard seven stages high, all full of plate gold, and no gilt plate. Besides that there hong in the said chamber ten branches of silver gilt, and ten branches all white silver, every branch hanging by a long chain of the same sute, beryng five lightes of wax. To tell the riches of the clothes of estate, the basins, and other vessels whiche were there occupied, I assure you my wit is insufficient, for there was nothing occupied that night but all of gold. The French Kyng was served three courses, and his meat dressed after the French fasion, and the King of England had like courses after the English fasion. The first course of every kind was forty dishes, the second sixty, the third seventy, which were costly and pleasant.

" After supper came in the Marchioness of Pembroke, with seven ladies in masking apparel of straunge fashion, made of cloth of gold, compassed with crimosyn tinsell satin, puffed with cloth of silver, lying lose and knit with laces of gold. These ladies were brought into the chamber by foure damoiselles apperelled in crimosin sattyn with tabardes* of pine cipres. The Lady Marchioness took the French King, the Countess of Derby took the King of Navarre, and every lady took a lorde. In dancing the King of England took away the ladies visors, so that their beauties were shown. The French King then discovered that he had danced with Anne Boleyn, the gay and beautiful maid of honour to his first Queen." He conversed with her for some little time apart, and the next morning sent her as a present a jewel valued at fifteen thousand crowns.

" On the thirtieth of October, the two Kings departed out of Calais, and alighted on a fair green spot near Sardyng field, where the Englishmen served the Frenchmen with wine, ypcras fruit and spice abundantly. When the two Kings had communed a little, they mounted their horses, and at the very enterying of the French groundes they toke

* The tabard was a sort of tunic or mantle, then in vogue, which covered the body before and behind, and reached below the loins, but opened at the sides from the shoulders downwards.

handes, and with princely countenance, lovyng behaviour and hartie wordes, embrased eche other and so departed."

Foul weather detained Henry and

Anne at Calais till the fourteenth of November, when a favourable wind bore them and their suite across the channel to Dover in safety.

CHAPTER V.

Anne's marriage with King Henry solemnized privately—Publicly celebrated—Katherine of Arragon divorced by Cranmer—Anne's gorgeous coronation—Her marriage opposed at home and abroad—Birth of the Princess Elizabeth—Fisher and More brought to the scaffold by Anne's malice—Her firm adherence to the Catholic faith—Encouragement to the reading of the Bible in English—Patronage of Latimer—Liberality and devotion—Persecution of Katherine—Vain triumph at her death.



HE next important incident in Anne's life, was her marriage to Henry. The time and place of this marriage is one of the most disputed points in history.

Dover, Calais, Blickling Hall, and Sopeswell Nunnery have each been referred to as the spot of its celebration, whilst dates ranging from the middle of November, 1532, to the close of January, 1533, have been named as the period of its solemnization. The account, however, deemed the most reliable by all impartial writers is as follows:

Early in the morning of the twenty-fifth of January, 1533, being St. Paul's day, Dr. Roland Lee received a prompt summons to celebrate mass, in an unfrequented room in the west turret of Whitehall. There he found the King, attended by Norris and Heneage, two of the grooms of the chamber, and Anne Boleyn, accompanied by her train bearer Anne Savage, afterwards Lady Berkley. At first he objected to solemnize the marriage of Henry and Anne, but his scruples were overcome by the promise of the bishopric of Lichfield, and the false assurance that the Pope had pronounced in the King's favour, and granted a dispensation for his second marriage.

As soon as the marriage ceremony had been performed, the parties separated in silence before it was light, and the bride's brother, the Viscount Rochford, was despatched to announce the event in strict confidence to the King of France.

That the royal nuptials were performed on the above named day, and with profound secrecy, is affirmed by a letter still extant, written by Cranmer to his friend Hawkins. After detailing the coronation, Cranmer proceeds, "But nowe sir, you may nott ymagine that this coronacion was before her marriage, for she was married much about Sainte Paule's daye laste as the condicion in which she is dothe well show. Notwithstanding yt hath been reported thorowte a great parte of the realme that I married her, which is plainly false for I myselfe knew not thereof a fortnyght after it was donne."

Anne remained Henry's unacknowledged bride till her pregnancy became visible, when on the twelfth of April, being Easter eve, the King acknowledged his marriage with her, gave orders that she should receive the honours due to the Queen Consort, and caused a proclamation to be issued for her coronation.

On the eighth of May, Cranmer presided at the public tribunal at Dunstable, which it was thought expedient to hold on the former marriage. The proceedings terminated May the twenty-third, when Cranmer pronounced not a divorce but a sentence that the King's marriage with Katherine, had been and was a nullity and invalid, having been contracted against the Divine law. Five days after, he gave a judicial confirmation to Henry's union with Anne Boleyn.

Whilst these harsh measures were being enacted against the unfortunate Katherine of Arragon, the preparations for Anne's magnificent coronation were brought to a close. Never before had the inauguration

of a Queen consort so excited the public attention. In former times the royal brides might have been young, beautiful and accomplished, but the object of the present spectacle was, besides all this, a woman for whose exaltation an important part of the national system had been subverted, or rather perhaps by whose ambition the shackles of popery, which for ages had bound the nation in spiritual and intellectual darkness, were burst asunder. The prelude of this solemnity, which on Whit-sunday was to be concluded, commenced on the Thursday in Easter week, with the ceremony of conducting the Queen from Greenwich to the Tower, which is thus described by Hall, Stow, and others.

In obedience to royal orders, the mayor and the leading members of the city of London took to their barges on the nineteenth of May at one o'clock, and proceeded in procession to convey the Queen from Greenwich to the Tower. The mayor and his brethren were dressed in scarlet, with massive gold chains about their neck, and those that were knights wore the collar of SS. In the mayor's barge were shalmes, shagbushes,* and divers other musical instruments, which continually made goodly harmony. Before the mayor's barge was a sort of gun boat, called a froyst or wafter, full of ordnance, in which froyst on the middle of the deck was a great red dragon who kept continually moving his frightful tail, and vomiting wild fire into the Thames; and round about the froyst stood terrible monsters and savage men casting fire, and making hideous noises, to which the ordnance in the froyst responded in one continuous roar. On the right of the mayor's barge was the bachelor's barge gaily decorated with streamers, banners, and royal devices; and on the left was another froyst, on the deck of which was a pageant in honour of Anne Boleyn. It was meant to represent her device, and consisted of a mount upon which stood a tree of gold,

* Rude wind instruments. In this reign music was greatly discouraged by the reformers, they pronounced "synging, and saying of mass, to be but roryng, howling, whistelyng, mummyng, conjuryng, and jogellyng, and the playing at the organoye, a foolish vanity."

covered with white and red roses, and with a white falcon crowned, perched on the centre of the tree, and beneath it Anne's motto *Mibi et mee*, Me and mine. The barges were all gaily bedecked with silk and cloth of gold, their sides were set full of flags and banners, and their chords were hung with innumerable little pennons, having small bells attached to their ends, which made a goodly noise as they gracefully wavered in the wind. Thus arrayed the fifty barges, representing the companies of the city of London, rode downwards to Greenwich, and there cast anchor, making great melody. At three o'clock the Queen appeared in rich cloth of gold, and attended by a bevy of damsels all elegantly attired. When she entered her barge the citizens moved theirs forward in their order. The mayor immediately preceded her, and on her right were the bachelors, whose minstrels, continually playing their trumpets and other melodious instruments, greatly delighted her. A hundred barges belonging to the nobility followed, magnificently ornamented with silk or cloth of gold gliding on in harmonious order to measured strains of music. The river was covered with boats, the shores were lined with spectators, and it might have been supposed that London was deserted of its inhabitants, but for the innumerable multitudes collected near the Tower to witness the Queen's disembarkation, which was heralded by a discharge of artillery the most marvellous that ever was heard, but which was lost amid the shouts and answered by the spontaneous acclamations of the delighted populace, few of whom perhaps quitted the gorgeous scene indifferent to the future welfare of the woman who had that day been the object of universal curiosity and attention. On her landing, Anne was conducted by the lord chamberlain, and the officers at arms to the King, who with loving countenance received her at the postern by the water side, and kissed her, and then she turned back again and thanked the mayor and the citizens for their kindness to her on that day, and so entered the Tower.

Whilst she remained in the Tower with

the King, seventeen nobles were created Knights of the Bath, to attend her coronation. In accordance with established custom, she went in grand procession through the city on the day preceding her coronation, and never before had the ceremony been performed with such pomp, or excited such general attention. All serious business was suspended, and besides the citizens, thousands flocked from the country to witness the triumph of the woman, the history of whose romantic fortunes had been the familiar theme of conversation to every country in Europe.

"That horses should not slide on the pavement, nor the people be hurt, the high streets through which the Queene was to passe were all gravelled, from the Tower to Temple-barre, and rayled on each side; within the rayles stood the crafts, and on the other side of the streets stood the constables of the city, apparelled in velvet and silkes, with great staves in their handes, to preserve order. When the streets were somewhat ordered, the maior in a gown of crimson velvet, and a rich collar of SS, with two footmen clothed in white and red damaske, rode to the Tower, to give his attendance on the Queene, on whom the sheriffs and their officers did awaite until they came to Tower-hill, where they, taking their leave, rode down the high streets, and so went and stood by the aldermen in Cheape: meanwhile Grace-street and Cornehill were barged with fine scarlet, crimson, and other grained clothes, and, in places, with rich arras. The most part of Cheape was hang-ed with cloth of tissue, gold, velvet, and rich hangings, whiche made a goodly shew; and the windows were crowded with ladies and gentlemen, all anxious to beholde the Queene and her traine as they passed.

"First in order came twelve Frenchmen belonging to the French ambassador, cloathed in coats of blue velvet, with sleues of yellow and blue velvet, their horses trapped with blew sarsonet powdred with white crosses: after them marched Gentlemen, Esquires, and Knights, two and two: then came the Judges, the Knights of the Bathe, the Abbotts, the Barons, the Bishops, the

Earls and Marquesses, the Lord Chancellor of England, the Archbishop of York, the Ambassador of Venice, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the ambassador of France; after them rode two Esquires of Honour, with robes and caps of estate, representing the Dukes of Normandy and Aquitaine; then rode the Lord William Howard, with the Marshall's rod, deputy to his brother the Duke of Norfolk, Marshall of England, and on his righte hand rode Charles Duke of Suffolke, for that day high constable of England, bearing the wardor of silver, appertaining to the office of constableness; and all the Lords for the most part were clothed in crimson velvet, and all the Queene's servants or officers of armes in scarlet: next before the Queene rode her Chancellor, bareheaded, the serjeants and officers at armes rode on both side of the Lordes. Then came the Queene in a white litter of white cloth of gold, not covered or braided, which was drawn by two palfries clad in white damaske down to the ground, head and all, and led by her footmen; she had on a kirtle of white cloth of tissue, and a mantle of the same, furred with ermine, her hair hanging downe, but on her head she had a coif, with a circlet about it, full of rich stones; over her was borne a richly wrought canopy of cloth of gold carried by four Knights. Next after the Queene rode the Lord Browgh, her chamberlaine; then William Coffin, master of her horses, leading a spare horse, with a side-saddle trapped down with cloth of tissue: after him rode seven ladies, in rich crimson velvet, and cloth of gold on horses trapped with gold: then followed two chariots, covered with red cloth of gold; in the first chariot were the old Duchess of Norfolk and the Marchioness of Dorset; in the second, four ladies all in crimson velvet; after them rode seven ladies in the same suite, their horses trapped and all; then came the fourth chariot, all red, with eight ladies, also in crimson velvet: after whom followed thirty gentlewomen all in velvet and silke, in the livery of their ladies, on whom they gave their attendance; after them followed the garde, in coates of goldsmithes worke,

Grace's pleasure had been so pleased. Neither did I, at any time, so far forget myself in my exaltation or received queenship, but that I always looked for such an alteration as now I find, for the ground of my preferment being on no surer foundation than your Grace's fancy, the least alteration, I knew, was fit and sufficient to draw that fancy to some other subject. You have chosen me from a low estate to be your Queen and companion, far beyond my desert or desire. If, then, you found me worthy of such honour, good, your Grace, let not any light fancy or bad counsel of mine enemies withdraw your princely favour from me; neither let that stain—that unworthy stain of a disloyal heart towards your good Grace—ever cast so foul a blot on your most dutiful wife, and the infant Princess, your daughter. Try me, good King, but let me have a lawful trial; and let not my sworn enemies sit as my accusers and judges. Yea, let me receive an open trial, for my truth shall fear no open shame; then shall you see either my innocence cleared, your suspicion and conscience satisfied, the ignominy and slander of the world stopped, or my guilt openly declared. So that, whatsoever God or you may determine of me, your Grace may be free from an open censure, and mine offence being so lawfully proved, your Grace is at liberty, both before God and man, not only to execute worthy punishment on me as an unlawful wife, but to follow your affection, already settled on that party,* for whose sake I am now as I am—whose name I could some good while since have pointed unto your Grace, being not ignorant of my suspicion therein. But if you have already determined of me that not only my death, but an infamous slander must, leaving you, the enjoying of your desired happiness, then I desire of God that he will pardon your great sin therein, and likewise mine enemies, the instruments thereof, and that he will not call you to a strict account for your unprincely and cruel usage of me, at his general judgment-seat, where both you and myself must shortly appear, and in whose judgment

* *Jane Seymour.*

I doubt not, whatsoever the world may think of me, mine innocence shall be openly known and sufficiently cleared; my last and only request shall be, that myself may only bear the burden of your Grace's displeasure, and that it may not touch the innocent souls of those poor gentlemen who, as I understand, are likewise in strait imprisonment for my sake. If ever I have found favour in your sight—if ever the name of Anne Boleyn hath been pleasing in your ears—then let me obtain this request, and I will so leave to trouble your Grace any further with mine earnest prayers to the Trinity, to have your Grace in his good keeping, and to direct you in all your actions.

"From my doleful prison in the Tower, this sixth of May,

"Your most loyal and ever-faithful wife,

"ANN BULEN."

The authenticity of this beautiful letter has been repeatedly questioned. Dr. Lingard rejects it, because it bears no resemblance to the Queen's genuine letters in language, or spelling, or writing, or signature. These objections, however, appear to be ill-founded. It must have been a contemporary document, as it was found amongst Cromwell's papers. Then, as is the case with many other old writings, the orthography has been modernized. The language certainly is more elegant than that of Anne's other letters; but, as Miss Benger justly remarks, whether the letter was written by Anne herself, or by an abler pen, it seems undeniable that it contains a genuine transcript of her sentiments and feelings. The allusions to her peculiar situation are such as could scarcely have been introduced by an indifferent person. During her imprisonment, Anne was visited by the sister of Wyatt, her beloved Mrs. Margaret Lee; it is, therefore, probable that the language of the letter was polished by the poet Wyatt, who, be it observed, although not suspected of being her paramour, was, after her death, committed to the Tower for having been her friend. Lloyd says, "he got into trouble about

the affair of Queen Anne—her favour raised him, and her friendship nearly ruined him." His disgrace, however, was temporary. Henry knew his worth, and with him had no motive to be vindictive.

The letter not being in Anne's handwriting, may be accounted for by supposing it to be a copy which Cromwell had preserved, the original having for some reason been destroyed. Then, the signature, "Ann Bulen," instead of "Anna the Quene," may have been so written by the copyist, or, if the original was so signed, perhaps the fallen consort hoped to touch a tender chord of Henry's heart, by placing before his eyes the name once so dear to him.

This letter, if received by Henry, had no influence on his unrelenting mind. The council having exhausted every expedient to procure evidence, it was at length arranged that the trial should commence. Accordingly, on the twelfth of May, Norris, Weston, Brereton, and Smeaton were tried by a commission of Oyer and Terminer, in Westminster Hall. They were twice indicted, as also was the Queen; and the indictments were found by two grand juries in the counties of Kent and Middlesex, some of the crimes with which they were charged having been committed, it was alleged, in the one and some in the other of these counties.

Smeaton, in the vain hope of saving his life, pleaded guilty; the other three stoutly maintained their innocence; but the jury, as, indeed, was customary with juries in this reign, returned a verdict for the crown, and pronounced them all guilty of high treason.

The Queen's enemies still feared they had not sufficient evidence to procure her conviction. Smeaton's confession had been drawn from him by the tortures of the rack, and a false promise of a pardon; and as he might, or perhaps did, retract, he was not confronted with the Queen. Norris had been much in the King's favour, and an offer of life was made him, if he would confess to the crimes specified in the indictment, and accuse the Queen; but he generously rejected the proposal, and said, that, in his conscience, he believed her entirely

guiltless; but, for his own part, he could accuse her of nothing, and he would rather die a thousand deaths than calumniate an innocent lady.

On the fifteenth of May, the Queen and her brother, Lord Rochford, were brought to trial, before a court of their peers, in the King's Hall, within the Tower. This judicial court was selected by the King, and therefore completely devoted to his interest. It was presided over by Anne's insulting enemy, the Duke of Norfolk, as High Steward, and composed of the following twenty-six peers:—the Duke of Suffolk, the Marquis of Exeter, the Earls of Arundel, Oxford, Northumberland, Westmoreland, Derby, Worcester, Rutland, Sussex, and Huntingdon, and the Lords Audley, Delaware, Montague, Morley, Dacres, Cobham, Maltravers, Powis, Mounteagle, Clinton, Sands, Windsor, Wentworth, Burgh, and Mordaunt.

The Earl of Northumberland, Anne's juvenile lover, attended in his place, but his feelings so overcame him, that he was taken suddenly ill, and left the court before the arraignment of Anne, which did not take place till after that of her brother.

Upon what evidence the crime of incest was proved against Rochford is unknown. His unnatural wife appeared as a witness against him. And although the greatest crime brought to his door was, that he had once been seen, in the presence of company, to lean over the Queen's bed and kiss her, the jury turned a deaf ear to his able defence, and pronounced him guilty. He was then removed; and, in answer to the summons by the gentleman usher, the unhappy Queen appeared, and, followed by her female attendants, was led to the bar by the lieutenant and the constable. The indulgence of a chair was granted to her dignity or weakness.

The crimes for which she was arraigned were, that she had conspired with her brother, Lord Rochford, and with Norris, Brereton, Weston, and Smeaton, certain abominable treasons; that she had per-

* This number included but half the peerage of England—a tolerable proof that the jury was composed only of such as dared not to thwart the royal will.

mitted all five of them to a wicked and unlawful intimacy; that she had affirmed that the King did not have her heart; and had said to each of them apart and private, that she loved him better than any other man; and that, in union with them, she had plotted to take the King's life. The indictment being read, she courageously held up her hand, and pleaded Not Guilty.

As the records of her trial and conviction have mostly been carefully destroyed, the nature of the evidence cannot now be determined; indeed, we have only the statements of her friends and of her enemies to rely on; and as these are vague and contradictory, it is impossible to determine with certainty upon her guilt or innocence. Some authorities attribute the King's early suspicions to the flippant answer of a Frenchwoman in Anne's service, who, being detected in an unlawful amour, replied, "that the Queen allowed gentlemen at all hours to enter her chamber."

Burnet, after a diligent search for documents calculated to throw light upon the subject, only discovered part of a memorandum, written by Spelman, one of the judges who tried Norris and his three companions in adversity. It runs thus: "As for the evidence of this matter, it was discovered by the Lady Wingfield, who had been a servant to the Queen, and becoming on a sudden infirm some time before her death, did swear this matter to one of her" Here, unfortunately, the rest of the important information is torn out of the book. "By this, it seems," remarks Burnet, "there was no legal evidence against the Queen; and it was but a witness at second-hand who deposed what they heard the Lady Wingfield swear. Who this person was, we know not, nor what frame of mind Lady Wingfield was in when she swore it."

Wyatt says, "It would have been well if Anne's accusers and judges had not bin to be suspected of *too much power* and *no less malice*. The evidence was heard, indeed, but close enough, as enclosed in strong walls. Yet to shew the truth cannot by any force be altogether kept in holde, some belike of

those honorable personages then more perhaps for countenance of others' evil than for means, by their own authority, to doo good, did deliver out voices that caused everewhere to be muttered abroad that the Queen, in her defence, had cleared herself in a most wise and noble speech."

The part of the charge against her, that she had affirmed to her minions that the King never had her heart, and had said to each of them apart that she loved him better than any person whatsoever, was pronounced a slander of the issue begotten between her and the King. By this strained interpretation, her guilt was brought under the statute of the twenty-fifth of this reign, in which it was declared criminal to throw any slander upon the King, the Queen, or their issue. Such palpable absurdities were at that time admitted, and they were regarded by the obsequious court as a sufficient reason for sacrificing the Queen to the royal will.

Although unassisted by counsel, Anne defended herself with judgment and eloquence. But her pleadings were lost upon the jury, who had resolved, from the first, to condemn her. With Smeaton she was not confronted; and when she urged that his written confession was no real proof of her guilt, she was told that, in her case, it was so. The spectators, we are informed, fully anticipated her acquittal; but the lords, not by an unanimous vote, be it observed, but by a verdict of the majority, gave judgment against her; when, after she had laid aside the insignia of royalty, by command of the court, the Duke of Norfolk sentenced her to be burnt or beheaded, at the King's pleasure.

When this terrible doom was pronounced, Anne was not terrified, but, lifting up her hands to heaven, emphatically exclaimed: "Oh Father! oh Creator! thou art the way, and the truth, and the life—thou knowest that I have not deserved this fate!" Then, turning to her judges, she said: "My lords, I will not impugn your judgment; you may have what you deem sufficient reasons for condemning me; but they must be other than the charges produced

against me, for of them I am entirely innocent. I have always been a true and faithful wife to the King, although, perhaps, at times I have not shown him that humility and reverence his goodness to me, and the honour to which he raised me, deserved. I confess I have had jealous fancies and suspicions of him, which I had neither strength nor discretion to conceal; but God knows, and is my witness, that I never otherwise sinned against him. Think not that I say this to prolong my life; God has taught me to know how to die, and he will fortify my faith. Think not that I am so perplexed in mind as not to lay the honour of my chastity to heart when I have maintained it my whole life long. I know these, my last words, will avail me not, but to justify my honour and my chastity. As for my brother, and the others who are so unjustly condemned, I would willingly suffer many deaths to save them; but, since it so pleases the King, I shall willingly accompany them in death, with this assurance, that I shall lead an endless life with them in peace." Then, with a composed, modest air, she rose up, bowed to the lords, and was conducted out of court.

Henry, not satisfied with this cruel vengeance, was resolved entirely to annul his marriage with Anne Boleyn, and to declare her issue illegitimate. He recalled to his memory that, a little after her appearance in the English court, some attachment had been acknowledged between her and the Earl of Northumberland, then Lord Percy; but Northumberland solemnly declared that no contract or promise of marriage had passed between them, as the following letter to Cromwell shows:—

"MR. SECRETARY,

"This shall be to signify unto you that I perceive, by Sir Raynald Carnaby, that there is supposed a pre-contract between the Queen and me, whereupon I was not only heretofore examined upon my oath before the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, but also received the blessed sacrament upon the same, before the Duke of Norfolk

and other, the King's Highness' council, learned in the spiritual law, assuring you, Mr. Secretary, by the said oath and Blessed Body, which afore I received, and hereafter intend to receive, that the same may be to my damnation, if ever there were any contract or promise of marriage between her and me.

"At Newington Green, the 13th of May, in the 28th year of the reign of our sovereign, King Henry the Eighth.

"Your assured,

"NORTHUMBERLAND."

On the same day that this letter was written, Henry signed Anne's death warrant, and Cranmer lacking the courage, or the will, to oppose the unjust determination of his royal master, received Anne's confession; and, as it is supposed, under a promise either of saving her life, or of mitigating her punishment to decapitation, prevailed upon her not to oppose Henry's desire to nullify his marriage with her and to illegitimize her daughter, Elizabeth. Accordingly, on the seventeenth of May, Cranmer held a court in his house, at Lambeth, and summoned the King and Queen, for the salvation of their souls, to appear there, and show cause why a sentence of divorce should not be pronounced. The King appeared by his proctor, Dr. Sampson. The Queen was compelled to appear in person; and as the pretended trial was but a solemn mockery of the forms of justice, her proctors, Drs. Wotton and Barbour, admitted the pre-contract with Percy, and the other objections to her marriage, when Cranmer, "having previously invoked the name of Christ, and having God only before his eyes," pronounced that the marriage between Henry and Anne was, and always had been, null and void; and immediately afterwards, this decision of the Metropolitan was confirmed by the convocation and the parliament.

Much speculation has been expended on Henry's motive for this supplemental vengeance. 1. "If it were good in law," remarks Lingard, "Anne had never been married to the King, she could not, therefore, have been guilty of adultery, and consequently ought not

to be put to death for that crime. 2nd. If the same judgment were good, the act of settlement became null, because it was based on the supposition of a valid marriage; and all the treasons created by that act were at once done away. 3rd. If the act of settlement were still in force, the judgment itself, inasmuch as it "slandered and impugned the marriage," was an act of treason." But Anne derived no benefits from these doubts. She was executed, and the next Parliament put an end to all controversy on the subject, by enacting, that offences made treason by the act should be so deemed if committed before the eighth of June, but that the King's loving subjects concerned in the prosecution of the Queen in the archbishop's court or before the lords, should have a full pardon for all treasons by them in such prosecution committed.

On the day on which Cranmer pronounced Anne's divorce, her brother and the other gentlemen were led to execution on Tower Hill. Rochford exhorted those who suffered with him to die without fear; and warned the spectators not to rely on court favours, but to live according to the gospel, and put their trust in God only. Norris was silent. Weston lamented that he had given his youth to sin, and his old age to repentance. Brereton declared that he had deserved to die, if it were a thousand deaths; but exhorted the spectators, if they judged, to judge the best. Smeaton was hanged. His last words, though susceptible of a different meaning, were considered by his hearers as tantamount to a confession of his guilt. "Masters," said he, "I pray you all pray for me, for I have deserved the death."

Anne betrayed no violent emotion when she heard of the execution of her brother and his unfortunate companions. She said, she feared Smeaton's soul would suffer for the false witness he had borne, but the others, she doubted not, were, where she in a few hours would be, in eternal glory. The last two days of her life she spent for the most part in the company of her confessor, who administered the sacrament to her ac-

cording to the rites of the Roman Catholic church. The evening before she suffered she took Lady Kingston into her presence chamber, and after locking the door, commanded her to sit down in the chair of estate.

"It is my duty always to stand in the Queen's presence," answered Lady Kingston.

"Ah! madam," replied Anne, "that title is gone; I am a condemned person, and by law have no estate left me in this life, but for the clearing of my conscience. I pray you sit down."

"Well," said Lady Kingston, "I have often played the fool in my youth, and to fulfil your command I will do it once more in mine age." And thereupon sat down under the cloth of estate; when the Queen most humbly fell on her knees before her, and, with hands uplifted and weeping eyes, charged her, in the name of God and his angels, and as she would answer before them on the great Judgment day, that she would so fall down before the Lady Mary's grace, her daughter-in-law, and in her name, in like manner, ask her forgiveness for the wrongs she had done her; for till that was accomplished, her conscience, she said, could not be quiet.

The above dialogue, quoted by Speed, is a tolerable proof that Anne, even after her condemnation, continued to occupy her own royal apartments in the Tower, known as the Queen's lodgings, and that she was not, as some have supposed, confined in a dungeon in that part of the fortress named the Martin Tower.

The scaffold on which Anne was beheaded, was erected on the green within the Tower; for as this was the first instance of an English Queen being decapitated, Henry anticipated the possibility of an attempt at a rescue. Henry having decided that the head of his condemned consort should be struck off with a sword, the headsman of Calais, a man who for skill stood at the head of his horrible profession, was brought over to England for that purpose. The conduct of Anne the last few hours before she was led to the scaffold, and with what caution the preparations for her

execution were made, may be gathered from the following letter addressed by the lieutenant of the Tower to Cromwell.

"SIR, "These shall be to advertise you I have received your letter, wherein you would have strangers conveyed out of the Tower; and so they be, by the means of Richard Gresham, William Lake, and Wythspall. But the number of strangers passed not thirty, and not many of them hath arms, and the ambassador of the Emperor had a servant there honestly put out. Sir, if we have not an hour certain ere it may be known in London, I think there will be but few, and I think a reasonable number were best, for I suppose she will declare herself to be a good woman for all men but for the King, at the hour of her death. For this morning she sent for me that I might be with her at such time as she received the sacrament, to the intent I should hear her speak as touching her innocency to be always clear. And in the writing of this she sent for me; and at my coming she said, Mr. Kingston, I hear say I shall not die before noon, and I am very sorry therefore, for I thought to be dead by this time, and past my pain. I told her it should be no pain, it was so subtle. And then she said, I heard say the executioner was very good and I have a little neck, and put her hands about it, laughing heartily. I have seen many men, and also women, executed, and that they have been in great sorrow, and to my knowledge, this lady has much joy and pleasure in death. Sir, her almoner is continually with her, and hath been since two o'clock after midnight. This is the effect of any thing that is here at this time, and thus fare you well,

"Yours,
"WILLIAM KINGSTON."

Twelve o'clock at noon, on the nineteenth of May, 1536, was the time appointed for Anne's execution. Amongst those who came to witness the fatal tragedy, were the Dukes of Suffolk and

Richmond, and by the King's order the Lord Chancellor and Secretary Cromwell, with the mayor, the sheriffs, and the aldermen of London. At about a quarter to twelve the portal opened, and Anne, attired in a robe of black damask, was led forth by the lieutenant of the Tower. As she advanced to the scaffold she had to detach herself from her four weeping maids of honour, whom she vainly attempted to reconcile to her fate. The most cherished amongst these was her sincere friend, Wyatt's sister Margaret, to whom, at the parting moment, she presented a beautifully bound manuscript prayer-book, a precious relic of imperishable attachment, which Margaret received with tearful eyes, and ever afterwards wore in her bosom.

Anne ascended the scaffold, and approached the block with a calm, dignified air; and by permission of Kingston, is said to have thus spoken: "Good Christian people, I am here to willingly suffer that death to which I have been condemned by the law, how justly I will not say, I intend not to justify myself, nor accuse any one; I beseech the Almighty to preserve the King, who is one of the best princes on the face of the earth, and whose bounty to me hath been special. I entreat all who intend to scrutinize my actions not to hastily condemn me, nor lend too willing an ear to the slanders of my calumniators, therefore I bid the world adieu, trusting you will commend me to God in your prayers." Having uttered these words with a smiling countenance, she took her coifs from her head, covered her hair with a linen cap, and said to her maids, "As I cannot reward you for your services, I pray you to take comfort for my loss; howbeit, forget me not, be always faithful to the King's grace, and to her whom, with happier fortune, you may have as your Queen and mistress. Value your honour far before your lives, and in your prayers to the Lord Jesus, remember to pray for my soul." She then knelt down, her eyes were bandaged by one of her attendants, and as she solemnly reiterated "Lord, Jesus, receive my soul!" the exe-

cutman with one well-aimed blow of the sword struck off her head.*

According to another account, Anne slowly refused to have her eyes covered with a bandage. She said she had no fear of death and would shut her eyes; but as she was opening them at every moment, the executioner could not bear their brilliant glance. Being fearful of missing his aim, he drew off his shoes and approached her slowly. Whilst he was at her right side, another person, who made a great noise in walking, unexpectedly advanced at her left: this circumstance drawing the attention of Anne, she turned her face from the executioner, who was enabled by this artifice to strike off her head.

The remains of the unfortunate Anne Boleyn, covered with a sheet, were placed by her maids in an elm chest, and immediately afterwards buried by the side of her fellow victims, in the chapel of the Tower, without singing or praying; but, if tradition is to be believed, her friends in the night disinterred them, and conveying them away in secret, buried them in the church of Thorndon-on-the-hill, in Essex, or, according to another account, in Salle church, in Norfolk. The King only waited in the neighbourhood of London till the boom of the signal-gun announced to his impatient ears that he was made a widower; when he rode in breathless haste to Wolf Hall, in Wilts, and on the next day wedded Jane Seymour.

Thus fell the unfortunate Anne Boleyn; and although it may be impossible to determine if she were guilty or innocent of the heinous crime imputed to her, it must be allowed that had Henry's object been simply to make Jane Seymour his bride, the divorce of

Anne without her execution, or the execution without the divorce, would have been sufficient. And when we remember that Henry stamped on her character the infamy of adultery and incest, deprived her of the name and the right of wife and Queen, and even bastardized her daughter, although he acknowledged that daughter to be his own;† we can scarcely believe that base and tyrannical as he might be, he was not provoked to pursue her with such insatiable hatred by great crimes and immoralities on her part, but which, for some reason, have never been disclosed. Henry, it is true, has bastardized Queen Katherine's daughter, but there is every reason to believe that Anne urged him to the act. And what is further worthy of remark, he wept at the death of Katherine; but, as if he sought to display his contempt for the memory of Anne, instead of wearing mourning on the day of her execution he dressed himself in white, in anticipation of his marriage with Jane Seymour on the next morning.‡

We close these memoirs of one of the most romantic—the most unfortunate Queens of England, with the following beautiful dirge, said to have been written by Anne only a few days before her execution; and which, from its rhythm, cadence, and construction, the fair authoress evidently intended to be set to music.

* It is singular, that from the hour of her imprisonment to her death, Anne, as far as is known, not once lamented being separated from her daughter, Elizabeth, then a child, in the third year of her age; once only she alluded to her in her last letter to the King, and then without the least expression of maternal tenderness.

† These remarks are penned, not with a view to justify the selfish, murderous conduct of the English Blue Beard, as Henry the Eighth might not inaptly be named, but simply to show, in the absence of more substantial evidence, the probability that as Anne's evil doings, combined with a desire of self-justification on his part, had induced the barbarous tyrant to pursue her with such deep and implacable malice, she, if not guilty of adultery, had at least indulged in gross impropriety of conduct. Besides, it appears she was greatly at fault as a parent, and a bad mother, be it observed, seldom makes a good wife.

* The speech in the text is taken from the letter of a Portuguese gentleman, who is said to have been present on the occasion; but as many discrepancies occur in the contemporary chroniclers, it is probable that no faithful transcript of Anne's dying words was ever published. No regard must be paid to Anne's commendation of the King in this speech: for it is a received opinion, that in this reign culprits, if they spoke at the place of execution, were compelled to acknowledge the King's goodness, and the justice of their sentence.

Defiled is my name full sore,
Through cruel spite and false report;
That I may say for evermore,
Farewell, my joy! adieu! comfort.
For wrongfully ye judge me,
Unto my frame a mortal wound,
Say what ye list, it will not be,
Ye seek for that cannot be found.

* * * *

Oh! death, rock me on sleep,
Bring me on quiet rest;
Let pass my very guiltless ghost,
Out of my careful breast.
Toll on the passing bell,
Ring out the doleful knell,
Let the sound of my death tell—
For I must die—
There is no remedy,
For now I die.

My pains who can express,
Alas! they are so strong;
My dolour will not suffer strength
My life for to prolong.
Toll on the passing bell,
Ring out the doleful knell,

Let the sound of my death tell—
For I must die—
There is no remedy,
For now I die.

Alone, in prison strong,
I wait my destiny;
Worth, worth, this cruel hap that I
Should taste this misery.
Toll out the passing bell,
Ring out the doleful knell,
Let the sound of my death tell—
For I must die—
There is no remedy,
And now I die.

Farewell! my pleasures past,
Welcome my present pain;
I feel my torments so increase,
That life cannot remain.
Cease now the passing bell,
Rung is my doleful knell,
Its solemn sound doth tell,
My death is nigh;
There is no remedy,
And now I die."

JANE SEYMOUR,

Third Queen of Henry the Eighth.

Parentage—Birth—Education—Maid of honour to Anne Boleyn—Courtship destined by Henry the Eighth—Execution of Anne Boleyn—Marriage of Henry and Jane—Progress to London—Jane is introduced to court as Queen—Her pretended royal descent—Hypocrisy of the King encouraged by parliament—The crown settled on Jane's descent—Jane's friendship for the Princess Mary—Her coronation contemplated—Her quiet, passive conduct—She takes to her chamber—Her great sufferings—Henry's desire to save the child at the expense of her life—She gives birth to Edward the Sixth—Christening—Jane's illness—Death—Lying in state—Burial—Henry the Eighth's mourning—The Bishop of Durham's letter of condolence—Henry the Eighth buried by the side of Jane—Monument begun but never finished.



JANE SEYMOUR, the third consort of Henry the Eighth, was the eldest daughter of Sir John Seymour, of Wolf Hall, Wilts, and Margaret, daughter of Sir John Wentworth, of Nettlestead in Suffolk. The Seymours, a Norman family, came to England with William the Conqueror, and increased their wealth and influence by alliances with rich heiresses of noble blood. For several centuries they only took rank as second-rate gentry, and although some of the name served as high sheriffs for Wilts, and others were knighted in the French wars, in no instance had a Seymour obtained historical celebrity, or been returned as Knight of the Shire.

Jane was born about the year 1504. Her career up to the period when she

won Henry's heart, is involved in obscurity. A full-length portrait of her by Holbein, in the royal collection at Versailles, entitled maid of honour to Mary of England, Queen to Louis the Twelfth, and placed by the side of that of Anne Boleyn, which bears the like designation, has given rise to the conjecture that she finished her education at the court of France, in the service of Queen Mary Tudor, and subsequently of Queen Claude, and renders it at least probable that she and Anne Boleyn proceeded together to France, lived there under the same roof, and returned to England at the same time. Whether she ever entered the service of Katherine of Arragon, is problematical. Nor is it known when, or by whom she was placed as maid of honour to Anne Boleyn. Wyatt says she was introduced to court for the express purpose of stealing the King's affections from his once idolized Queen, Anne; and many circumstances





Jane Seymour

conspire to render this statement probable. Her beauty and lack of moral rectitude rendered her a fit instrument for such a purpose. Her sister, Elizabeth, had married the son of the crafty, climbing secretary, Cromwell; it was, therefore, to *his* especial interest that she should share the throne of his sovereign. Her two brothers, both esquires of the King's person, were ambitious men, eager in the pursuit of fortune, and willing to sacrifice their sister's beauty to their own personal advantage; and there is too much reason to believe that she had powerful aid from the Duke of Norfolk and his party, who detested the Queen, and strenuously opposed the reformation. But, however this may be, Henry had been the husband of Anne Boleyn only about two years, when real or pretended suspicions of her fidelity, induced him to slight her, and shortly afterwards to pay clandestine court to Jane Seymour. If tradition is to be accredited, Jane had been introduced to court but a short time, when the Queen seeing a splendid jewel suspended from her neck, expressed a wish to look at it. Jane blushed, and drew back; when the Queen, whose jealousy had already been aroused against her, violently snatched it from her neck; and, on examining it, found it to contain a miniature of the King, presented by himself to her fair rival. Whether Anne Boleyn tamely submitted to this breach of her husband's conjugal vow, has not been recorded; she certainly was too hasty to bear her wrongs in silence; and when, a few days after the burial of Katherine of Arragon, she accidentally discovered Jane seated on the King's knee, and receiving his caresses with complacency, she became mad with passion, and threatening Jane with the deepest revenge, ordered her instantly to depart from her presence, and to quit the court for ever. Jane, being a woman of consummate art, and having already advanced to the very threshold of the throne, despised the threats, and disregarded the orders of her angry mistress. Aware that her star was in the ascendant, she scrupled not to obtain her elevation by the destruction of Anne and five unfortunate noblemen. Our

historians laud her discretion, her modesty, and her virtue; but on what principles of morality it is difficult to conceive. She accepted the addresses of the husband of her mistress, knowing him to be such; and scrupled not to walk over the corpse of Anne to the throne. True, she retired to her maternal home, at Wolf Hall, whilst the tragedy which consummated the destruction of Anne was played out; but it was only to prepare the gay attire and the sumptuous banquet to celebrate her marriage with the ruthless King, whilst the blood was yet warm in the lifeless form of the ill-fated Anne.

On the morning of Anne's execution, Henry attired for the chase, and attended by his huntsmen, waited in the neighbourhood of Epping or Richmond -- tradition points to both these places -- and immediately he heard the boom of the signal gun, which was to assure him that she breathed no more, exclaimed in exultation, "Uncouple the hounds, and away!" and paying no regard to the direction taken by the game, galloped off with his courtiers at full speed to Wolf Hall, which he reached at night-fall. Early the next morning, Saturday, May the twentieth, 1536, and attired in the gay robes of a bridegroom, he conducted Jane Seymour to the altar of Tottenham church, Wilts, and in the presence of Sir John Russell, and other members of his obsequious privy council, made her his bride. From Wolf Hall, the wedding party proceeded through Winchester, by an easy journey, to London; where on the twenty-ninth of May, a great court was held, at which Jane was introduced as Queen. Feasts, jousts, and other entertainments in honour of the royal nuptials followed; and Sir Edward Seymour was created Viscount Beauchamp, and Sir Walter Hungerford received the title of Lord Hungerford.

Henry pretended, for it was but a pretence, that Jane, through her mother Margaret, had descended from the royal blood of England; and Crammer, having no desire to dispute the matter with him, on the very day that Anne Boleyn was beheaded, granted a dispensation for

nearness of kin, between Jane and Henry, the latter of whom, be the relationship what it might, certainly obtained by this marriage a brother-in-law who bore the not very aristocratic name of Smith, and another (the son of Cromwell), whose grandfather was a blacksmith at Putney.

A few days afterwards, the King summoned a new parliament; and he there, in his speech, made a merit to his people that notwithstanding the misfortunes attending his two former marriages, he had been induced, for their good, to venture on a third. The speaker, the notorious Richard Rich, received this hypocritical profession with complacency; and he took thence occasion to load his oration with the most fulsome and false flattery of the King, comparing him for justice and prudence to Solomon, for strength and fortitude to Samson, and for beauty and comeliness to Absalom. The King replied by the mouth of the Lord Chancellor Audley, that he disavowed these praises, since if he were really possessed of such endowments, they were the gift of Almighty God only. This obsequious parliament, being willing to go any length in encouraging the King's vices, and in gratifying his most lawless passions, ratified his divorce from Anne Boleyn, attainted that Queen and all her accomplices, declared the issue of both his former marriages illegitimate, made it treason to assert their legitimacy or throw any slander upon the present King, Queen, or their issue; settled the crown upon the King's issue by Jane Seymour, or any subsequent wife, and in case he should die without children, empowered him by his will or letters patent, to dispose of the crown;—an enormous authority, especially when entrusted to so capricious, so self-willed a tyrant as Henry the Eighth.

Before her marriage, Jane Seymour was personally acquainted with the Princess Mary. Afterwards she remained on terms of friendship with her, and although Cromwell was the real agent, Jane was the ostensible mediatrix of the reconciliation between Henry and the Princess Mary. It is on account of this partial intercession for Henry's ill-used daughter, and also out of malevolence

to Anne Boleyn, that the Catholic writers have lavished such praise on Queen Jane; whilst the Protestants, equally actuated by party motives, have extolled her, not from any real merit, on her part, but solely from complaisance to her son, Edward the Sixth, and to her brother, Somerset.

Jane whilst Queen, warned by the fate of Anne Boleyn, of the impropriety of a too great freedom of speech and manners, took to the opposite extreme, put a bridle on her tongue, and led such a passive existence, that until the birth of her son, we have nothing of importance to record of her. In June, 1536, she accompanied the King to see the procession of the city watch. In the sharply freezing January of 1537, she crossed the frozen Thames with him on horseback to Greenwich palace; and she went with him in the spring to Canterbury, his purpose being to see that the shrine of Thomas à Becket had been demolished, and that he was not cheated out of his share of the plunder.

Henry was particularly desirous that Jane Seymour should receive the honours of a coronation; but the prevalence of the plague at Westminster, and Jane's advanced state of pregnancy, caused the ceremony to be put off till after her confinement, when her unexpected death prevented her from being crowned at all.

The Queen took to her chamber, at Hampton Court, on the sixteenth of September, 1537. She was taken in travail on the eleventh of October. Her sufferings were severe, and at length, on the following day, her physicians, through one of her female attendants, admonished Henry of her dangerous condition, and asked whether he would wish the mother or the child to be saved? "If you cannot save both, at least let the child live," was Henry's characteristic reply; "for other wives are easily found."

A few hours afterwards, Jane was safely delivered of a Prince (afterwards King Edward the Sixth); and the appearance of the long-desired heir to the throne so intoxicated the King and the court, that, overlooking the very delicate

state of the Queen, Henry ordered the christening, in which Jane, in conformity with established custom, was forced to take part, to be solemnized, with all conceivable pomp and magnificence, on the following Monday; and to this circumstance, more than to any other, must be attributed the demise of the Queen.

The baptism was performed at midnight. The procession proceeded from the Queen's chamber. Sir John Russell, Sir Francis Brian, Sir Nicholas Carew, and Sir Anthony Brown bore the silver fount; one of the Queen's brothers bore in his arms the Princess Elizabeth, who carried the chrism for the child of her, for whose sake her mother had been decapitated, and herself pronounced illegitimate; the Earl of Wiltshire (Anne Boleyn's father) and Lord Sturton bore the tapers. The child was carried in the arms of the Marchioness of Exeter, under a rich canopy of silk, wrought with gold, silver, and precious stones, and borne by the Duke of Suffolk, the Marquis of Exeter, the Earl of Arundel, and Lord William Howard. The sponsors were the Princess Mary, the Duke of Norfolk, and Archbishop Cranmer. After the child had been baptized Edward, with due solemnity, he was presented with a gold cup by the Princess Mary, with three bowls and two pots by Cranmer, and with a silver ewer and basin by Norfolk; the procession then returned, headed by trumpets and other musical instruments.

"When they reached the Queen's chamber," says an eye-witness, "the door was thrown open, and the nobles entered; but the trumpets and the horns remained outside, where they made such a loud and goodly noise that the like thereof I had never heard."

The tedious ceremony occupied several hours. At its commencement, the Queen was forced to quit her bed, and take to her state pallet—a sort of huge sofa—where she remained till its conclusion, her heartless husband being seated by her side all the time. The consequence of all this noise and excitement was, that, on the following day, the Queen was indisposed; on the next day (Wednesday) she grew worse, and

received the sacrament, according to the rites of the Roman Catholic church, and after lingering till the twenty-fourth of October, breathed her last about the hour of midnight.

The death of Jane, the first of Henry the Eighth's Queens who had the good fortune not to outlive his love, "was felt by none in the realm more heavily than by the King's majesty himself, who retired to Windsor, where he moaned and kept himself alone and secret a great while." His grief, however, was of no long continuance, as will be shown in the memoirs of Anne of Cleves, and by his own acknowledgment, in a letter to the King of France, his joy for the birth of his long-desired heir far exceeded his grief for the death of the mother.

The Queen's death was attributed to a cold and improper diet, and her obsequies were performed with imposing solemnity. She was embalmed on the twenty-fifth of October, and, on the following day, placed in a hearse, covered with a rich cloth of gold pall, upon which was set a magnificent cross. She was then removed to the presence chamber, which was hung with black, and provided with crosses, censers, images of saints and martyrs, and other symbols of the Roman Catholic church: and here, whilst the flickering rays of torches and tapers burning around the altar made visible the imposing scene, masses were said in the morning, and dirges sung afterwards, in the presence of the Queen's ladies, who, with the Princess Mary at their head, as chief mourner, and robed in black, with white kerchiefs over their heads, kept nightly watch round the royal remains till the first of November, when the body was removed, with imposing state, to Hampton Court chapel. Here similar solemnities were performed, till the twelfth of November, when the body was conveyed, with regal state, to Windsor, and buried, with all possible pomp, in the midst of the choir of St. George's chapel—the Princess Mary attending as chief mourner.

Meanwhile, mass was said and dirges sung for her at St. Paul's, the mayor and aldermen prayed and offered for the repose of her soul; and in like manner

were masses said for her, to the number of twelve hundred, in every church in London.

On the stone over her grave was engraved the following lines, in Latin :—

"Here lies a phoenix, Lady Jane,
Whose death another phoenix bare;
Oh, grief! two phoenix at one time,
Together never were."

Henry the Eighth did not put off his widower's weeds till the second of February, 1538. He had been twice married, and although he was thrice married afterwards, this was the first and the only time that he assumed the garb of mourning for a wife; and as he had an utter horror of black, or any thing that reminded of death, and would permit no one to enter his presence in mourning saving on the present occasion, we may fairly presume that he sincerely lamented the loss of Jane Seymour; and this presumption is strengthened by the fact, that from many of the prelates and nobles he received letters of condolence on the demise of Jane. As a specimen of their epistles, we insert the following, addressed to Henry by the Bishop of Durham, on the thirteenth of November :—

"Please your highness to understand that now of late it hath pleased the Almighty to take unto his mercy, out of this present life, the most blessed and virtuous lady, your Grace's most dearest wife, the Queen's grace, whose soul God pardon, and news thereof, sorrowful unto all men, came into these parts; surely it cannot well be expressed how all men of all degrees did greatly lament and moan that noble lady and princess, taken out of this world by bringing forth of that noble fruit that is sprung of your Majesty and her, to the great joy and inestimable comfort of all your subjects; considering withal that this noble fruit, my Lord Prince, in his ten-

der age, entering into this world, is, by her death, left a dear orphan, commencing thereby this miserable and mortal life, not only by weeping and wailing, as the misery of mankind requireth, but also reft, in the beginning of his life, from the comfort of his most dear mother. Albeit to him, by tenderness of his age, it is not known what he hath lost, yet in that we know and feel it, have much cause to moan, seeing that such a virtuous and promising Princess is so suddenly taken from us. * * *

And when Almighty God hath taken from your Grace, to your great discomfort, a most blessed and virtuous lady, consider what he hath given your highness again to your comfort, and to the rejoicing of all us, your subjects, our most noble Prince, to whom God hath ordained your majesty not only to be father, but also, as the time now requireth, to supply the place of a mother. * * * God gave your Grace that noble lady, and God hath taken her away, as it pleased him. So it is done, laud be given to him. Consider, too, how Job exhorteth, by his example, all men being in like case to patience, which your highness, for your great wisdom and learning, can much better consider than I can advertise the same, unless sorrowfulness for the time put it out of remembrance."

So great was Henry the Eighth's regard for Jane Seymour, probably because she was the mother of his only legitimate son, that, by his last will, he commanded that her remains should be placed in his tomb. He also gave instructions for the erection of a superb monument to the mutual memory of his best-beloved Queen and himself. The former order was complied with, and Henry the Eighth's remains were laid by the side of those of "his dearest Jane;" but the monument, although begun, was never finished.

ANNE OF CLEVES,

Fourth Queen of Henry the Eighth.

CHAPTER I.

Henry the Eighth's haste to procure a fourth wife—Difficulties in finding one—He chooses Anne of Cleves—Her birth—Family—Lack of beauty and accomplishments—Flattering portrait—Journey to England—Henry visits her incognito at Rochester—Is disappointed with her person and manners—Endeavours to break the match—Her public entry into Greenwich—Marriage to Henry the Eighth—Nuptial pageants and jousts—Return of the German escort—Anne conducted by water to Westminster.



ALTHOUGH our historians, almost without exception, have pronounced Jane Seymour Henry the Eighth's best beloved consort, a month had not elapsed after the death of that unfortunate Queen, when the selfish despot resolved to again enter the wedded state. He first made proposals for an alliance with the Duchess-Dowager of Milan,* niece to the Emperor, but meeting with difficulties, his friendship for Francis the First induced him to resolve on choosing a lady of the royal blood of France. Accordingly, he demanded the Duchess-Dowager of Longueville, daughter of the Duke of Guise, a Prince of the house of Lorraine. This lady, Francis assured him, was already betrothed to the King of Scotland; but

as he had set his heart upon the match, he disdained to take a refusal; in fact, the information he had received of the Duchess' beauty and accomplishments had greatly prepossessed him in her favour.

From the account of Meautys, an agent he had privately dispatched to obtain intelligence of her person and her accomplishments, he became enamoured with her gentleness, her mental acquirements, and, above all, with the size of her person, which, although large, was feminine, and finely proportioned. The pleasure of mortifying his nephew, whom he detested, further incited him to prosecute the match; and he insisted that Francis should give him the preference to the King of Scots. But Francis, desirous as he was not to break alliance with England, would not give offence to his friend and ally; and to prevent further solicitation, he immediately sent the Duchess to Scotland. At the same time, to avoid a breach with Henry, Francis made him an offer of Mary of Bourbon, daughter of the Duke of Vendome, but Henry deemed it beneath

* The Duchess, it is reported, said she had but one head, but if she had had two, one should have been at Henry the Eighth's service.—A tolerable proof of the very unfavourable opinion which the Princesses of the foreign courts entertained of the English Blue Beard's conjugal virtues.

him to marry a Princess who had previously been rejected by his nephew of Scotland. The French monarch then offered him the choice of the two younger sisters of the Queen of Scots, declaring that in every respect they equalled their elder sister, whilst one of them was even her superior in beauty. Henry, who was scrupulously desirous to obtain a handsome and an accomplished wife, and, above all, wished to see and hear that she sung with taste, expression, and a sweet countenance, proposed to Francis that they should have a conference at Calais on pretence of business, and that this monarch should bring along with him the two Princesses of Guise, together with the finest ladies of royal birth in France, that Henry might take his choice. But Francis, whose spirit of gallantry was shocked with the proposal, replied, that he could not bring ladies of noble birth to market, like horses, to be chosen or rejected by the whim of the purchaser.

Thus, after nearly a year spent in fruitless negotiation, Henry relinquished the idea of choosing a consort from the royal beauties of France, and growing tired of his wifeless state, he at length listened to the importunities of Cromwell, who sought to add to his own power and to strengthen the decaying cause of the reformation, by marrying the King to one of the Lutheran Princesses of Germany—a fatal error, which, in the sequel, cost him his life.

The ladies Cromwell recommended to Henry with such flattering commendations were Anne of Cleves and her sister Emily, whose father, the Duke of that name, had great interest amongst the Lutheran princes, and whose elder sister, Sybilla, was married to the Elector of Saxony, the head of the Protestant League.

Anne of Cleves was born in September, 1516, and her sister Emily about two years afterwards. Sybilla, the wife of the Elector of Saxony, was notoriously one of the most beautiful, talented, and virtuous women of her times. Cromwell had calculated that the two younger sisters resembled her in these particulars; but in this he was completely mistaken.

Anne, with whom we alone have to deal, although virtuous, gentle, and sober-minded, was devoid of beauty, talent, energy, and vivacity, and, with the single exception of needle-work, quite unaccomplished.

On the receipt of flattering commendations of Anne and her sister from Cromwell's agents at the courts of Cleves and Saxony, Henry sent his favourite artist, Hans Holbein, to take portraits to the life of the two Princesses. That of Anne, a highly flattering one, so well pleased Henry, that he resolved to possess himself of the original with all possible speed. The Elector of Saxony, who accredited the common report that Henry had poisoned his first wife, unjustly beheaded the second, and killed the third in child-bed by wilful neglect, was anxious to prevent the union of his gentle sister-in-law with such a heartless conjugal tyrant; but Cromwell's agent, Christopher Mount, quieted his scruples by an assurance that the report was a base exaggeration; and that, as Henry could be best ruled through the influence of his wife, the cause of Protestantism would be greatly advanced by Anne's proposed marriage.

In February, 1539, Anne's father died; but this event only caused a slight delay in the proceedings, as her mother, the sensible Mary, daughter and heiress of William, Duke of Juliers, and her brother, who succeeded to his father's crown and honors, were both anxious that Anne should wear the crown matrimonial of England.

On the eleventh of August, Nicholas Wotton, Henry's commissioner for the marriage, addressed a dispatch to his sovereign, declaring that the council of the Duke of Cleves was hastening the preparations for the marriage, that Anne was free to marry, and not bound by the nuptial contract negotiated some years back between her father and the Duke of Lorraine; that she had received a similar education to her sister Sybilla, was meek and gentle in disposition, was an excellent hand at her needle, was temperate and sober, could read and write her own language, but no other, and knew nothing whatever of music—

that art, singular as it may appear, being at that period deemed, by the German nobles, too light and frivolous to be practised by their ladies at court.

On the fourth of September, the marriage-contract was signed at Dusseldorf; Dr. Barnes, the martyr, being Cromwell's most active agent in the matter; and, early in the same month, a splendid embassy from the German Princes concluded the matrimonial treaty with Henry, at Windsor.

At length, all preliminaries being arranged, Anne, on the fifth of October, bade farewell to her relations and friends, and, attended by a magnificent train, quitted her native city of Dusseldorf, and proceeded on her route to England. The journey was slow, seldom exceeding twenty miles a-day. The royal party, after passing in their progress through Berg, Cleve, Antwerp, Bruges, Dunkirk, and Gravelines, reached the border of Calais on the eleventh of December. Here Anne and her cortège were received by the Lord Lisle, deputy of Calais, with all the cavalry in the garrison, in rich apparel.

About a mile from the town, she was met by William Howard, Earl of Southampton, and Lord Admiral of England, Sir Francis Bryan, Gregory Cromwell, brother-in-law to the late Jane Seymour, Sir Thomas Seymour, Sir George Carew, and other exalted personages. The Lord Admiral was appressed in a coat of purple velvet, cut on cloth of gold, and tied with great aigulets and trefoils of gold, to the number of four hundred; and, *baudrickwise*, he wore an elegant chain, to which hung a whistle of gold set with rich stones of great value. In this company were thirty gentlemen of the royal household, very richly clad, with great and massive chains. Sir Francis Bryan and Sir Thomas Seymour, in particular, wore chains of extraordinary value and strange fashion. The Lord Admiral, also, had a number of gentlemen in blue velvet and crimson satin, and his yeomen in damask of the same colours; and the mariners of his ships also wore coats and *sloppers* of blue Bruges.

The Lord Admiral welcomed Anne with a low obeisance, and conducted her

into Calais by the Lantern Gate, where the ships lay in the haven, garnished with banners, pensils, and flags, pleasant to behold; and at her approach was shot such a peal of guns, that all her retinue stood amazed. At her entry, the Mayor of Calais presented her with one hundred marks in gold; and as she passed the Staple Hall, the merchants of the staple humbly saluted her, and presented her with a hundred gold sovereigns in a rich purse, for which she heartily thanked them. She then rode to her lodgings at the King's palace, called the Exchequer, where she tarried twenty-five days, for lack of a prosperous wind. During this time she kept open house; and jousts, pageants, banquets, and other goodly royalties were made for her solace and recreation.

On St. John's day, being the twenty-seventh, Anne and her train, with fifty sail, took passage at noon, and landed at Deal about five o'clock the same day. She was received by Sir Thomas Cheyney, Lord Warden of the port, and proceeded at once to the newly-built castle (probably that of Walmer). Here she was immediately visited by the Duke and Duchess of Suffolk, and the Bishop of Chichester, with a great company of knights and esquires, and the noblest ladies of Kent, who, after cordially welcoming her, conducted her, on the same night, with all possible pomp, to Dover Castle, where she rested till the Monday; when, although the weather was cold and stormy, she, in compliance with the instructions of her journey, set out for Canterbury.

On Barham Downs she was met by the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishops of Ely, St. Asaph, St. David, and Dover, with a great company of gentlemen, well appressed, who conducted her to St. Austen's without Canterbury, where she abode that night; and on the next day she came to Sittingbourne, and there passed the night. On the morrow, being New Year's even, she was met at Raynham by the Duke of Norfolk, the Lord Darce of the south, and the Lord Mountjoy, with a great company of knights and esquires of Norfolk and Suffolk, and the Barons of the Exche-

quer, all in coats of velvet, with chains of gold, who, after respectfully saluting her, attended her to Rochester, where she tarried in the Bishop's Palace all New Year's day.

On hearing of Anne's arrival, the King, who sore desired to see her Grace, resolved to visit her in disguise, that he might steal a first glance, and, as he expressed it to Cromwell, "might nourish love." Attended by only eight gentlemen of his privy chamber, who, like himself, were disguised in marble or grey-coloured coats, he set out in the full anticipation of beholding in his extolled German bride a woman of matchless beauty and grace.

Immediately he reached Rochester, he sent Sir Anthony Brown, his Master of the Horse, with a polite message to Anne, informing her that he had brought a New Year's gift, which he begged permission to present to her. Sir Anthony, on beholding his future Queen, was struck with her lack of grace and beauty; but he had the discretion to conceal his disappointment, and leave his royal master to judge for himself. The impatient Henry no sooner entered her presence than he discovered at a glance how he had been deceived by the magic pencil of Holbein. Anne was, indeed, tall and large as heart could wish, but her features, though regular, were coarse and pock-marked, her complexion was dark and muddy, her manners ungraceful, her figure ill-proportioned. In the bitterness of his disappointment, he shrunk back; and it was only after earnest persuasion that he would permit himself to be announced.

Anne, it appears, was equally displeased with the person and deportment of Henry. He was burly, diseased, and bloated, and, being in an ill-mood, his manner was rude and repulsive. However, when, on his approach, she went on her knees and greeted him "most humbly," he condescended to raise her, and kiss her; and, according to Hall, he spent all that afternoon in communing and devising with her, and supped with her in the evening; but other authorities declare that he remained in her company only a few minutes—his

musical ear being so disgusted with her high Dutch—she could speak no English, he no Dutch—that he would not attempt to commune with her through an interpreter, nor present to her the New Year's gift, which consisted of "a partlet of sable skins to wear round the neck, and a muffler furred, which he sent the next morning by Sir Anthony Brown, with as cold a message as might be."

On quitting her presence he retired to his chamber, sent for the lords who accompanied him, and in an outburst of passion accused them of wilfully deceiving him in the matter. To the Lord Admiral he said, "How like you this woman? Do you think her so personal fair and beautiful as report has been made to me of her? I pray you tell me true?"

The Admiral answered evasively, "I take her not for fair, but to be of a brown complexion."

"Alas!" said the King, "whom shall men trust! I promise you I see no such grace and beauty in her as hath been shown me of her by pictures or report. I am ashamed that many have praised her as they have done, and I like her not."

Henry returned to Greenwich very melancholy. To Lord Russell, Sir Anthony Brown, and Sir Anthony Denny, he bitterly bewailed his fate. Denny told him that persons in humble life had this advantage over princes, that whilst they could choose wives for themselves, princes must take such as were brought to them. The King, nothing consoled by this reasoning, when he saw Cromwell, inveighed with his usual brutality against those who, by false representations, had induced him to set his heart upon Anne, swearing that they had brought over to him not a woman, but a great Flanders mare. Cromwell endeavoured to cast the blame on the Earl of Southampton, for whom he had no great regard; and said, when he found Anne so different from what reports and pictures had made her, he should have stayed her at Calais, and given the King notice thereof; but the Admiral boldly rejoined, that he had not been invested with such powers. His orders were

simply to bring her to England, and these he had obeyed to the letter.

What followed, will be best shewn by the following verbatim extract from Cromwell's letter to the King, concerning his Grace's marriage with Anne of Cleves.

"The next day after the receipt of the said Lady (Anne) and her entry made into Greenwich, and after your Highness had brought her to her chamber, I then waited upon your Highness in your privy chamber, and being there, your Grace called me unto you, saying to me these words, or the like, 'My lord, is it not as I told you? say what they will, she is nothing so fair as hath been reported; howbeit, she is well and seemly.' Whereunto I answered and said, 'By my faith, sire, ye say true,' adding thereunto, that I thought she had a queenly manner, and, nevertheless, was sorry that your Grace was no better content. And thereupon your Grace commanded me to call together your council, which were these by name: The Archbishop of Canterbury, the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk, my lord admiral, my lord of Duresme, and myself, to commune of these matters, and to know what commissioners the agents of Cleves had brought, as well touching the performance of the covenants sent before from thence to Dr. Wotton to have been concluded in Cleves; as also in the declaration how the matters stood for the covenants of marriage between the Duke of Lorraine's son and the said Lady Anne. Whereupon, Osliger and Hostoden, the ambassadors of Cleves, were called, and the matters (Anne's precontract to the Marquis of Lorraine) proposed, whereby it plainly appeared that they were much astonished and abashed, and desired that they might make answer on the next morning, which was Sunday. And upon the Sunday, in the morning, your counsellors and they met together early, and then eft-soons was proposed unto them as well touching the commission for the performance of the treaty and the articles sent to Mr. Wotton; as also touching the contracts and covenants of

marriage between the Duke of Lorraine's son and the Lady Anne, and what terms they stood in. To which things, so proposed, they answered as men much perplexed. They knew nothing about the articles sent to Mr. Wotton; and as to the contract and covenants of marriage, they could say nothing, but that a revocation was made, and that they were but spousals. And, finally, after much reasoning, they offered themselves to remain prisoners until such time as they should have sent unto them from Cleves the first articles ratified under the Duke, their master's, sign and seal; and also the copy of the revocation made between the Duke of Lorraine's son and the Lady Anne. Upon the which answers I was sent to your Highness by my lords of your council, to declare to your Highness their answer, and come to you by the privy way into your privy chamber, and declared unto you the same with all the circumstances, wherewith your Grace was very much displeased, saying, I am not well handled, and if it were not that she is come so far into my realm, and that my states and people have made a great preparation for her, and that I fear making a ruffel in the world by driving her brother into the hands of the Emperor and the French King; both these monarchs being now leagued together, I would never have married her. So that I might well perceive your Grace was neither content with the person ne yet with the proceedings of the agents. And after dinner, on the said Sunday, your Grace sent for all your said counsellors, and repeated to them how your Highness was handled in regard to the articles sent to Dr. Wotton, and the precontract between Anne and the Duke of Lorraine's son. It might, and I doubt not, did appear to them, how loth your Highness was to marry at that time. And thereupon, and upon the consideration aforesaid, your Grace thought it expedient that she (Anne) should make a protestation in the presence of your counsellors and notaries, that she was free from all contracts, which were done accordingly. And thereupon, I repairing to your Highness, declared how that she had

made her protestation. Whereunto your Grace answered to this effect—Is there no other remedy but that I must needs, against my will, put my neck into the noose? and so I departed, leaving your Highness in a study, or pensiveness. And yet your Grace determined the next morning to submit to the ceremony."

To return to Anne: on the morrow after her unpleasant interview with the King at Rochester, she proceeded with a heavy heart to Dartford; and on the following day, the third of January, being Saturday, she made her public entry into Greenwich. "On Blackheath, near the foot of Shooter's Hill," records Hall, "was pitched a rich tent of cloth of gold, and divers other tents and pavilions, in which were made fires and perfumes for her Grace and the ladies who took part in the gorgeous scene. An ample roadway was cut through the bushes and furze from the tents to the park-gates at Greenwich. Next to the park-pales, on the east side, stood the merchants of the steel-yard; and on the west side, stood merchants of Genoa, Florence, Venice and Spain, in coats of velvet. On both sides of the road stood the merchants of the city of London, and the aldermen with the council of the said city, to the number of one hundred and sixty, who were mixed with the esquires. Next upwards, towards the tents, stood knights, then the fifty gentlemen pensioners; and all this class of persons were in blue velvet and chains of gold, and amounted in number to twelve hundred, besides seven hundred who came with the King and her Grace. Behind the gentlemen stood the serving men in good order, and well horsed and appparelled, that whosoever viewed them, might say that they, for tall and comely personages, and clean of limb and body, were able to give the greatest prince in Christendom a mortal breakfast if he were the King's enemy. The gentlemen pertaining to the lord chancellor, the lord privy seal, the lord admiral, and divers other lords, besides their liveries and richly caparisoned horses, wore chains of gold. Thus were these personages arranged in ranks

from the park-gate to the cross upon the Heath; and in this order they remained till the King had returned with her Grace.

"About twelve o'clock, her Grace, with all the company that were of her nation, to the number of one hundred horse, and accompanied by the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and other bishops, lords and knights who had conducted her to England, came down Shooter's Hill towards the tents, and a good space from the tents she was met by the Earl of Rutland, her chamberlain; Sir Thomas Dennise, her chancellor, and all her councillors and officers, amongst whom, Dr. Kaye, her almoner, presented to her, on the King's behalf, all the officers and servants of her household, and read to her an eloquent oration in Latin, which, as she only understood her native tongue, was answered by the Duke, her brother's secretary. This being done, the Lady Margaret Douglas, daughter to the Queen of Scots, the Lady Marquise Dorset, daughter to the French Queen, being niece to the King, and the Duchess of Richmond, and the Countesses of Rutland and Hertford, with other ladies and gentlemen, to the number of sixty-five, saluted and welcomed her Grace, who alighted out of the chariot in which she had ridden all her long journey; and with most goodly demeanour and loving countenance gave them hearty thanks, and kissed them all. All her counsellors and officers then kissed her hand, after which, she and her ladies entered their tents, and warmed themselves awhile.

"When the King heard that she was in her tent, he, with all diligence, set out through the park. First issued the King's trumpeters, then the officers of the King's council, followed by the gentlemen of the King's privy chamber, some appparelled in coats of velvet embroidered, whilst others had their coats guarded with chains of gold, very rich to behold, and were well horsed and trapped. After them ensued barons, the youngest first, and so Sir William Hollys, Lord Mayor of London, rode with the Lord Parr, uncle to Katherine

Parr, he being the youngest baron. Then followed the bishops in black satin, succeeded by the earls, after whom, came the Duke Philip of Bavaria, richly apparelled, with the livery of the Toison or golden fleece about his neck; then the ambassadors of the French King and the Emperor; next followed the lord privy seal, Lord Cromwell, and the lord chancellor; then garter-king-at-arms, and the other officers at arms. The lords were mostly apparelled in purple velvet. A good distance behind the Marquess of Dorset, who bore the sword of state, followed the King's Highness, mounted on a goodly courser, trapped in rich cloth of gold, traversed over lattice-wise with gold embroidery, and pearled on every side of the embroidery, the buckles and pendants being all of fine gold; Henry was apparelled in a coat of purple velvet, made somewhat like a frock, all over embroidered with flat gold of damask, with small lace mixed between, and other laces of the same, so going traverse-wise, that little of the ground appeared; about the garment was a rich guard, very curiously embroidered; the sleeves and breast were cut and lined with cloth of gold, and fastened together with great buttons of diamonds, rubies, and oriental pearls. His sword and girdle were adorned with stones, especially emeralds; his night-cap was garnished with stones, and his bonnet was so rich of jewels, that few men could value them. Besides all this, he wore in *baudrickwise* a collar of such balase-rubies and pearls, that few men ever saw the like; and about his person ran ten footmen, all richly apparelled in goldsmiths' work. And," continues Hall, who was an enthusiastic admirer both of the King and Anne of Cleves, "and notwithstanding that the rich apparel and precious jewels were pleasant to the nobles and all present to behold, yet his princely countenance, his goodly personage and royal gesture so far exceeded all others present, that in comparison of his person all his rich apparel was little esteemed. After him followed his lord chamberlain; then came Sir Anthony Brown, master of the horse, a goodly gentleman and comely personage,

well horsed and trapped, and richly apparelled, leading the King's horse of estate by a long rein of gold, which horse was trapped like a barbe with crimson velvet and satin, all over embroidered with gold after an antique fashion, very curiously wrought. Then followed the pages of honour, in coats of rich tinsel and crimson velvet, paled, riding on great coursers, all trapped in crimson velvet, embroidered with new devices and knots of gold, which were both pleasant and costly to behold. Then followed Sir Anthony Wingfield, captain of the guard, and then the guard, well horsed, and in rich coats. In this order the King rode to the last end of the rank, where the spears, or pensioners, stood, and then every person that came with the King placed himself on the one side or the other, the King standing in the midst.

"When her Grace was advertised of the King's coming, she issued out of her tent, being apparelled in a rich gown of cloth of gold raised, made round without any train, after the Dutch fashion, and on her head a caul, and over that a round bonnet or cap, set full of oriental pearls of a very proper fashion, and before that she had a coronet of black velvet, and about her neck she had a partlet set full of rich stones, which glistened all the field. At the door of the tent she mounted on a fair horse richly trapped, with her footmen about her in goldsmiths' work embroidered with the black lion [the shield of Hainault], and a carbuncle set in gold on the shoulder. And so she marched towards the King, who perceiving her approach, came forward somewhat beyond the cross on Blackheath, and there paused a little in a fair place till she drew nearer; when he put off his bonnet, came forward to her, and with most loving countenance and princely behaviour, saluted, welcomed, and embraced her, to the great rejoicing of the beholders; and she likewise, not forgetting her duty, with most amiable aspect and womanly behaviour, received his Grace with many sweet words and great thanks and praises given to him. Whilst Henry and Anne were thus communing, the fifty pension-

ers and the guard departed to furnish the court and hall of Greenwich. When the King had talked with Anne awhile [through an interpreter], he put her on his right hand, and so with their footmen they rode as though they had been coupled together. Oh, what a sight was this, to see so goodly a prince, so noble a King, to ride with so fair a lady, of so goodly a stature, so womanly a countenance, and especially of so good qualities! I think no creature could see them, but his heart rejoiced.

"When the King and Anne had met, and their companies joined, they returned through the ranks of knights and esquires, who stood still all the time. First in order came her twelve trumpeters, and two kettle drums on horseback. Then the King's councillors, then the gentlemen of the privy chamber; then the gentlemen of her Grace's country, in coats of velvet, all on great horses. After them, the Mayor of London in crimson velvet, with a rich collar, coupled with the youngest baron; then all the barons; next followed bishops, then earls, with whom rode the Earls of Waldeck and Overstein of her country; then came the Dukes, the Archbishop of Canterbury and Duke Phillip of Bavaria, followed by the ambassadors, the Lord Privy Seal, the Lord Chancellor, and the Lord Marquess, with the King's sword. Next followed the King himself, riding with his fair lady, and behind him rode Sir Anthony Brown, with the King's horse of estate, and behind her rode Sir John Dudley, master of her horses, leading her spare palfrey, trapped in rich tissue down to the ground. After them followed the pages of honour, then followed the Lady Margaret Douglas, the Lady Marquess Dorset, the Duchess of Richmond and Suffolk, the Countesses of Rutland and Hertford, and other Countesses. Then followed her Grace's chariot, which was well carved and gilt, with the arms of her country curiously wrought, and covered with cloth of gold. All the horses were trapped with black velvet, and on them rode pages of honour in coats of velvet. In the chariot rode two ladies of her country. Next after the chariot, followed six ladies and gen-

tlemen of her country, all richly apparelled with caps adorned with pearls and great chains of divers fashion, after the usage of their country, and with them rode six ladies of England well beseen. Then followed another chariot likewise gilt, and furnished as the other was, and succeeded by ten English ladies well apparelled. Next to them came another chariot, covered with black cloth, in which were four gentlewomen, her Grace's chamberers; then followed all the remnant of the ladies, gentlewomen, and maidens in great number, which did wear that day French hoods; [and singular to relate], after them came her Grace's three launderers [washerwomen], in another chariot all black, and which was followed by a horse litter of cloth of gold, and crimson velvet upon velvet, pale or striped, with horses trapped accordingly, which the King had presented to her Grace. And last came the serving men of her train all clothed in black and on great coursers [like the Flemish breed of dray horses]."

Hall, who like most of the spectators of this goodly show, had no idea of the false part the King was playing, proceeds: "In this order they rode through the ranks, and through the park, and at the late Friars wall, all men alighted, save the King, the two masters of the horse, and the henchmen, which rode to the hall door, and the ladies rode to the court gate. As they passed they beheld from the wharf, how the citizens of London were rowing up and down the Thames before them, every craft in his barge garnished with banners, flags, streamers, pensils and targets, some painted and beaten with the King's arms, some with her Grace's arms, and some with the arms of their craft or mystery. Besides the barges of every craft, there was a barge made like a ship, called the bachelors' barge, decked with cloth of gold, pennions, and pensils, and with targets in great number, on which waited a froyst [a sort of gun-boat], that shot great pieces of artillery. In every barge were divers sorts of instruments, and children and men singing, which sang and played together in sweet chorus, as the King and the lady passed

in the wharf, which sight and goodly noises they much praised and allowed. As soon as Anne and the King had entered the inner court, they alighted from their horses, and the King lovingly embraced her and kissed her, bidding her welcome to her own, and led her by her left arm through the hall, which was furnished below the hearth [which stood in the centre of the hall] with the King's guards, and above the hearth with the fifty pensioners with their battle-axes, and so brought her up to her privy chamber, and there left her for that time."

When the King and Anne entered the court together, a great peal of guns, shot from the tower of Greenwich, gave notice to the spectators, and to the inferior actors in the imposing ceremony, to disperse, which they did with all speed, wending their way to London, or their lodgings elsewhere. "But," says the marvel-loving Hall, "to see how long it was ere the horsemen could pass, and how late it was in night before the footmen could get over London bridge, I assure you it was wondrous to behold, the number was so great."

Immediately Henry had conducted her Grace into her privy chamber, he left her, and proceeded in sullen mood to discuss with his privy council the propriety of sending her back to her own country as she came. However, being unprovided with any reasonable excuse for breaking off the match, he on Monday, the fifth of January, resolved that the marriage should be solemnized on the following day, being the Epiphany, or, as it is commonly called, Twelfth day; and not satisfied with this unseemly haste, he annoyed Anne, by fixing upon the inconveniently early hour of eight o'clock in the morning for the performance of the ceremony. But as her not over-acute feelings had already been outraged in every possible way, she gave no heed to this annoyance. Overstein and Hostoden had come to England with her Grace expressly to lead her to the altar; but Henry, out of sheer opposition we are told, objected to Hostoden, and appointed the Earl of Essex and Overstein to the office. At the appointed hour Essex had not arrived, and Cromwell was ordered

to fill his place; but before Anne was arrayed, Essex came in, and Cromwell returned to the King, who by this time was attired in his wedding suit, "which," says Hall, "consisted of a gown of cloth of gold raised, with great flowers of silver, furred with black jennets. A coat of crimson satin all to cut, and embroidered and tied with great diamonds and a rich collar about his neck." Thus arrayed, says Cromwell, in one of his letters, "his Majesty advanced towards the gallery out of his privy chamber, and when in the midst of his chamber of presence, called me to him, and said, 'My Lord, if it were not to satisfy the world and my realm I would not do what I must do this day for any earthly thing.'" Word was then brought the King that Anne was coming; on which he solemnly advanced, with his nobles in procession, into the gallery next the closets, and there, with expressions of discontent at her long tarry, paused whilst some of the lords went to fetch her.

Anne, who, from a reluctance to link herself to so harsh and uncourteous a husband as Henry the Eighth, was not punctual to the hour, was attired in "a gown of rich cloth of gold, made round after the Dutch fashion, and set full of large oriental pearls. Her long black hair hung down in graceful ringlets over her shoulders. On her head was a gold coronet replenished with great stones and set full of sprigs of rosemary, a herb then worn both at weddings and funerals, and her neck and her waist were adorned with jewels of great price. Thus apparelled, she was led forth from her chamber by Essex and Overstein, and (proceeds the chronicler) with most demure countenance and sad behaviour, passed through the King's chamber. The lords all went in procession before her, and on reaching the gallery where the King was, she made three obeisances and curtsies to him. Then Cranmer, the Archbishop of Canterbury received them, and married them together." Overstein gave her away, and about her wedding ring was engraved, GOD SENT ME WELL TO KEEP; a most appropriate motto, considering the fate of Henry's former Queens.

On the conclusion of the marriage ceremony, they went hand in hand into the King's closet, and after they had heard mass there, and taken wine and spices, the King departed to his chamber, and all the ladies waited on the Queen to her chamber, the Duke of Norfolk walking on her right hand, and Suffolk on her left. After nine o'clock the King, with a gown of rich tissue lined with crimson velvet embroidered, came to his closet, and she, in the same apparel that she was married in, came to her closet, with her serjeant-of-arms and her officers before her like a Queen. Anne, after she had offered and dined with the King, disrobed, and put on a dress like a man's gown of tissue, with long sleeves girt to her, furred with rich sable, her narrow sleeves were very costly. On her head she had the cap she wore on the Saturday before, with a coronet of lawn, which cap was so rich of pearls and precious stones, that it was judged to be of great value. Her ladies and gentlemen wore the same style of dress, very rich and costly, but not the most becoming. They were mostly adorned with rich chains and costly jewels. Thus attired, the Queen, attended by her train, went to evensong, and afterwards supped with the King. After supper there were banquets, masks, and divers sports till the time came that it pleased the King and her, to take their rest. On the subsequent Sunday, solemn jousts

were kept, which much pleased the foreigners. On that day, Anne was dressed after the English fashion, with a French hood, which so set forth her beauty and good visage, proceeds Hall, who being her ardent admirer, always mentions her as beautiful, that every creature rejoiced to behold her.

When the Earl of Overstein and other lords and ladies who had attended her Grace to England, had been right royally feasted and entertained by the King and his nobles, they took their leave, and after receiving valuable gifts both in money and plate, departed to their own country. The Earl of Waldreck, Anne's maids of honour, and other gentlemen and damoselles remained with her Grace till she became better acquainted with the language and the manners and customs of the English.

On the fourth of February, the King, accompanied by many peers and prelates, conducted Anne by water to Westminster, where magnificent preparations had been made for her reception. They were attended on their voyage up the Thames by the Mayor and Aldermen in scarlet, and by twelve of the city companies, "all in barges garnished with banners, pennions, and targets, and replenished with minstrelsy [bands of music on board]. As they proceeded up the Thames, all the ships saluted them, and out of the Tower was shot a great peal of guns in goodly order."

CHAPTER II.

Henry's aversion to Anne increases—Her dower—The divorce agitated—Cromwell's advice to Anne detected by Henry—Arrest and execution of Cromwell—Ballad on his fall—Anne sent to Richmond—The preliminaries of the divorce—The marriage of Henry the Eighth and Anne of Cleves nullified by the convocation and the parliament—The divorce pronounced by Cranmer—A commission of the council visits Anne—Her terror—Consent to the divorce—Letters on the subject—Friendship between Anne and the King—He visits her—Scandals against her and the King investigated by the council—Vain endeavours to procure her restoration as Queen—Her virtues overdrawn by some authors—Death of her mother; and of Henry the Eighth—Friendship with the Princesses Mary and Elizabeth—Her death—Will—Burial—Tomb.



ALTHOUGH after her marriage, the King at first showed Anne every outward mark of respect, his aversion to her hourly increased. Nor is this so much to be wondered at, considering that Henry looked only to his own personal gratification, and that Anne, though well intentioned and pure in thought, was deficient in beauty, wit, vivacity, accomplishments, the art of flattery, and that insinuating womanly softness, so invariably admired by the sterner sex. Henry repeatedly told Cromwell that he believed Anne to be no maid when he had her, and therefore his feelings would not permit him to consummate his marriage with her. About the middle of Lent he reiterated this complaint to his secretary, declaring that she began to wax stubborn and wilful, and as his heart would not permit him to have children by her, he could not consider her as his lawful wife. Matters were in this state, when, singular as it may appear, Henry permitted the parliament, which met on the twelfth of April, to acknowledge Anne's rights as Queen Consort of England, by settling her dower according to the usual form.

On the first of May, Anne appeared for the last time in public with the King, at a tournament held at Durham House. Shortly afterwards, that unprincipled tool of royalty, Wrothesley, paved the way for the divorce by, in the privy council,

lamenting that the King's highness was married to a princess whom he loved not, and hinting at the expediency of dissolving the union. Henry next expressed scruples of conscience at retaining a Lutheran for a consort. And, if possible, to render Anne's situation insupportable to her, discharged all her foreign attendants, and himself appointed English ladies to fill their place. The Queen had exerted her utmost endeavours to please her husband, but now she lost all heart, and in a domestic jar told him to his face that had she not have been forced to become his bride, she might have married the prince to whom she had promised her hand, who if not handsomer, was at least younger and better disposed than himself. This warm remark so greatly enraged Henry, that he at once resolved to put away Anne, and to destroy Cromwell, the minister who had induced him to marry her.

Cromwell, being aware of his critical position, had kept aloof from all communication with Anne, till her Flemish maids of honour were about to depart, when, as they applied to him to grant them a safe conduct, he seized the opportunity to dispatch a secret message to the Queen, urging her for her life's sake to render herself more agreeable to her royal husband. Anne followed Cromwell's advice; but not being an adept in the art of duplicity, she overacted her part, and Henry at once perceived the deception, and rightly attributed it to the counsel of his prime minister, whom he had just informed of

his intention to procure a divorce. It was the policy of Henry the Eighth to heap favours on those he had marked out for destruction; accordingly, he in April bestowed on Cromwell the honours and estates of Henry Bourchier, the late Earl of Essex, who had been killed by a fall from his horse in the preceding March. This act of seeming royal favour, convinced the Catholic party, that the man who had devised, and as vicar-general had completed, the destruction of the monasteries, had fallen under the royal displeasure;* and whilst they were exerting all their energies to hasten his fall, and procure a Queen whose religious sentiments accorded with their own, the King fell deeply in love with the Duke of Norfolk's niece, the young and beautiful Katherine Howard, and resolved to make her his Queen.

At this period Cromwell so little apprehended the fate that awaited him, that he threatened his chief opponents with the royal displeasure, committed the Bishop of Chichester and Dr. Wilson to the Tower, on a charge of having relieved prisoners confined for refusing the oath of supremacy; and, in May, introduced, for the first time, condemnation by act of attainder without trial in the case of the Countess of Salisbury—a weapon of despotism by which numerous other murders were committed during this reign, and, what is remarkable, by which Cromwell himself was the first to suffer—the Countess not being executed till the following year.

On the tenth of June, not suspecting what would happen, Cromwell attended as usual in the House of Lords; at three, the same afternoon, he was arrested by the Duke of Norfolk at the council board, and sent to the Tower. He was proceeded against by bill of attainder, and charged with heresy and treason; the first, because he favoured heretical preachers and patronized their works; the second, because he had received bribes, released many prisoners confined for misprision of treason, and performed acts of royal authority without warrant

from the King, and more especially because, on one occasion, he had declared "that if the King would turn from the preachers of the new learning, *he* would not, but would fight in the field in his own person, with his sword in his hand, to defend it even against the King himself."

The bill of attainder against him passed the Parliament without opposition. Cranmer, who, although he never forsook his friends in their distress, too often bent the knee to their oppressor, in a persuasive but timid and cautious letter, vainly urged the King to spare his life. Cromwell, on finding that the efforts of the only friend who had not turned from him in his adversity had failed of their purpose, endeavoured to soften his offended sovereign by the most humble supplications, but all to no purpose. It was not the practice of Henry to ruin his favourites by halves; and although the unhappy prisoner wrote to him, on the thirtieth of June, in so moving a strain as to draw tears from his eyes, he refused to pardon him. The conclusion of Cromwell's letter ran thus: "I, a most woeful prisoner, am ready to submit to death when it shall please God and your majesty, and yet the frail flesh incites me to call to your Grace for mercy and pardon of mine offences. Written at the Tower, with the heavy heart and trembling hand of your highness' most miserable prisoner and poor slave, Thomas Cromwell." And a little below—"Most gracious Prince, I cry for mercy! mercy! mercy!" He was beheaded on Tower Hill, on the twenty-eighth of July, and on the scaffold behaved with prudence and resignation. Some estimate of his character may be formed by the following extracts from one of his account books, published by Mr. Ellis:—

"*Item*, The Abbot of Reding to be sent down to be tried and executed at Reding, with his accomplices.

"*Item*, The Abbot of Glastonbury to be tried at Glaston, and also to be executed there, with his accomplices.

"*Item*, To advertise the King of the ordering of Maister Fisher [the bishop].

* The enmity of Katherine Parr was in all probability the immediate cause of Cromwell's fall. See her memoirs.

"*Item*, To know his pleasure touching Maister More [Sir Thomas More].

"*Item*, When Maister Fisher shall go to his execution.

"*Item*, To send unto the King by Raffe the behaviour of Maister Fisher.

"*Item*, To send *Gurdon* to the Tower, to be *rakked*."

The execution of Cromwell, though he had been condemned without trial or jury, was for a time so popular, that poems were written, and largely circulated, in commemoration of the event. From one of these, entitled "A new Ballad, made of Thomas Cromwel, called 'Troll on away,' and printed at London in 1540," we extract the following pleasing stanzas:—

"Both man and child are glad to hear tell
Of thee, false traitor, Thomas Cromwell,
Now that thou art sent to learn to spell,
Sing troll on away.

When fortune looked thee in the face,
Thou hadst fair time, but thou *lackyd* grace,
Thy coffers with gold thou *fyldet* a pace,
Sing troll on away.

Both plate and chalice came to thy fist,
Thou *lackyd* them up where no man wist,
Till in the King's treasure such things were
missed, Sing troll on away.

Thou did not remember, false heretic,
One God, one faith, one King catholic,
For thou hast been so long a schismatic,
Sing troll on away.

Thou wouldest not learn to know these three,
But ever was full of iniquity,
Wherefore all this land hath been troubled
with thee, Sing troll on away.

Thou mightest have learnt thy cloth to flock,
Upon thy greasy fuller's stock,
Wherefore lay thy head down upon this block,
Sing troll on away.

Yet save that soul which God hath bought,
And for thy carcass care thee nought;
Let it suffer pain as it hath wrought,
Sing troll on away."

The measures for the divorce of Anne were carried on at the same time with the attainder against Cromwell. About the twentieth of June, Henry sent the

Queen to Richmond, under pretence of benefiting her health, but for the real purpose of securing her absence whilst the divorce was effected. After the King's case had been prepared by the council, the Chancellor, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of Durham, the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk, and the Earl of Southampton, proceeded to the House of Lords on the first of July, and stated that, as they now doubted the validity of the royal marriage they had lately been instrumental in negotiating, they would move that, for the security of the succession, its legality should, with the royal permission, be determined by a convocation of the clergy. Accordingly, a deputation of the lords, in conjunction with the commons, proceeded to the palace, and after obtaining permission, presented a petition to the King, desiring that he would allow his marriage to be examined. Henry answered, from the mouth of the Chancellor, that the subject was one of great delicacy and importance, but as the estates of the realm deemed the examination needful, and as the clergy were too learned and upright to decide unjustly, he would willingly grant the petition; and, as far as himself was concerned, readily answer any question that might be put to him, for he had no other object in view but the glory of God, the welfare of the realm, and the triumph of truth.

On the subsequent day, the matter was brought before the convocation, and by them referred to a committee, consisting of two archbishops, four bishops, and eight divines. The committee commenced their labours on the seventh of July, and such was their eagerness to comply with the known wish of their monarch, that they went through the whole business in two days. All the evidence was on one side—not a voice was heard in favour of the Queen, or the marriage. The first day, three bishops and two divines were deputed to examine the witnesses, and the next was devoted to the receipt of depositions and the decision of the case. Amongst those who gave in depositions or were examined, may be mentioned the lords of the privy council,

* Cromwell's father is generally said to have been a blacksmith at Putney; but the author of this ballad would insinuate that either he himself, or some of his ancestors, were fullers by trade.

Ere she could distinctly articulate her own name, her mother died. After a reasonable lapse of time, her father married again; and on the death of her grandfather, Thomas, Duke of Norfolk, in 1525, she was consigned to the care and the keeping of her grandmother, the Duchess Dowager of Norfolk, who so completely neglected her morals and education, that before she had entered her teens, she formed an improper intimacy with a musician of mean birth, in the Duchess' household, named Henry Manox. At this period, Katherine was staying at her grandmother's mansion, at Horsham, in Norfolk; her father, compelled by his duties, was residing at Calais; and the Duchess, either from carelessness, or over-fondness, permitted her to associate with her female attendants and servants, and even to sleep with them at night. One of them, a base woman, named Isabella, took pleasure in poisoning the mind of the high-born damsel: and in conveying in secret the tokens of love that passed between her and Manox. When this Isabella married, and quitted the Duchess' service, Dorothy Barwike, a female of equally abandoned character, filled her office of confidant to Katherine, whose illicit amours she encouraged with all her energy and wit. Shortly afterwards, the careless, weak-minded Duchess, who little suspected that her women had so polluted the pliant mind of her orphan charge, removed with her whole establishment to her mansion at Lambeth, that she might, with more convenience to herself, attend the coronation of her granddaughter, Anne Boleyn,—an important part of that ceremony being assigned to her. Here it was the evil-minded Mary Lascelles entered the service of the Duchess, and became the fatal favourite of Katherine. Mary Lascelles, before she was aware of Katherine's intrigues, imparted in confidence to Dorothy Barwike, her own desire to obtain Manox for a husband; and when Barwike told her that he already loved Katherine Howard, and was troth-plight to her, she in a rage rushed into his presence, called him a fool for falling in love

with Mistress Howard; told him the Duchess of Norfolk, if she knew it, would undo him; and that if he married her, some of her kindred would take his life. Manox, in words too coarse to be repeated, replied, that his purpose was not to marry, but to take a dishonourable advantage of the young lady; and the liberties she already allowed him, induced him to believe that he would be able shortly to effect his purpose. This answer Lascelles told to Katherine, which so aroused her indignation against Manox, that after declaring his insolence had deeply offended her, and she loved him not, she went with Lascelles to the house of Lord Beaumont, where he then was, and then passionately taxed him with his baseness. Manox excused himself by an assurance that his deep love for her so overcame him, that he list not what he had spoken. Whether this weak apology satisfied Katherine is not known; but, as she was afterwards seen walking with him alone at the back of the Duchess' orchard, by moonlight, it is probable that her affection for him, although damped, was not immediately extinguished. Such is the history of the high-born, but neglected orphan's first step in the downward path; and if her conduct is to be blamed, how much more so that of the unworthy woman, Lascelles, who, instead of informing her employer of Manox's illegitimate courtship and base purpose, actually proceeded with Katherine on a stolen expedition to the servants' hall of a neighbouring mansion, in search of the scoundrel.

Shortly after a quarrel with Manox, Katherine lent a willing ear to the suit of Francis Derham, one of the Duke of Norfolk's gentlemen pensioners. Derham, although a distant relation of the Howards, was of too mean birth, and far too poor, to match with Katherine. She, however, shortly after the clandestine courtship had commenced, admitted him to all the familiarities of a wedded lord; and as the Duchess neglected to provide her with money, trinkets, and nick-nacks, supplied nearly all her wants, even to silks and velvets

KATHERINE HOWARD,

Fifth Queen of Henry the Eighth.

CHAPTER I.

Katherine's descent—Parentage—Mother's death—Adoption by the Duchess of Norfolk—Education neglected—Evil associates—Illicit amours with Manox—Quarrel—Secret meeting by moonlight—Clandestinely courted by Derham—Permits him to play the husband to her—Caught romping with him by the Duchess—The discovery—Flight of Derham—The disgraceful truth hushed up—Punishment—Secret correspondence with Derham—He returns and accuses her of consenting to become Culpepper's wife—She denies it, and shakes him off—Is courted by Henry the Eighth—Reformed in conduct—The Duchess and Catholic party further the match—Married to the King in private—Publicly proclaimed Queen—Royal progress—Quarrels with Norfolk—Takes Manox and Jane Bulmer into her service—State of religious parties—Execution of the Countess of Salisbury—Progress to the north—Admits Derham into her household—Suspicious meeting with Culpepper—The reformers plot her fall—Her early crimes detailed to the council in her absence.



HE fifth Queen of Henry the Eighth was a daughter of the illustrious Howards, a family who, as heroes, poets, politicians, courtiers, patrons of literature, and state-victims to tyranny and revenge, have constantly been before us for upwards of four centuries, and whose records present more strange, more thrilling and heart-stirring events than can anywhere be found in the less truthful pages of tragedy or romance. Katherine Howard, whose crime-fraught career it is our painful duty to detail

with a merciful but just pen, was the fifth child of Edmund Howard and his wife, Joyce, daughter of Sir Richard Culpepper, of Holingbourn, in Kent. The date and place of her birth are involved in mystery. The events of her life would lead to a belief that she entered the world about the year 1516; but this is evidently wrong, for her father, when he attended Mary Tudor to France in 1515, was a bachelor; and even supposing him to have married immediately after his return, 1521 is, then, the earliest date that can be given for her birth.

Katherine's misfortunes commenced in the spring-time of her girlhood.

her niece, instructed her how to demean herself in the King's presence, so as to please him. To heighten her charms in the eyes of the amorous monarch, she fitted her out with jewels and costly apparel; and, according to a manuscript in the State Paper Office, she even went so far as to commend her to Henry's notice, as a person in every way worthy to share the throne with him as Queen Consort. Whilst the Duchess of Norfolk was thus strenuously urging forward the royal match, Derham, although forced to keep out of the way by the dread of punishment for his crimes, heard of the intended marriage of his betrothed to the King, and vowed to prevent it. But the Duchess, either by bribery or threats, urged him to waive his claim to the fair Katherine, and remain quiescent, which he did with reluctance, declaring that, although he dared not oppose his sovereign, he was sure of her, and as soon as Henry was dead, he would marry her.

Immediately after Henry's divorce from Anne of Cleves, the obsequious parliament humbly besought him, for the welfare of his people, to venture on a fifth marriage, in the hope that God would bless him with a more numerous issue. Whether or not the King was married to Katherine Howard when this petition was presented to him is questionable; for, of the place, the time, or of the performance of these nuptials, as far as is known, no account exists. Marillac, the French ambassador, in a letter to Montmorenci, dated July twenty-first, 1540, states that "it is reported that the lady [Katherine] is already married to the King, and likely to prove a fruitful consort." However, be this report true or false, Henry, on the eighth of August, not a month after his divorce from his German wife, formally introduced Katherine to court as his Queen. On the fifteenth, the clergy, throughout the realm, by royal orders, prayed for her as Queen Consort; and such, till the hour of her fall, she was afterwards acknowledged to be.

Katherine being a Catholic, and first cousin to Henry's second wife, Anne

Boleyn, and the King also being a Catholic, their marriage required a dispensation from the Pope. This ceremony, Henry, as head of the church, dispensed with, and thus established a precedent for all other marriages of persons similarly related. He, however, that the validity of the contract might not be hereafter questioned, caused an act of parliament to be passed just previously, pronouncing such marriages to be lawful and binding.

Henry, at the period of his marriage with Katherine, was so poor that he could neither afford her the pomp of a public wedding or a coronation. The expenses of his previous marriage and other extravagances had emptied his coffers, and all that he could or would lavish on the present occasion was a bridal medallion in gold, bearing the royal arms on one side, and a rose, as the symbol of Katherine, on the other.

A few days after Katherine had been acknowledged Queen, Henry conducted her to Windsor, and after tarrying there till the twenty-second of August, the royal pair made a progress, quiet and private, into Buckinghamshire. On the seventh of September, they proceeded from Grafton to Amptill, and from thence, on the first of October, to the sylvan retreat of More Park, in Hertfordshire, where, for several weeks, Henry so completely devoted his time and attention to his charming young bride, that he issued strict injunctions forbidding any one to intrude on his privacy, and refused to receive suits or petitions, or transact business of any kind.

On the twenty-second of October, the court returned to Windsor, and a month afterwards the King and Queen, accompanied by only a few attendants, departed to Oaking,* where they tarried till the seventh of December, when they proceeded to Oatlands, and there remained till the eighteenth, when they went to Hampton Court, where his Highness, with the Queen's grace, passed a happy Christmas, in quiet retirement—ostentatious pomp and gorgeous pageantry being a stranger to the court of Katherine Howard—a Queen who, gross as her other

* Now called Woking.

vices were, gave no undue sway to a love of dress, and neither spent large sums on costly robes or jewels, nor lavished profuse gifts on her favourites. The King's presence being required in London, he, on the seventh of February, 1540, came thither without the Queen, who, it appears, did not join him till the eighth of March, when she removed with the court to Westminster, and there remained till the nineteenth, when the King conducted her to Greenwich. Her sojourn at Greenwich was but short, as she and her royal husband passed the spring and part of the summer in quiet progresses through Essex, Kent, and other counties.

Hitherto Katherine had been viewed as the political puppet of the Catholics. Burnet asserts that she even prevailed upon Henry to sign Cromwell's death-warrant; and although this assertion is without foundation or authority, and, therefore, in all probability, false, the Catholics, with Gardiner, and her uncle, the Duke of Norfolk, at their head, certainly gained a triumph in her alliance to their sovereign. By the reform party her influence was greatly dreaded, and her fall as much desired as had been that of her equally ill-starred cousin, Anne Boleyn, by the Catholics. As to herself, she had neither the desire nor the ability to dabble in politics; and such was her want of tact and discretion, such her weakness, that immediately on her obtaining the ascendancy over the mind of her husband, she fell out with her powerful uncle, the Duke of Norfolk. Of the cause of the quarrel nothing is known; but as the ungallant Norfolk was at this period on terms of disaffection with several of the ladies of his family, including his wife, his daughter, and his step mother, the Duchess Dowager of Norfolk, it is probable that Katherine took part with her grandmother, or some other of these ladies, against him.

This breach gave hope to the reform party; and as Katherine's early follies, or rather crimes, were known to too many to be buried in oblivion, no sooner had she ascended the throne than many of her former wicked satellites, whom

she had lost sight of, as she had fondly hoped, for ever, pestered her for place and preferment, and her fears or weakness prevented her from putting a stern negative on their audacious demands, and thus completed the consummation of her folly. Although, on the twenty-eighth of August, a priest and several other persons were imprisoned, by order of the council, for speaking scandal against the Queen's grace, yet Katherine, perhaps forced by the circumstances of the case, shortly afterwards admitted Manox, Jane Bulmer, and others who were cognizant of her former ill life, into her service—a fatal error, which she was afterwards unable to retrieve.

From the moment of his marriage with Katherine Howard, Henry had leaned towards the Catholics, but as the strength of both the theological parties were about equal, no one was spared who dared to deny his supremacy. "Those who were against the Pope," remarks a foreigner, at that time in England, "were burned, and those who were for him were hanged; and the King displayed this tyrannical impartiality with such alarming ostentation, as to reduce both parties to subjection, and enforce terror into every breast."

However, in the spring of 1541, a Catholic insurrection, headed by Sir John Neville, burst forth in Yorkshire; and as Henry attributed the rising to Cardinal Pole, he instantly ordered the decapitation of the Cardinal's aged mother, the Countess of Salisbury, a prisoner in the Tower, who, a twelvemonth previously, had been unjustly sentenced to death, but whose execution had been deferred, probably at the intercession of Katherine Howard. The venerable Duchess was the last in a direct line of the Plantagenets—a family who, with great glory, but still greater crimes and misfortunes, had governed England for the space of three hundred years. When brought to the scaffold, and told to lay her head upon the block, she, with a courage and dignity worthy of her race, replied: "No; my head never committed treason; and if you will have it, you must take it as you can." She was dragged to the block by the hair of her

head, and whilst forcibly held there and butchered—for the executioner made several ineffectual blows at her before he effected his purpose—exclaimed aloud: “Blessed are they who suffer persecution for righteousness’ sake!”

The insurrection in the north induced Henry to make a progress thither, for the double purpose of restoring those parts to loyalty and order, and, if possible, cementing a close and indissoluble union with Scotland. A mistrust of the Catholics induced him to leave the administration of affairs in the hands of the reform party, with Cranmer and Lord Chancellor Audley at their head. Taking Katherine with him, he set out from London about the middle of July, and every county and town in any way implicated in the late uprising, received him with unbounded demonstrations of loyalty, presented him with large sums of money, and with lowly reverence and humble submission returned him grateful thanks for his gracious mercy. The King and Queen reached York on the fourteenth of September; but as the King of Scots, upon after-consideration, declined to meet his uncle there, as he had agreed to, the royal pair quitted York on the twenty-sixth of September, slept at Holme the same night, arrived at Hull on the first of October, five days afterwards crossed the Humber, and proceeding southward through Lincolnshire, reached Windsor on the twenty-sixth of October, and Hampton Court on the thirtieth.

During this progress the Queen’s influence with the King so increased, that she appeared to be his greatest and almost his sole object of regard. But whilst the reformers were already busy plotting her fall, she, on the twenty-seventh of August, when at Pontefract

Castle, had the indiscretion to take Francis Derham into her service as her private secretary; and a few days afterwards, she, at Lincoln, admitted her kinsman, Thomas Culpepper, to a secret conference with her in her privy chamber—no one being present but Lady Rochford. Culpepper was ushered into her presence at the suspicious hour of eleven at night, remained with her till two the next morning, and, at departing, received from her a present of a superb cap and a gold chain. Afterwards, Culpepper was accused of having a criminal intimacy with the Queen at this meeting: but although he was condemned, the accusation could not be substantiated, and it is now generally believed that his real purpose was to warn her of the danger of retaining her seducer, Derham, and to urge her to instantly dismiss him from her service.

Matters were in this state when John Lascelles—at whose instigation, or through what motive, is unknown—disclosed, in confidence, to Cranmer the immoral doings of Katherine previous to her marriage with the King. “This charge,” said Cranmer, “is a serious one,” addressing Lascelles; “how obtained you the information?”

“My sister Mary,” replied Lascelles, “now married, and in Essex, but who had been one of Katherine’s companions under the Duchess of Norfolk’s roof, told it me, as her reason for not endeavouring to obtain a place in the Queen’s household.”

Satisfied with this answer, Cranmer imparted the extraordinary tale to his friends, the Lord Chancellor and the Lord Hertford; and after a consultation, they all three determined to secure the person of Lascelles, and keep the matter secret till the return of the royal party.

CHAPTER II.

Henry's aversion to Anne increases—Her dower—The divorce agitated—Cromwell's advice to Anne detected by Henry—Arrest and execution of Cromwell—Ballad on his fall—Anne sent to Richmond—The preliminaries of the divorce—The marriage of Henry the Eighth and Anne of Cleves nullified by the convocation and the parliament—The divorce pronounced by Cranmer—A commission of the council visits Anne—Her terror—Consent to the divorce—Letters on the subject—Friendship between Anne and the King—He visits her—Scandals against her and the King investigated by the council—Vain endeavours to procure her restoration as Queen—Her virtues overdrawn by some authors—Death of her mother; and of Henry the Eighth—Friendship with the Princesses Mary and Elizabeth—Her death—Will—Burial—Tomb.



ALTHOUGH after her marriage, the King at first showed Anne every outward mark of respect, his aversion to her hourly increased. Nor is this so much to be wondered at, considering that Henry looked only to his own personal gratification, and that Anne, though well intentioned and pure in thought, was deficient in beauty, wit, vivacity, accomplishments, the art of flattery, and that insinuating womanly softness, so invariably admired by the sterner sex. Henry repeatedly told Cromwell that he believed Anne to be no maid when he had her, and therefore his feelings would not permit him to consummate his marriage with her. About the middle of Lent he reiterated this complaint to his secretary, declaring that she began to wax stubborn and wilful, and as his heart would not permit him to have children by her, he could not consider her as his lawful wife. Matters were in this state, when, singular as it may appear, Henry permitted the parliament, which met on the twelfth of April, to acknowledge Anne's rights as Queen Consort of England, by settling her dower according to the usual form.

On the first of May, Anne appeared for the last time in public with the King, at a tournament held at Durham House. Shortly afterwards, that unprincipled tool of royalty, Wrotheasly, paved the way for the divorce by, in the privy council,

lamenting that the King's highness was married to a princess whom he loved not, and hinting at the expediency of dissolving the union. Henry next expressed scruples of conscience at retaining a Lutheran for a consort. And, if possible, to render Anne's situation insupportable to her, discharged all her foreign attendants, and himself appointed English ladies to fill their place. The Queen had exerted her utmost endeavours to please her husband, but now she lost all heart, and in a domestic jar told him to his face that had she not have been forced to become his bride, she might have married the prince to whom she had promised her hand, who if not handsomer, was at least younger and better disposed than himself. This warm remark so greatly enraged Henry, that he at once resolved to put away Anne, and to destroy Cromwell, the minister who had induced him to marry her.

Cromwell, being aware of his critical position, had kept aloof from all communication with Anne, till her Flemish maids of honour were about to depart, when, as they applied to him to grant them a safe conduct, he seized the opportunity to dispatch a secret message to the Queen, urging her for her life's sake to render herself more agreeable to her royal husband. Anne followed Cromwell's advice; but not being an adept in the art of duplicity, she overacted her part, and Henry at once perceived the deception, and rightly attributed it to the counsel of his prime minister, whom he had just informed of

uplifted hands, blessing her royal husband for his merciful clemency, the archbishop departed; and repeating his visit in the evening, when she was more composed, artfully drew from her a promise to reply to his questions as faithfully and truly as she would answer at the day of judgment, and by the promise that she made at her baptism, and by the sacrament that she received on All-Hallows day last past. In compliance with this solemn promise, Katherine the next day signed, or rather put her mark, for she could not write, to the following startling confession, which, with some slight modification, occasioned by the impropriety of the language in the original, we give verbatim from the records in Burnet.

"I, Katherine Howard, being again examined by my Lord of Canterbury, of contracts and communications of marriage between Derham and me, I shall here answer faithfully and truly, as I shall make answer at the day of judgment, and by the promise that I made in baptism, and the sacrament that I received upon All-Hallows day last past.

"First, I do say that Derham hath many times moved me unto the question of matrimony, whereunto, as far as I remember, I never granted him more than I have already confessed. And as for these words, 'I promise you I love you with all my heart,' I do not remember that I ever spoke them. But as concerning the other words, that I should promise him by my faith and troth to be his wife, I am sure I never spoke them.

"Examined what tokens and gifts I gave to Derham, and he to me. I gave him a band and sleeves for a shirt, and he gave me a heart's-ease of silk, for a new-year's gift, and an old shirt of fine holland or cambric, that had belonged to my lord Thomas, and been given to Derham by my lady; and more than this, to my remembrance I never gave him, nor he to me, saving this summer £10, which I received from him about the beginning of the progress.

"Examined, whether I gave him a small ring of gold, upon the condition that he should never give it away. To

my knowledge, I never gave him any such ring, but I cannot be certain of the matter.

"Examined, whether the shirt, band, and sleeves, were of my own work. They were not of my work, but, as I remember, Clifton's wife, of Lambeth, wrought them.

"As for the bracelet of silk-work, if it was mine, he must have taken it from me, for I never gave him one.

"I never gave him a ruby, to set in a ring or for other purposes. As for the French fennel, Derham did not give it me; but he said there was a little woman in London, with a crooked back, who was very cunning in making all manner of artificial flowers, so I desired him to cause her to make a French fennel for me, and I would pay him again when I had money; this he did, and when I first came to court, I paid him for that, as well as for divers other things, to the value of five or six pounds. It is true, that I dared not wear the fennel till after I had prevailed on Lady Brereton to say that she had given it me.

"As for the small ring with a stone, I never lost one of his, nor did he ever give me one.

"As for velvet and satin for dresses, a cap of velvet with a feather, and a quilted cap of sarcenet, he did not give them to me; but at my desire he laid out money for them, and I paid him again when I came to court. He did not buy me the quilted cap, but only the sarcenet for it, which I delivered, as I remember, to a little fellow named Rose, in my lady's house, to make it up as he thought best, and not appointing him to trim it with friar's knots, as he can testify, if he be a true man. Nevertheless, when it was made, Derham said, 'What, wife, here be friar's knots for Francis.'"

* Derham's christian name was Francis, and these knots were an enigmatical allusion to that name, introduced for the first time, it is supposed, by the French monarch, Francis the First, at the field of the cloth of gold. "The French King, and his men," says Hall, in his minute detail of that gorgeous scene, "were apparelled in purple satin, branched with gold and purple velvet, and embroidered all over with *friar's knots*, with a *panny flower* in each knot, which device signified, 'Think on Francis.'"

"As for the indenture, and the obligation of a hundred pounds, he left them with me, clearly saying, if he did return I was to consider them as my own, and when I asked him whither he was going, he would not tell me.

"Examined, whether I called him husband, and he me wife. I do answer, that there was communication in the house that we two should marry together, and some of his enemies had envy thereat; therefore, he desired me to give him leave to call me wife, and that I would call him husband. And I said I was content. And so after that, commonly he called me wife, and many times I called him husband. And he used many times to kiss me, and so he did to many others commonly in the house. And I suppose that this be true, that at one time when he kissed me very often, some said that were present, they trowed that he would never have kissed me enough; when he answered, who should prevent him from kissing his own wife. Then said one of them, I trow this matter will come to pass, as the saying is. What is that? quoth he. Marry, said the other, that Mr. Derham shall have Mrs. Katherine Howard. By St. John, said Derham, you may guess again and guess worse. But that I winked at him, and said secretly, 'What if this should come to my Lady's ears,' is verily false."

After admitting that Derham had taken the grossest personal liberties with her, she proceeds: "And divers times he would bring wine, strawberries, apples, and other things, to make good cheer, after my Lady was gone to bed. But that he made any special banquet, that by appointment between him and me, he should tarry after the keys were delivered to my Lady, is utterly untrue; nor I never did steal the keys myself, nor desire any other to do so, to let him in, but from many causes the doors have been opened, sometimes over-night, and sometimes early in the morning, as well at the request of myself, as of others; and sometimes Derham hath come in early in the morning, and ordered himself very shamefully, but never by my request or consent.

"The report that I, in reply to Wilks

and Baskerville, when they asked what shifts should we make if my Lady should come in suddenly, advised that Derham should be hid in the little gallery, is not true. I never said, that if my Lady came he should go into the gallery, but he hath said so himself, and so he hath done indeed.

"As for the communication of my going to court, I remember that he told me if I were going to court, he would not long tarry in the house, when I answered, he might do as he list. Further communication of that matter, I remember not. But that I should say it grieved me as much as it did him, or that he should never live to say thou hast swerved, or that the tears should trickle down my cheeks, none of these be true, for all who kept my company know how glad and desirous I was to come to court.

"As for my intimacy with Derham, after his return from Ireland, that is untrue. But, as far as I can remember, he then asked me if I should be married to Mr. Culpepper, as he had heard reported; when I answered, What should you trouble me therewith? for you know I will not have you, and if you heard such report, you heard more than I know.

"KATHERINE HOWARD."

This confession Cranmer sent to the King, enclosed in a letter of his own, in which, after stating that he had sedulously laboured to obtain from Katherine an acknowledgment of a pre-contract between her and Derham, he concludes by saying, that the Queen stontly maintained that no promise had been made on her part, and that "all that Derham did to her was of his importune forcement, and in a manner violent rather than of her own free consent and will."

Had Katherine admitted that she was troth-plight to Derham, by submitting to a divorce, she might have saved her life; but, choosing rather to die than resign her queenly state, she, by her own obstinacy, forced the reformers, whose purport was only to destroy her influence as the tool of the Catholic party, to hurry her to the scaffold.

The King, either from feeling or po-

licity, delegated the sole direction of the proceedings against his unhappy consort to Cranmer and the council, who placed Katherine under arrest, deprived her of her keys, and on the thirteenth of November removed her to Sion House, where she was treated with the respect due to her rank, two apartments being reserved exclusively for her accommodation, whilst several others were allotted to that of her attendants. In anticipation of her attainder, Henry took possession of all her personal property, ordered that, the day before her departure to Sion House, all the ladies, gentlemen, and gentlewomen of her household should be made acquainted with her misdoings, saving such acts as might imply a pre-contract, which subject was to be carefully avoided; and as a royal favour, he allowed her six French hoods, with edges of goldsmiths' work, but without pearls or diamonds, and six changes of rich apparel, with the appurtenances belonging thereto, excepting also pearls, diamonds, or other precious stones.

As Katherine would not admit the pre-contract, the council resolved to proceed against her for the crime of adultery. To procure evidence of her guilt, her whole conduct since she became Queen was strictly scrutinized; and as it was discovered that at Lincoln she had permitted Thomas Culpepper to remain in company with her and Lady Rochford from eleven o'clock at night till two in the morning, it was resolved to fix the crime upon him, and also, if possible, to make Derham, who was already in custody, a partner in his guilt. Accordingly, Culpepper and the base Lady Rochford, who had borne murderous testimony against her own husband when Anne Boleyn was brought to the block, were both taken into custody. The Queen's female attendants were next strictly examined, but without eliciting anything like a proof of the guilt of the parties accused. Katharine Tylney and Margaret Marton, two of the Queen's chamberers, bribed, it is supposed, by the unscrupulous Wriothesley, bore the strongest evidence against their royal mistress. Besides other frivolous details, they swore that Culpepper, as reported,

had on one occasion, at Lincoln, visited the Queen at night; that they had conveyed sundry strange messages to and from Katherine and Lady Rochford; that they believed Lady Rochford had carried letters to and from the Queen and Culpepper; and that on one occasion, when at Pontefract, the Queen, when in her bedchamber with only Lady Rochford, had locked and bolted the door so securely, that when the King's majesty went unexpectedly to pass the night there, there was a great noise inside, and some time elapsed before he could gain admittance.

Shortly after obtaining this unsatisfactory evidence, the council learned that the arrest of Derham and the Queen had so alarmed the weak-minded old Duchess of Norfolk, that she busied herself to ascertain how matters were proceeding, and endeavoured to purchase Derham's silence by a present of ten pounds. This information the council laid before the king; and as Derham had left papers and other effects at the Duchess's house at Lambeth, the Duke of Norfolk was, by Henry's orders, dispatched to take possession of them. But, before his arrival, the Duchess, assisted by several of her servants, broke open Derham's trunks, and, as it was supposed, took out of them and destroyed all writings and articles that might be brought against any of the parties implicated in the Queen's evil doings; a step which so irritated the King, that the Duchess herself, together with her daughter, the Countess of Bridgewater, the Lord William Howard and his wife, Derham's friend Dampart, Manox, the musician, and eight or nine other persons of inferior rank in the Duchess's service, were committed to the Tower, and rigorously examined by the council. From the menials, nothing of importance could be learned, beyond the known fact that whilst they and the smith who picked the lock stood by, the Duchess had taken all the papers out of Derham's trunks, and carried them away, saying, that she would read them at her leisure in private. Some of these papers were writings, done up in bundles, and others were ballads and music for the lute. Derham, when cross-examined,

admitted that his courtship with Katherine, when a girl, was carried on unknown to the Duchess, and that when the Duchess once saw him kiss her, she boxed his ears, beat her, and gave Mrs. Bulmer a slap on the face for sitting by, and permitting such conduct. When asked how he came to enter the Queen's household, he said that the Duchess had introduced him by the Queen's desire. The truth of this assertion has, however, been questioned, because Lady Howard deposed that one day, when she said to the Queen, "Derham is at court," her Grace answered, "I have been desired to be good to him by my Lady of Norfolk." By the council, it was deemed a matter of no great import how or by what means he had been introduced into the Queen's household, for the fact of his being there was by them viewed as presumptive evidence of her infidelity to the King.

On the thirtieth of November, Derham and Culpepper were arraigned for high treason at Guildhall. No proofs of their having committed adultery with Katherine were brought against them; but as the lord mayor and the other city functionaries were intimidated by the presence of the great state officers of the crown, neither law nor justice was regarded, and the unfortunate prisoners were condemned as traitors. As it was hoped additional information might be extorted from them respecting the guilt of the Queen, their lives were spared for ten days; not out of mercy, but to torture them into making the desired confession. They, however, gave no new information. Perhaps they had none to give. But Derham's friend, Dampont, after enduring the agony of having his teeth forced out, by a barbarous instrument, called the Breaks, made the insignificant confession, that Derham had once said to him, "If it were not for the King, I could make sure of Katherine Howard; but as he loves her, I dare not marry her till after his death."

Finding it impossible to get more out of Culpepper and Derham, the council, by the King's desire, ordered that on the tenth of December, they should be drawn to Tyburn, where the former,

out of respect to his family, should be beheaded, and the latter hanged and quartered, as a traitor. Derham petitioned for mercy, but the prayer was sternly refused by Henry; and he was butchered with all the revolting barbarity then generally inflicted on persons executed for treason. On the scaffold, both the unfortunate victims, to the jealousy or, perhaps, the policy of the merciless Henry the Eighth, protested their innocence of the crime for which they suffered, and on the day after their execution, their heads were placed on London Bridge.

Meanwhile, the old Duchess of Norfolk fell sick, and the council, fearing she would die out of perversity, and so defraud the King of the confiscation of her property, advised that she and all the other parties accused of wilfully neglecting to inform Henry of Katherine's derelictions, should be immediately indicted of misprision of treason, thereby affording the parliament a reasonable pretext to confiscate the goods of any of them who should chance, before their attainder, to die. This thirst for plunder on the part of the King and his council was carried to such a shameful extent, that the houses of the Duchess of Norfolk, of Lady Bridgewater, of Lady Rochford, and of Lord William Howard, were all put under sequestration, and ransacked by Wriothesley and other members of the council, and their satellites, who took inventories of all the money, goods and other valuables. This done, the indictment of misprision of treason was issued against the Duchess of Norfolk, the Countess of Bridgewater, Lady Howard, Lady Rochford, Lord William Howard,* Dampont, Manox, and most

* Katherine's uncle. Her father, it appears, was dead; his name, says Dugdale, is nowhere mentioned after the twelfth of Henry the Eighth. As the family of the Howards spread themselves into several branches, it may be well, to prevent confusion, to give a short genealogical sketch of that illustrious family. Sir Robert Howard (temp. Henry the Sixth) married Margaret, daughter and co-heiress to Thomas de Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk, by whom he had John, created Duke of Norfolk, June twenty-eighth, first of Richard the Third, and slain after-

of the Duchess of Norfolk's servants. The base Mary Lascelles was exempt from the indictment, because, say the council, she revealed the matter, and refused to enter the Queen's service. It, however, appears to have been malice, at being overlooked or neglected by the Queen, and not, as Henry's courtiers would have us believe, a sense, of moral rectitude, that induced this bad, bold woman to expose Katherine's former evil ways. As to her refusing to enter the Queen's service, there is no evidence beyond her bare word, that she ever had the chance of so doing; whilst it is a known fact, that, except when forced by circumstances, Katherine in no case admitted into the royal household any of the female partners in her early crimes.

Towards the close of December, the Duchess of Norfolk's servants, and Dampart and Manox, were tried, pleaded guilty of being privy of Katherine's incontinency, with many tears and supplications for mercy, and were all condemned to forfeiture and perpetual imprisonment.

Katherine's position was now hopeless. Her offended uncle, the Duke of Norfolk, the premier peer, and the only man in the kingdom who could dare to stand between her and the royal wrath, not only deserted her, but with a deadly hate, which he had formerly

wards at Bosworth fight, who married first Katherine, daughter of William Lord Molins, by whom he had Thomas, created Earl of Surrey, first of Richard the Third, and restored to the same title fourth of Henry the Seventh; second, Margaret, daughter of Sir John Chedworth. The said Thomas married Elizabeth, the daughter and sole heiress to Sir Frederick Tilney, by whom he had Thomas, the third Duke of Norfolk, Sir Edward, knight of the garter and high admiral, and Edmund, father of Katherine, the subject of our present memoir. His second wife was Agnes, sister and heiress of Sir Phillip Tilney, by whom he had William (created baron of Elingham, March fourteenth, first of Mary), and the petulant Thomas, who quarrelled with all the ladies in his family, assisted to bring Anne Boleyn and Katherine Howard to the block, and afterwards formed a secret marriage with the Lady Margaret Douglas, niece to the King; on the discovery of which, he was sentenced to close imprisonment in the Tower, where he died in 1537.

shewn to his late niece, Anne Boleyn, in her hour of trouble, actually became one of her bitterest enemies, and addressed to Henry an epistle, denouncing her and his other relations who were accused of being accessory to her crimes as base traitors. She was without friends or money. Imprisonment, and the dread of the scaffold, had impaired her health, and clouded her mind with the gloom of despondency, whilst the yet lingering ray of hope which Cranmer's deceitful promise of a pardon had induced her to cherish, was at length dispelled by the appalling intelligence, that on the meeting of parliament, on the sixteenth of January, 1542, a bill for the attainder of herself, and of Lady Rochford, the Duchess of Norfolk, the Countess of Bridgewater, Lord William Howard and his wife, and several others, was brought into the lords, and read for the first time on the twenty-first of January. This unjust despotism induced the lord chancellor to propose, that before they brought the Queen and her noble relations to the block without trial or jury, a committee of the lords and commons should wait on Katherine, to help her womanish fears, and urge her to say all that she could in her own justification; "for," added the chancellor, "it is but just that so noble a personage as the Queen, should be tried by the same laws as ourselves; and if in this way she can establish her innocence, it will assuredly afford both the King and the nation great joy." The house willingly acceded to the proposal, and ordered that, in the meantime, the progress of the bill of attainder should be stayed. But the council, fearing to grant the Queen the smallest opportunity to speak in her own defence, disapproved of the plan, and on the thirtieth of January, the lord chancellor proposed, that in its stead, the parliament should petition the King; First, For his health's sake, not to give himself any personal trouble in the matter. Second, To pardon them, if, on the present occasion, they had transgressed any part of the statute, making it treason to speak ill of the Queen. Third, As the Queen had taken Derham into her ser-

vice, and a woman into her chamber who had known their former ill life, and thus rendered her intentions apparent; and as she had admitted Culpepper to be with her in a suspicious place, for several hours in the night, with no one present but Lady Rochford; it is desirable that the Queen, Derham, Culpepper, and Lady Rochford, be attainted of treason, and that the Queen and Lady Rochford should suffer death. Fourth, That the King would not trouble to give his assent to this act in person, but grant it by letters patent, under his hand and seal. Fifth, That the Duchess Dowager of Norfolk, the Countess of Bridgewater, the Lord William Howard, and his wife, and four other men, and five women, who were already attainted by the course of common law (the Duchess of Norfolk and the Countess of Bridgewater excepted), that knew the Queen's vicious life, and had concealed it, should be all attainted of misprision of treason.

An act to this effect was hurried through both houses of parliament, and passed on the sixth of February. On the tenth, the hope-blighted, penitent Queen was removed by water from Sion House to the Tower, where, on passing under the arch of the death-boding Traitors' Gate, she shuddered, shrieked, and fainted. How she conducted herself the first night in her new prison-lodging, no pen has detailed; but on the following day, the lord chancellor brought the bill to the lords, signed by the King, with the great seal appended to it; and whilst the commons were being summoned to attend, the Duke of Suffolk arose, and said that he and several others had that morning visited the Queen; that she acknowledged her offence against God, the King, and the nation, implored his Grace not to punish her brothers, or family, for her faults; and, as a last request, desired permission to divide her clothes amongst her maidens, as she had sought else to recompense their services with. The Earl of Southampton confirmed this statement, and added more which has not been entered on

the journal of that day's proceedings, —the clerk, unaccountably, having begun the entry with these words: *hoc etiam adjiciens*—and added nothing more. When the commons had assembled, the royal assent was read in due form to the act, which condemned Katherine Howard as a traitress and an adulteress, without her having been permitted to speak one word in her own defence, and without one single proof of her guilt having been adduced. Her confession to Norfolk was evidently only a penitent acknowledgment of the sins she had been guilty of before her marriage to the King; for, had she have been brought to confess adultery, the only crime with which she was charged, that nobleman, in his address, would doubtless have so stated, in broad and unequivocal terms. The bill of attainder would have been based on her own admission, and not on the supposition of her intention to commit the crime, and a full and clear statement of her guilt would have been made, both to the commons and to the lords. In fact, neither the original letters in the state papers, the act of attainder, nor the proceedings in parliament, justify a belief that Katherine Howard, base and incontinent as she was previous to her marriage with Henry the Eighth, was guilty of adultery—the crime for which she suffered death; and if she was innocent, so also were Lady Rochford, Culpepper, and Derham. Indeed, Derham evidently suffered not because he *had* committed the act imputed to him, but because he *might possibly* have intended to do so. According to those valuable national records, the State Papers: when the King, in his wrath, expressed a desire to take the life of the aged Duchess of Norfolk, the judges for once had the boldness to dissent; declaring that the Duchess, having opened Derham's chests, and willingly destroyed his papers, could not constitute high treason, without it could be proved that the papers were of a treasonable nature, and the Duchess knew them to be such; —an opinion which so irritated the despotic monarch, that, on hearing it, he vehemently exclaimed, "They cannot

say that they have any learning to maintain that they have a better ground to make Derham's case treason, and to presume that his coming again to the Queen's service, was to an ill intent of a renovation of his former naughty life, than they have in this case, to presume that the breaking of the coffers [Derham's chests] was to the intent to conceal letters of treason!"—A proof that the charge of having made the disgraced Queen an adulteress, was never substituted against Derham.

On being informed that she must prepare for her execution, Katherine made the subjoined solemn protestation to her last confessor, Dr. White, who subsequently delivered it to a noble young lord, of her name and near alliance:—"As to the act, my reverend Lord, for which I stand condemned, God and his holy angels I take to witness, upon my soul's salvation, that I die guiltless, never having so abused my sovereign's bed. What other sins and follies of youth I have committed, I will not excuse, but am assured for them God hath brought this punishment upon me, and will in his mercy remit them, for which I pray you pray with me unto his Son and my Saviour, Christ."

The uncrowned Queen had been condemned but two days, when, on the thirteenth of February, she and Lady Rochford, accompanied by her confessor, were led to execution. The scaffold on which they suffered was the same on which Anne Boleyn was decapitated, and was erected on the grave, facing the church of St. Peter ad Vincula, within the Tower.

The particulars of the execution are graphically detailed in the subjoined letter, addressed by an eye-witness, Otwell Johnson, to his brother, John Johnson, a merchant of the Staple, at Calais.

"At London, the fifteenth day of February, 1542.

"From Calais I have heard nothing as yet of your suit to my Lord Grey; and for news from hence, know ye that even according to my writing on Sunday last, I saw the Queen and the Lady Rochford suffer, within the Tower, the day

following, whose souls (I doubt not) be with God, for they made the most godly and Christian end that ever was heard tell of, I think, since the world's creation: uttering their lively faith in the blood of Christ only, and with goodly words and steadfast countenances, they desired all Christian people to take regard unto their worthy and just punishment with death for their offences, and against God heinously from their youth upward, in breaking all his commandments, and also against the King's royal majesty very dangerously. Wherefore they, being justly condemned (as they said) by the laws of the realm and parliament to die, required the people (I say) to take example at them for amendment of their ungodly lives, and gladly to obey the king in all things, for whose preservation they did heartily pray, and willed all people so to do, commending their souls to God, earnestly calling for mercy upon him: whom I beseech to give us grace, with such faith, hope, and charity, at our departing out of this miserable world, to come to the fruition of his Godhead in joy everlasting. Amen.

"Your loving brother,

"OTWELL JOHNSON."

"With my hearty commendations unto Mr. Cave and Mistress Cave, not forgetting my sister, your wife. I pray you, let them be made partakers of these last news, for surely the thing is well worth the knowledge."

The original of this letter is in the Record office in the Tower. It was probably intercepted, as from its tenor we learn that Katherine, whilst she died with Christian meekness and resignation, so far from confessing the crime for which she was beheaded, used the very same ambiguous and unsatisfactory language which Suffolk had just before employed in the House of Lords, a coincidence not likely to be accidental, and which is a further proof of the unjustness of her condemnation.

The mangled remains of Katherine Howard were buried with indecent haste, and without funeral pomp, in St. Peter's chapel, within the Tower, close to where those of Anne Boleyn were interred.

She died in about the twenty-first or twenty-second year of her age, and in the eighteenth month of her marriage.* Little time was allowed her to prepare for death, but in her last moments she testified resentment against no one but her uncle Norfolk, and this was less on account of herself than of her aged grandmother, the Duchess of Norfolk. She knew that the old Duchess was condemned for misprision of treason, chiefly through Norfolk's agency, and expected that she would shortly follow her to the block; but in this she was mistaken, for shame induced Henry to pardon the Duchess in May, 1543.

As Lady Rochford had been the chief instrument in bringing her own husband and Anne Boleyn to their end, she died unpitied; but many felt for the untimely fate of the beautiful Katherine Howard, and deemed her at least innocent of the crime for which she suffered. Her early derelictions certainly caused the King

great trouble; and to secure both himself and his successors for the future from a similar misfortune, in the bill of her attainder he caused it to be enacted that any one who knew, or even strongly suspected any guilt in the Queen, might disclose it to the King or the council, without incurring the penalty of any former laws against defaming the Queen; that any one knowing the Queen's guilt, and not disclosing it to the King or the council, or noising it abroad, or even whispering it to their friends, should be guilty of treason. That the Queen, who should move another person to commit adultery with her, or the person who should move her to the like act with him, should also be guilty of treason; and that if the King married any woman who had been incontinent, believing her to be a maid, she should be guilty of treason if she did not disclose her disgrace to him previous to her marriage. The people made merry with this last clause, and said that the King must henceforth look out for a widow, for no reputed maid would ever be persuaded to incur the penalty of the statute.

* A few days before her execution, Henry the Eighth assumed the title of King of Ireland; she therefore died the first Queen of England and Ireland.

KATHERINE PARR,

Sixth Queen of Henry the Eighth.

CHAPTER I.

Katherine's parentage—Birth—In childhood loses her father—Talents, learning, wisdom, virtue—Futile negotiations for her marriage to Lord Scroop's heir—Married to Lord Borough—He dies, and Katherine's mother also—Katherine's widowhood—She becomes the wife of Lord Latimer—Insurrection in the North—Lord Latimer one of the insurgents—His peril and loss—Katherine procures the release of Sir George Throgmorton, and the fall of Cromwell—Her second husband dies—Sir Thomas Seymour woos her—Henry the Eighth demands her hand, and marries her—She becomes a reformer—Is hated by the Catholics—Persecution of Marbeck and other reformers—Advancement of Katherine's kindred—Katherine's kindness to her royal step-children—Act of Parliament settling the succession—Mutual friendship between Katherine and the Princess Mary—Katherine holds a grand court—She is constituted Regent—Henry goes to France, and takes Boulogne—Her doings in the King's absence—His letter to her from Boulogne—The plague—Capture and ransom of George Throgmorton—Painting of the Royal Family.



KATHERINE PARR, the sixth and last consort of Henry the Eighth, and the first Protestant Queen of England, was the only daughter of Sir Thomas Parr, of Kendal, and his wife Matilda, daughter of Sir Thomas Green, of Broughton and Green's Norton, in Northamptonshire. Although, like Anne Boleyn and Jane Seymour, only a Knight's daughter, Katherine was allied in blood to the King himself,* and what infinitely

* Joanna Beaufort, daughter of John of Gaunt, married Ralph Neville, Earl of Westmoreland, by whom she had two daughters, Cicely and Alice. Cicely married Richard, Duke of York, and was the mother of Edward the Fourth. Alice married the Lord Fitz-

eclipses the boast of descent, she was a lady of remarkable piety, prudence, and virtue. She was born about the year 1513 (the precise date is not known), at Kendal Castle, in Westmoreland, founded by her Norman ancestor, Ivo de Tallebois. William, her only brother, was created Earl of Essex in December, 1543, and afterwards Marquis of Northampton. Her sister, Anne, became the wife of William Herbert, created Earl of Pembroke by Edward the Sixth. Whilst yet but a child, she had the misfortune to lose her father, Sir Thomas Parr, who died in the parish of Blackfriars, London, on the eleventh of November, 1517, left his children to the guardianship of

Hugh, and had Elizabeth, who married Sir William Parr, grandfather to the subject of the present memoir.

their mother, and by his will, dated four days previous to his demise, bequeathed his lands and possessions to his wife during her life; his great gold chain that the King had graciously presented to him, worth one hundred and forty pounds, to his son William; and to each of his daughters, Katherine and Anne, as their wedding portion, four hundred pounds, a sum equal to about two thousand pounds each present money; a bequest paltry indeed, considering that to him belonged Kendal Castle, the rich inheritance of the Greens, of Broughton, and other manors and broad lands, to say nothing of goods, chattels, and money.

Katherine was endowed by nature with uncommon talents, which, by the wisdom of her mother, were improved and carefully cultivated. Besides being a perfect mistress of her own tongue, she was a good Latin, French, and German scholar, and even possessed some knowledge of Greek; whilst her skill and industry in the use of the needle were such, that to this day may be seen, in excellent preservation, at Sizergh Castle, a superb counterpane, and a toilet cover of rich white satin, embossed with flowers and heraldic devices, in many-coloured silks and threads of gold, wrought, it is said, solely by her hands.

In 1524, a negotiation was opened for the marriage of Katherine to the heir of Lord Scroop. With this view, several letters passed between Lord Parr's widow, Lord Scroop, and Lord Dacre, the latter acting as mediator, but as both parties were fishing for gold, they each endeavoured to drive so hard a bargain that the affair came to nothing, and was terminated by Lord Dacre writing to Lady Parr, in May, 1525, expressing regret that the matter had not been amicably arranged, and declaring that Lord Scroop's demand of eleven hundred marks was only what she could afford to give; and as to his offer of one hundred marks jointure, it was not far from the established custom of the country, which was to give ten marks jointure for every hundred marks of dower.

No long time afterwards, Katherine was married to Lord Borough, of Gainsborough, an elderly widower with chil-

dren much older than herself, and who died about the year 1528, leaving her a childless widow of fifteen. Whilst yet in deep mourning for the loss of her first husband, Katherine, to her infinite sorrow, received intelligence of the death of her beloved mother, and last surviving parent, on the twentieth of May, 1529. The will of Dame Maud Parr, widow and late wife of Sir Thomas Parr, as Katherine's mother styles herself, is remarkable for lack of sense and perspicuity. In it allusion is made to the marriage of Katherine's brother to Lady Bourchier, daughter of the Earl of Essex, and sole descendant of Isabella Plantagenet, sister to Richard, Duke of York, the King's great-grandfather; an alliance which connected the family of the Parris still more closely to that of their sovereign.

Katherine, it appears, passed the period of her first widowhood at Sizergh Castle, under the protection of her stepson, Henry Borough. Both her brother and her uncle obtained posts in the royal household, and she herself appears to have been on something like terms of friendship with the King, as in the privy purse expenses of Henry the Eighth, is an entry, in 1530, of a rich coat of Kendal cloth, which she presented to him. The present, however, must have been one of friendship, and not of love. Henry's affections were then firmly fixed on Anne Boleyn, and this fact was well known to Katherine, who, although astrology had predicted that she was born to be one of the greatest queens in Christendom, shortly afterwards (the date is unknown) gave her hand in marriage to the wealthy Lord Latimer, an elderly widower with two children, who had already buried two wives:—Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Richard Musgrave, and Dorothy, who died in 1527, and was daughter of Sir George de Vere, and co-heiress to John de Vere, Earl of Oxford.

Whilst the wife of Lord Latimer, Katherine passed most of her time at his castle of Snape, in Yorkshire, near Great Tanfield, a manor which belonged to her childless brother, William Parr, and to which, at the time of her marriage, she was heiress presumptive. Her lord

took a leading part in the northern insurrection, in 1536, occasioned by the suppression of the monasteries, a measure which, although in the end highly beneficial, was doubtless viewed and felt at the time as unjust and severely cruel: the monks were driven from their homes to, in most cases, beg their bread; the poor were deprived of their accustomed dole from the doors of the convents, and the patrons of the dissolved houses of the corrodies reserved to them by the charters of foundation; whilst persons of every grade, both lay and clerical, were forced to change their tenets at the King's pleasure, or be burnt, hanged, or decapitated. The uprising commenced in Lincolnshire, under the guidance of Makerel, Prior of Barling, who assumed the name of Captain Cobbler, and it rapidly spread northward. Under the auspices of Lord Latimer and other nobles, and the nominal command of Robert Aske, an obscure gentleman, named for the occasion the Earl of Poverty, upwards of forty thousand of the inhabitants of Yorkshire, and other adjacent counties, assembled for what they were pleased to name the pilgrimage of grace. They bore white banners, on which were depicted the image of Christ crucified, and the chalice and host, the emblems of their belief. They were bound together by solemn oaths, and wherever they appeared, they replaced the ejected monks in the monasteries, and compelled the inhabitants to join the pilgrimage. So formidable did they at length become, that the Duke of Norfolk, although placed by the King at the head of a large army, found it more expedient to negotiate than to fight. An armistice was arranged, and Lord Latimer and others chosen by the pilgrims to lay their complaints before the King. Henry purposely delayed giving them an answer, in the hope that their own necessities would force them to disperse. When this artifice had in a great measure succeeded, he ordered them to instantly lay down their arms, and authorized Norfolk to pardon all but ten persons, six named and four unnamed, an exception which induced the leaders of the pilgrimage to refuse the terms with scorn, and again

fly to arms. Norfolk, still dreading to oppose with arms so powerful, so enthusiastic a force, again resorted to negotiation. A deputation of three hundred of the pilgrims met the royal commissioners with proposals of an accommodation, at Doncaster. Amongst other reforms and changes, they demanded the restoration of the monasteries and the papal authority, the suppression of heretical books, the removal and punishment of heretical preachers, and the expulsion from the royal council of all base-born persons, especially Cromwell and Rich. These demands gave such great umbrage to the King, that he published a manifesto against the rebels, in which he greatly marvels that such ignorant churls should talk of theological subjects to him, "who something had been noted to be learned in what the right faith should be; or should complain of the laws which they knew no more about than a blind man did of colours, as if after twenty-eight years' experience, he did not know how to govern the realm; or should oppose the suppression of the monasteries, as if it were wise to support the monks in their sloth and wickedness. Indeed," he added, "we, with our whole council, think it right strange that ye, who be but brutes and inexpert folk, do take upon you to appoint us who be meet or not for our council."

However, as it was necessary to break up so formidable an assembly as peaceably as possible, Henry promised to redress such of the grievances as might seem to be well founded, and, being strenuously urged by Norfolk, granted a free pardon; which the insurgents, at the request of Lord Latimer, accepted, with the understanding that their grievances should be discussed in the parliament to be forthwith assembled at York. The general pardon was dated December the ninth, 1536, and as the King neglected to fulfil his promise, the pilgrims were within two months again under arms; but this time Lord Latimer, probably deterred by the prudent counsel of Katherine, did not join them, and thus avoided the fate of Lord Darcy, Lord Hussey, Robert Aske, Sir Robert Constable, Sir John Bulmer, Sir Thomas

Piercy, Sir Stephen Hamilton, and hundreds of common people, who, for the part they had taken in the uprising, were all beheaded or hanged, when another proclamation of general pardon restored peace to the nation.

Although Lord Latimer's quiescence had screened him from the royal vengeance, inflicted with such painful rigour on his northern friends, he did not come off scot free. Sir John Russell, the Lord Privy Seal, had the impudence to request for one of his friends, the favour of the loan of Latimer's splendid London mansion, in the churchyard of the Charterhouse; and as it was more than Latimer's life was worth to offend one of the King's satellites, after he had been in arms against the crown, he bowed compliance; but that he did so with regret, and no little ill-convenience, is apparent, by the following extract from a letter on the subject, addressed by him to Sir John Russell: "I assure your Lordship, the getting of a lease of it [the mansion in question] cost me one hundred marks, besides other expenses, for it was much my desire to have it, because it stands in good air, out of the press of the city. And I do always lie there when I come to London, and I have no other house to lie at; and also I have granted it to farm to Mr. Nudygate to lie in the same house in my absence, and he to void whenever I come up to London. Nevertheless, I am content, if it can do your Lordship any pleasure for your friend, that he lie there forthwith. At this Michaelmas term, I seek my lodgings elsewhere. . . . the lease is not here, but I shall bring it to your Lordship, at my coming up at this said term. . . . From Wyke, in Worcestershire, the last day of December."

In 1540, an incident occurred, which renders it probable that Cromwell's fall was accelerated, if not immediately caused, by the secret animosity of Katherine Parr. Cromwell having quarrelled with Katherine's uncle, Sir George Throgmorton, caused him to be thrown into prison, on a false charge of denying the King's supremacy, with a view to compass his ruin and death. The Throgmortons, in their distress, appealed to

Katherine, whose influence with Henry, say the papers of the Throgmorton family, was at this time so great, that she caused her uncle to be immediately released, and prevailed upon the King to advise with him about Cromwell, just previous to the imprisonment of that minister. It therefore is not unreasonable to presume that Katherine, whilst eloquently pleading for the life of her uncle, made Henry acquainted with the baseness, the rapacity, the unpopularity of his favourite minister, and induced the monarch to sacrifice to popular indignation the man he had raised to the highest offices in the state. Another cause of Katherine's animosity to Cromwell was, that on the death of her brother's wife's father, the last Earl of Essex, the lands and honours of that nobleman were bestowed not on her brother, the heir in equity, in right of his wife, but on the blacksmith minister. In fact, Cromwell was a great enemy of the Parrs and the Bouchiers, and after his execution much of his property was shared amongst them. His manor and mansion of Wimbledon was settled on Katherine, his manor of Coughton Court was purchased of the crown, on advantageous terms, by Sir George Throgmorton, and the Earldom of Essex was bestowed on William Parr.

Early in 1543 Lord Latimer died, and a few months afterwards Katherine was wooed and won by Sir Thomas Seymour, the most gay, handsome, gallant bachelor at court; but before circumstances admitted of the marriage being solemnized, her hand was demanded by no less a personage than the royal widow, King Henry the Eighth. It had been conjectured, when the act was passed making it penal for any lady with a flaw in her character to become the bride of the sovereign, without first appraising him of the fact, that no maid, however virtuous, would venture to accept the sixth reversion to the cruel tyrant's heart; and Lady Latimer, although remarkable for chastity and rigid moral deportment, when she learned Henry's intentions towards her, was so overcome by the recollection of the fate of his former consorts, that, after vainly beseech-

ing him to accept her refusal, she, in a fit of terror, told him to his head, that it was safer for a woman to become his leman than his wife, an expression which at any other time might have cost her her head, but which then only urged the enamoured sovereign to press his suit with redoubled zeal. Besides fear, Katherine had another and a more powerful objection to share the crown of the sovereign—she loved Sir Thomas Seymour. But Seymour, as he prized his life dearer than the possession of his mistress, quietly resigned the wealthy widow to his all-powerful sovereign and rival; and on the tenth of July, 1543, Cranmer, “for the honour and advancement of the realm,” granted a licence for the “marriage of Henry and Katherine, without publication of banns, and in whatever house of God the King pleased.”

Two days afterwards, the marriage was performed with becoming solemnity, but without pageantry or ostentatious display, by Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, in the presence of the Princesses Mary and Elizabeth, the Duchess of Suffolk, the Countesses of Hertford and Pembroke, the Earl of Hertford, Lord John Russell, Henry Howard, Sir Anthony Brown, Anthony Denny, William Herbert, and many other nobles, knights, and ladies. What were Katherine's feelings, when before God she vowed to love and obey the man who had sent two of his wives to the scaffold, killed one by careless neglect, and divorced the two others, we have no means of ascertaining; but as she neither lacked discernment nor forethought, it appears probable that nothing short of the uncontrollable promptings of aspiring ambition could have induced her to assume a position so fraught with difficulties and deadly dangers; a position, albeit, which her sound judgment and consummate skill enabled her to maintain to the last with honour and dignity, despite the petulance and waywardness of her bloated, diseased lord, and the desperate opposition of the Catholics, who, as she had become a staunch Protestant just previous to her marriage, very naturally believed that either she or they must fall. The particulars of Katherine's conversion

to the reformed religion are nowhere on record; all that is known on the subject being that she was educated a Catholic, and so remained till after the death of her second husband, Lord Latimer, and that, previous to her marriage to Henry the Eighth, she embraced the new doctrine, to which she firmly adhered to the day of her death. But a few days after her marriage to Henry, the Catholics, with Gardiner at their head, resolved to measure their power against hers. There was a society at Windsor, headed by Anthony Person, a priest, Robert Testwood and John Marbeck, singing-men, and Henry Filmer, and, as it was suspected, secretly encouraged by Sir Philip Hobby, and other members of the royal household. The unprincipled Dr. London, a man formerly employed in the suppression of the monasteries, but who, since Cromwell's fall, had changed sides, and been made by Gardiner a prebendary of Windsor, gathered a book of information, denouncing every person in Windsor who favoured the new learning (one of the names by which the Reformation was known). This book was placed in the hands of Gardiner, who moved the King in council that a commission should be granted for searching all the houses at Windsor, for books written against the six articles. Henry consented to the measure, but exempted the Castle from the search, as he believed, or perhaps knew, that more of the denounced books would be found in the closets and chambers of the Queen and her household, than in all the town together. Some notes on the Bible, and a partly-finished concordance in English, being found in Marbeck's house,* and written by himself, served as a pretext for the arrest and condemnation of him and his friends. Great but vain efforts were made, to induce them to implicate the suspected members of the royal household. Marbeck's talents and industry won for him the good will of several of the bishops. Some one, probably by

* The crafty examination of Marbeck took place in *Our Lady's Chapel*, at the east end of St. Saviour's church, and which, in a restored and beautified state, now adorns the western scene of London Bridge.

the instigation of the Queen, showed the concordance to the King, who, on examining it exclaimed, "Poor Marbeck! well would it have been for his persecutors, had they have employed their time no worse." Marbeck was reprieved, but Persons, Testwood, and Filmer were, despite Katherine's desire to save them, burnt on the 26th of July. The success of this measure induced Dr. London and Symons, a lawyer, to charge Dr. Haines, a prebendary of Windsor, Sir Philip Hobby, and Sir Thomas Carden, together with their ladies, and several other members of the royal household, with favouring the new learning. But the only information that could be obtained against them was some false notes, which Dr. London had prevailed upon Oakham, the clerk of the court, to enter into the minutes of the late trial. The Queen, being informed of these iniquitous proceedings, dispatched one of her trusty servants to court, to expose the matter. Upon this information, Oakham was seized, all his papers were examined, and the plot was detected. London and Symons were sent for, and examined on oath; when, not being aware that their letters were intercepted, they committed perjury, and were sentenced to be carried on horseback, with their faces to the horses' tails, and papers on their foreheads, denouncing them as perjured persons, and then to be set in the pillory in Windsor, in Reading, and in Newbury, where the King and Queen were. This sentence, the only vengeance Katherine desired, was fully executed, and so mortified Dr. London, that he died shortly afterwards. Thus ended the first of a series of contests between the Queen and the Catholics; contests which were too often carried on in a spirit of vengeful hatred, and which, at least in one instance, as will hereafter be detailed, nearly cost the Queen her life.

The elevation of Katherine to the crown matrimonial, was followed by the advancement of the fortunes of her kindred and friends. On Lord Parr, her uncle, was bestowed the office of Lord Chamberlain. Her brother was created Earl of Essex, on the twenty-first of December, and so esteemed by the King,

that he named him his "Integrity;" her sister, Lady Herbert, was made one of her ladies of the bedchamber; and her step-daughter, Margaret, only daughter of her late husband, Lord Latimer, one of her maids of honour; whilst her cousins, Thomas, George, and Clement Throgmorton, respectively became sewer, and halbert-bearer to the King, and cup-bearer to the Queen.

Fortunately for Henry and his hitherto neglected offsprings, the sound sense, the learning, and the engaging manners of Katherine Parr, fully qualified her to undertake the difficult and highly responsible office of step-mother. Indeed, had Henry have so desired, which is by no means probable, considering how careless a father he was, it would perhaps have been impossible for him to have chosen a lady more willing and able to conduce to the happiness and the future well-being, and to reconcile the opposing interests of the offsprings of his former marriages. Immediately on obtaining sufficient influence over the mind of the wayward monarch, Katherine prevailed upon him to restore the Princesses Mary and Elizabeth to royal favour. Urged by her promptings, Henry caused the obliging parliament, which met in January, 1544, to pass an act of his own dictation, with regard to the succession of the crown. After declaring Prince Edward the King's immediate heir, and, in the event of his death, settling the crown on any of the children Henry might have by Katherine Parr, or by any succeeding wife, the parliament restored the two Princesses, Mary and Elizabeth, to their right of succession. But though Henry had thus far done justice to the interests of his two daughters, he would not allow the act to be repealed, which had pronounced them illegitimate; he made the parliament confer on him a power of still excluding them, if they refused to submit to any conditions which he should be pleased to impose, and he caused it to be enacted that, in default of his own issue, he might dispose of the crown as he pleased, either by letters patent or by will. In fact, in this act the King neither removed the brand of illegitimacy from his daughters,

nor permitted the right of his heirs to depend upon anything more stable than his own despotic will.

Katherine Parr and the Princess Mary were both about the same in age, their accomplishments and pursuits were similar, and although in religion the one was a Reformer, the other a Papist, an ardent friendship ever subsisted between them, and they frequently sent each other presents. According to the privy purse expenses of the Princess Mary, Katherine, on one occasion, made Mary a present of an elegant night-gown, another time she sent her a cheese, and when Mary was taken ill on her journey to Woodstock, the Queen sent her own litter, and had her conveyed in it to Ampthill, where she herself and the King were then abiding. Amongst other acts of friendly kindness, Mary embroidered a beautiful cushion, which she presented to the Queen; and Katherine, shortly after her marriage, and at the request of the Princess, received Mrs. Barbara, one of Mary's pensioners, into her household. The similarity between the writing of Katherine Parr and Prince Edward, has led to the conjecture that, previous to her marriage with the King, Katherine superintended the education of that Prince; but, however this may be, she, on becoming Queen, took a laudable pleasure in directing the studies of her royal step-children. King Edward the Sixth, Queen Elizabeth, and their cousins, Jane and Katherine Grey, imbibed from her their taste for literature and art, and their attachment to the reformation. And what is remarkable, besides prevailing upon the Protestant Elizabeth to translate passages of the Scripture into English, and otherwise further the cause of the true religion, she also succeeded in engaging that sincere Papist, Queen Mary, in the same laudable task, as will be more fully shewn in the two subsequent memoirs.

When the Spanish Duke de Najera visited England on his return from the Emperor's army, the Queen, assisted by the Princess Mary, held a grand court for his reception at the palace, at Westminster, in February, 1544. Najera, being the accredited minister of Charles

the Fifth, was entertained with royal magnificence, and permitted to kiss the Queen's hand. At this period England was at war with France and Scotland; and as Henry resolved to head an expedition in person against the former power, about the seventh of July, he caused Katherine to be invested with full sovereign powers, and solemnly constituted regent of the realm in his absence, by the style and title of *Queen Regent of England and Ireland*, and as her assistants he named—Lord Chancellor Wriothesley, the Earl of Hertford, Sir William Petre, Secretary of State, Katherine's uncle Lord Parr, of Horton, Archbishop Cranmer, and the Bishop of Westminster.

On the fourteenth of July, Henry passed over to Calais with great pomp, the sails of his ship being of cloth of gold, and a few days afterwards saw himself at the head of thirty thousand men, and fifteen thousand Imperialists. Accompanied by the flower of the English nobility, he directed his operations against Boulogne and Montreuil; on the thirteenth of September, Boulogne capitulated, and on the thirtieth of the same month Henry raised the siege of Montreuil, and returned to England.

On Henry's departure for France, Katherine commenced her regency by penning a beautiful prayer, imploring God to protect the King and his kingdom, and "so to turn the hearts of our nation's enemies to the desire of peace, that no christian blood be spilt, or else that with but small effusion of blood and little damage of innocents, victory may be obtained, and the wars soon ended." She then wrote a long letter to the King; but as it contains no matter of interest, we pass it by, to glance at the following fragment of one of Henry's most pleasing letters, addressed to her whilst he lay encamped before the walls of Boulogne:

"The closing up these our letters this ——— the castle before-named with the dike is at our commandment, and not like to be retaken by the Frenchmen again; as we trust, not doubting, with God's grace, but that the

castle and town will shortly follow the same trade : for, as this day which is the eighth day of September, we begin three batteries, and have three *myns* going besides, one which hath done his execution in shaking and tearing off one of their greatest bulwarks. No more to you at this time, sweetheart, both for lack of time and great occupation of business, saveing, we pray you to give in our name our hearty blessing to all our children, and recommendations to our cousin Margrette (probably, the Lady Margaret Douglas), and the rest of the ladies and gentlewomen, and to our council also. Written with the hand of your loving husband,

" HENRY R.

" Before Boulogne, Sept. 8th, 1544."

When Katherine received this letter she was residing with her royal stepchildren at Oking, and as the plague was then raging in London and other places, she caused a proclamation to be issued, strictly forbidding every one who had been in any houses, or with any person infected, or supposed to be infected with the contagion, from going to court, and at the same time she charged those at court on no account to commune with persons, nor enter houses supposed to be so infected. The thoughtful Queen had a double reason for taking this especial care of the infant hopes of England, for had evil befallen Prince Edward in the King's absence, in all probability nothing short of her disgrace

and decapitation would have satisfied the vengeful wrath of her unreasonable husband.

In the French campaign Katherine's cousin, George Throgmorton, had the misfortune to be taken prisoner; his captor demanded one thousand pounds for his ransom, a sum which, after he had suffered a year's imprisonment, Henry caused to be paid for his redemption. It has been conjectured that Holbein's beautiful picture—now in the royal collection at Hampton Court—of Henry the Eighth, Prince Edward, and the Princesses Elizabeth and Mary, with the posthumous portrait of Jane Seymour in a family group, was painted in the early part of the year 1445. The likenesses are considered to be excellent, the costumes, although gorgeous, accurate. The hair of the three ladies in this painting being all of an auburn tint, might be deemed remarkable, were it not known that the colour was not necessarily natural, but produced by a powder then in fashion, a fact which accounts for the hair of the gentler sex being of the golden hue in all Holbein's portraits of this period. Whether Katherine Parr objected to the dead Queen taking her place in the royal tableau, is not known. The proposal to thus supersede her, was, on the part of Henry, unreasonable and cruel; and if she did not resent the insult, she certainly must have possessed more than an ordinary share of prudence and generosity.

CHAPTER II.

Katherine's literary genius—Efforts to further the Reformation—Saves Cambridge University from ruin—Nurses the King with skill—Prince Edward's affectionate letters to her—The last gleam of magnificence in Henry the Eighth's court—His last address to parliament against religious dissensions—The Catholics take umbrage at the Queen's patronage of Anne Askew—Anne tortured and burned—The King's pig saved—Katherine discourses with the King on Theological subjects—Differs with him—He takes offence at her opposition—Plot against her—Her impeachment prepared, which an accident discovers to her—Her anguish and illness—The King visits her—Reconciliation—Her enemies rebuked—Surrey beheaded—Henry the Eighth's last illness and death—His bequest to Katherine—Accession of his son—His funeral—Katherine acknowledged as Queen-Dowager—His death celebrated with rejoicings at Rome.



AD Katherine Parr and her no less learned, gentle, pious companions, Anne Askew, Margaret Roper, and Lady Jane Grey lived in the present century, they would assuredly have been stigmatized as irreclaimable blue-stockings. For them, life's frothy gaieties, courtly dalliance, the pursuit of empty vanities and unsubstantial pleasures, were without charm, and with a laudable zeal they devoted every hour, save those necessity forced them to dedicate to the ordinary routine of life, to the study of literature, strange tongues, and the then all-engrossing passion-exciting subject of theological controversy. The "Lamentations of a Sinner,"—a brief, but eloquent treatise on the utter helplessness of human nature unaided by divine grace, written by Katherine Parr, about the year 1445, containing within the tiny compass of one hundred and twenty thinly filled pages, the gist of all the arguments that Protestant divines have for centuries levelled against Catholicism,—bears, throughout, the unmistakable impress of genius, was a valuable auxiliary to the cause of the Reformation, and might be read with pleasure and instruction even in the present much-vaunted era of learning and advancement. Being prompted to the task of authorship by a nobler impulse than love of praise and renown;

a desire to unchain the mind from the fetters of popery, and spread abroad the light of true piety unclouded by ignorant superstition or faithless infidelity; the good Queen urged and aided other genial spirits with all the means that prudence permitted, in the same noble enterprise. That Miles Coverdale might hasten the translation of the Bible, a task his zeal had induced him to undertake, she made him her almoner, and with her own ready pen afforded him valuable assistance in his labour of love. Such, too, were her winning manners and persuasive art, that she prevailed upon that firm adherent of the old Romish creed, the Princess Mary, to bear an active part with the learned Dr. Udal, whom she employed, at her own sole expense, in editing the translation of Erasmus's Paraphrases, which she published in 1545, herself defraying the cost. Nor were these her only efforts to further the cause of the reformation. Henry, after involving himself and his subjects in great pecuniary difficulties by an insane debasement of the coinage, demanded and obtained aid from parliament, who also granted an additional subsidy, which they begged him to accept, as it pleased the great King Alexander to receive thankfully a sup of water of a poor man by the highway-side. These sums, however, were gone in a trice, and the venal parliament, to satisfy the rapacity of the extravagant King, actually placed the lands and the revenues of all the colleges, chantries

and hospitals in the kingdom at his disposal. The university of Cambridge, one of the nursing houses of the reformation, took alarm, and applied for protection from the threatened spoliation to the enlightened Queen, who successfully interceded with her royal husband on their behalf; and in a letter dated Greenwich, the twenty-sixth of February, thus informs them of her triumphs over the grasping acquisitiveness of the King and his ministers.

"I, according to your desire, have attempted my lord the King for the establishment of your livelihood and possessions; in which, notwithstanding his Majesty's property and interest, through the consent of the high court and parliament, his highness being such a patron to good learning, doth hinder you so much. Howbeit, he would rather advance learning, and erect new occasion thereof than confound your ancient and goodly institutions; so that such learning may hereafter ascribe her very original whole conservation to our sovereign lord the King, her only defence and worthy ornament; the prosperous state and princely government of whom long to preserve, I doubt not but every one of you will in the daily invocation call upon Him who only can dispose to every creature."

Bad seeds bring forth evil fruits, and the days of infirmity, disease, and misery came unexpectedly, but with dread certainty, upon the hitherto pampered, sensual, self-indulging King. Unable to longer take the lead in courtly pageants, tilts, or sylvan sports, the once active and energetic Henry, now confined by the dropsy and an ulcered leg to his chamber, whence he could be removed only by the aid of machinery, suffered from *ennui*, bodily pain, impatience, and maddening mental anguish. Fortunately for him, Katherine, already rendered an experienced nurse by attending the death chambers of her two former husbands, dressed his leg with the skill and address of an experienced surgeon, and with soothing gentleness, untiring attention, and consummate art,

so completely adapted herself to his whims and wayward petulance, that he would seldom permit any one else to act as his nurse. To charm and amuse his self-accusing mind, she induced him to join her in diligently superintending the studies, and watching over the interests of his youthful heir, Prince Edward. And of that Prince's sincere affection for his step-mother, Katherine Parr, the following literal translation from a Latin letter which he addressed to her about this period, bears ample testimony:

"MOST NOBLE QUEEN AND DEAREST MOTHER,

"Perhaps you will wonder that I write to you so often and so soon; but, at the same time, you will admire my dutifulness to you.

"And I do this the more willingly now, because my servant is so useful to me as a messenger, and, therefore, I have not been able to help giving him letters testifying my respect towards you.

"A sweet farewell, most noble Queen.

"Your most dutiful son,

"EDWARD (Prince).

"To the most illustrious Queen, my mother.

"Hunsdon, 16th of May."

The subjoined affectionate epistle was also addressed to Katherine by her royal step-son about this period.

"Most honourable and entirely beloved mother, I have me most humbly recommended unto your grace with like thanks, both for that your grace did accept so gently my simple and rude letters, and also that it pleased your grace so gently to vouchsafe to direct unto me your loving and tender letters, which do give me much comfort and encouragement to go forward in such things wherein your Grace beareth me on hand that I am already entered. I pray God I may be able in part to satisfy the good expectation of the King's majesty, my father, and of your Grace, whom God have ever in his most blessed keeping.

"Your loving son,

"E. (Prince.)"

The arrival of Annebaut, the French admiral — him who had bravely, but unsuccessfully, attacked the English fleet, and made several most unwelcome descents on the coast of Sussex, just previously — as ambassador extraordinary, to negotiate a peace between England and France, caused to gleam forth again, and for the last time, a faint scintillation of the radiant magnificence which once marked the court of Henry the Eighth as the most brilliant and gorgeous of its own and previous times. Prince Edward, although but nine years old, rode forth in the procession to meet and welcome Annebaut, and conduct the embassy to Hampton Court, where every preparation had been made for their reception, and where, for ten days, they were entertained with gorgeous magnificence by the King and Queen; Henry, to enable Katherine to appear on the occasion with a befitting splendour and dignity, having previously presented her with valuable jewels and plate, and caused her apartments to be filled up with new and superb furniture and hangings; gifts which, after the King's death, led to a tiresome litigation, as will be presently detailed.

Katherine's ascendancy over the mind of the King and his promising heir, and the powerful encouragement she gave to the Reformation, so alarmed the Catholic party, that Gardiner, Wriothesley, and Rich, watched, with the zest of hungry wolves, for an opportunity to compass her ruin; but so exemplary was her conduct, that in nothing, save her religious opinions, could they find even a pretext of complaint against her. In these she differed essentially from the Catholics, and with laudable zeal she opposed the arbitrary purpose of her royal lord: to erect a supreme dogma of his own upon the ruins of the papacy, and to send to the stake or scaffold all who dared to oppose the rules of faith pronounced by him as orthodox. In his last speech to parliament, he complained in strong terms against the religious dissensions which pervaded the realm. "It was partly the fault of the clergy," he observed, "who were so stiff in their old *mumpsimus*, and others

so busy in their new *sumpsimus*; that, instead of preaching the word of God, they were employed at railing at each other; and partly the fault of the laity, whose delight it was to censure the proceedings of their bishops, priests, and preachers. If you know," he continued, "that any preach perverse doctrines, come and declare it to some of our council, or to us, to whom is committed, by God, the authority to reform and order such causes and behaviours; and be not judges yourselves of your own fantastical opinions and vain expositions; and, although you be permitted to read the holy scriptures, and to have the word of God in your mother tongue, you must understand it is licensed you so to do, only to inform your conscience, and your children and families, and not to dispute and to make scripture a railing and taunting-stock against priests and preachers, as many light persons do. I am very sorry to know and hear how irreverently that precious jewel, the Word of God, is disputed, rhymed, sung, and jingled, in every ale-house and tavern, contrary to the true meaning and doctrine of the same; and yet I am as much sorry that the readers of the same follow it, in doing so faintly and coldly. For of this I am sure, charity was never so faint amongst you; and virtuous and godly living was never less used, nor God himself, amongst Christians, never less honoured nor served. Therefore, as I said before, be in charity with one another, like brother and brother; and love, dread, and serve God: to which I, your supreme head and sovereign, exhort and require you."

This speech, which alarmed the Reformers and displeased the Catholics, was followed by a rigorous persecution of all who dared to entertain an opinion at variance with the six articles, particularly in the point of real presence. The dominant Catholics, more as a matter of party than of conscience, be it observed, took advantage of the present juncture, to accuse Anne Askew of dogmatizing on that delicate article. This young, beautiful, highly-gifted, and nobly-born lady, had, from her op-

position to the old faith, been driven from her house by her ruthless husband, one Kyme, of Lincolnshire, when she resumed her maiden name, and devoted herself with enthusiastic zeal to the promulgation of the new learning; and such was her piety and earnestness of purpose, that she speedily won the patronage and friendship of Lady Herbert, Lady Jane Grey, the Duchess of Suffolk, and the Queen herself, who, in the presence of others, had received prohibited books from her; a fact which led Wriothesley and his friend to procure her imprisonment, in the hope of obtaining from her evidence, on which to found a charge of treason or heresy against the Queen; but her firmness baffled their design: not even the tortures of the rack; and, according to Fox, the inhuman monsters, Wriothesley and Rich, themselves worked the barbarous instrument, till they almost tore her joints asunder; but not then even would she violate her fidelity to her friends, or confess anything inimical to the Queen or the ladies at court. Foiled in their base purpose, the unworthy ministers of the tyrannical sovereign procured the condemnation of their already half death-racked victim. On the sixteenth of July, 1546, the heroic Anne Askew, and her fellow-sufferers, Adlam, a tailor, Otterden, a priest, and Lascelles, a gentleman at court, who were not party victims, but all three condemned as incorrigible heretics, were chained by her side to the stake, in Smithfield; faggots and tar-barrels were piled around them, when Wriothesley and Russel offered them the royal pardon if they would recant, but they preferred the crown of martyrdom; and the calm courage of Anne strengthened the resolution of the men, who all three perished with her in the consuming flames.

This was a trying period for the Queen. Disease rendered her, at all times haughty, self-willed King, too petulant to be reasoned with, a circumstance which prevented her from endeavouring to avert the fate of Anne Askew and the other reformers; and, what was more alarming, which embol-

dened the council to aim a home-thrust at her and her friends at court. The chancellor and his clique, however, overshot the mark in their first efforts. Sir George Blagge, a courtier, and favourite of the King's, who facetiously called him his "pig," was one of the victims condemned with Anne Askew; but when Henry heard of his imprisonment and conviction, he severely reprimanded Wriothesley, and asked him how he dared to come so near him without his permission, and ordered Blagge to be instantly set at liberty. When released, the royal favourite flew to thank the King, who, on seeing him, exclaimed, "Ah, my pig! are you here safe again?" "Yes, your Grace," he replied; "but, had your majesty been so merciless as your bishops, your pig would have been dead and roasted long ere this." This miscarriage did not shake the resolution of Wriothesley and Gardiner to compass the ruin of the Queen. They had long waited for an opportunity to attempt this daring project, and that opportunity was now at hand. The King and the Queen took delight in discussing together on theological subjects. Henry's illness at this period confining him to his chamber, these discussions were frequently protracted; and Katherine having, for the most part, reason and common sense on her side, and withal, being witty, eloquent, fluent in speech, and more cool in temper than her husband, she frequently had the best of the argument; and the King, being not many stages removed from the grave, she felt, there is no doubt, a willingness to incur a certain amount of royal displeasure, in order to open the eyes of her lord to the enormity of his unrepentant crimes, and prevail upon him to pass the last brief days of his existence in repentance and piety. These good intentions being viewed by the brutal King in a bad light, he evinced marked coolness towards her; and, one day, when she, in the presence of Gardiner, ventured, perhaps imprudently, to call his attention to the impropriety of the late proclamation, prohibiting, what had before been granted, the use of the Bible in English; he

frowned, bit his lips, and exhibited other signs of perturbation. Perceiving his displeasure, she broached a more agreeable subject, and shortly afterwards left the room. Immediately she was gone, Henry's suppressed anger burst forth. "Marvellous it is, indeed!" he exclaimed, addressing Gardiner, with vehemence; "marvellous it is, when women become such learned clerks! and I, the mightiest, the wisest of sovereigns, come to be instructed in my days of age and experience, in theology and the art of government, by my greatly too vain and forward wife."

Gardiner, like a true politician, seized the auspicious moment to inflame the angry monarch against his gentle consort. He imputed to her Majesty acts of which the bare mention would, a few hours previously, have cost him his life, and at the same time commended the King's anxiety to preserve the orthodoxy of his subjects, and represented that the more elevated the person was who was chastised, and the more near to his person—the greater terror would the example strike into the heretics, the more glorious would the sacrifice appear to posterity. Lord Chancellor Wriothesley, and others of the King's privy chamber, seconded Gardiner in these murderous efforts, and ultimately prevailed upon the King to order articles of impeachment to be drawn up against his consort. Wriothesley anxiously prepared the bill of articles against her, and brought it with the order of her arrest to the King to sign; but on returning, the triumphant chancellor unconsciously dropped from his bosom the important papers, with the royal seal and signature affixed to them, in the long gallery at Whitehall; when, fortunately for Katherine, one of her attendants picked them up, and immediately carried them to her. On glancing at them, the unsuspecting Queen was struck dumb with terror. The fate of Anne Boleyn and Katherine Howard she instantly fancied must be hers. True, she had not been guilty of immorality; but as she had been Henry's wife three years, and was still childless, that alone, she felt assured, would, in

his opinion, be a sufficient reason for adding her to his list of conjugal victims;—a thought which so overcame her, that she fell into an agony of hysterics. And as the apartment she occupied was contagious to that of the sick King, her piercing shrieks, sobs and lamentations, which continued for several hours with but little intermission, so incommoded him, or excited his pity, that he sent his physician to console her, and inquire the cause of her trouble. Her physician, Dr. Wandy, informed the messenger, that distress of mind rendered the Queen dangerously ill. "Is it so?" exclaimed the invalid monarch, who already missed the tender care and skill of his gentle wife and nurse, "then I will visit her myself this instant." Carried in a chair by three of his attendants, and with no little personal inconvenience, for every move gave him pain, he was with difficulty placed by her bed-side. The poor Queen, half dead with terror, received him with a flood of tears; and as soon as her bursting heart gave reins to her tongue, thanked him, in the language of fervent gratitude, for his visit, and expressed a fear that, as she had not seen him so much of late, she had unintentionally, but deeply offended him. Henry soothed her with honeyed, and for once, it would appear, not deceitful words. He discovered that she was more, far more to him than had been the briefly-loved Anne Boleyn and Katherine Howard; they had been the idols of his love, and she, besides being this, was his constant, attentive, untiring nurse; indeed, he could not well afford to lose her; and the reaction of his feelings so overcame him, that, in the excitement, he informed her physician of the plot against her life. This gentleman, being wise and discreet, acted as a mediator between the sovereign and his consort, and materially assisted in securing the reconciliation.

The evening following, after supper, she found herself sufficiently recovered to return the King's visit, in his bed-chamber. She was attended only by Lady Herbert, her sister, and Lady Jane Grey—then a child nine years old.

Henry courteously welcomed her; and, contrary to his usual habit, broke off the conversation he was holding with the gentleman of his chamber to attend to her; but, presently afterwards, he endeavoured to beguile her into an argument on the old subject of divinity. Knowing, however, the shoals that lay off that shore, she gently declined the conversation, remarking that such profound speculation were ill-suited to the natural imbecility of her sex. "Women," said she, "by their first creation, were made subject to man. It belonged to the husband to choose principles for his wife; the wife's duty was, in all cases, to adopt implicitly the sentiments of her husband; and as to herself, it was doubly her duty, being blessed with a husband who was qualified, by his judgment and learning, not only to choose principles for his own family, but for the most wise and knowing of every nation." "No, no! by St. Mary!" exclaimed the King, "I know you well; you are become a doctor, Kate, to instruct us, and not to receive instruction." "Indeed," replied the Queen, "if your majesty have so conceived, you have mistaken my meaning. I have ever held it presumptuous for a woman to instruct her lord; and if I have at times presumed to differ with your Grace upon matters of religion, it has been not to maintain my own opinion, but to receive instruction upon points which I understood not, and more especially to amuse your highness, perceiving that in the warmth of argument you seemed to forget the pain of your present infirmity." "And is it so, sweetheart?" said Henry: "then are we perfect friends again." And after tenderly embracing her, and declaring that he felt more joyed than if anyone had given him one hundred thousand pounds, he, about the hour of midnight, assured her of his constant love, and gave her leave to depart.

The next morning, being the time appointed for Katherine's arrest, the King, feeling disposed to take the air, sent for the Queen to accompany him in the garden. Henry was attended by two gentlemen of his bed-chamber; his

consort by the three ladies before named. The King was in one of his best moods, cracking jokes, and laughing heartily. But the mirth was suddenly checked by the appearance of Wriothesley, who, unaware of this sudden change, had, with forty of the pursuivants, entered the garden, fully prepared to arrest the Queen, and convey her to the Tower. The King bade Katherine and his attendants leave him for a while; when, on the approach of Wriothesley, he reprimanded him with a volley of reproaches, addressed him as fool, knave, and beast, and bid him avaunt from his presence. When the Chancellor had departed, the Queen, finding her royal husband so wroth against him, ventured to intercede on his behalf; saying, "His fault, whatever it might be, doubtless proceeded from ignorance, not will." "Ah, poor soul!" replied the King, "thou little knowest, Kate, how evil he deserveth this grace at thy hands. On my word, sweetheart, he has been towards thee a very knave!"

From this time, Katherine carefully avoided offending her husband's theological sensibility; and to her credit be it spoken, she, it appears, took no advantage of the turn matters had taken to ruin the authors of the cruel plot against her life. The King, probably at her intercession, overlooked Wriothesley's offence; but not so with Gardiner; he forbade that prelate his presence, struck his name out of the council books, and of the list of his executors, and never afterwards could be prevailed upon to restore him to royal favour.

The days of Katherine's third widowhood now drew nigh, and the closing act of the eventful, the tragical career of Henry the Eighth was rife with state intrigue and political murder. The Reformers, now the dominant party, were headed by the Seymours and the Queen's kindred, the Earl of Essex and Lord Herbert. A spirit of acrimony had long existed between them and the Howard family. The Duke of Norfolk and his son, the gifted Earl of Surrey, prided themselves on

ing him to accept her refusal, she, in a fit of terror, told him to his head, that it was safer for a woman to become his leman than his wife, an expression which at any other time might have cost her her head, but which then only urged the enamoured sovereign to press his suit with redoubled zeal. Besides fear, Katherine had another and a more powerful objection to share the crown of the sovereign—she loved Sir Thomas Seymour. But Seymour, as he prized his life dearer than the possession of his mistress, quietly resigned the wealthy widow to his all-powerful sovereign and rival; and on the tenth of July, 1543, Cranmer, “for the honour and advancement of the realm,” granted a licence for the “marriage of Henry and Katherine, without publication of banns, and in whatever house of God the King pleased.”

Two days afterwards, the marriage was performed with becoming solemnity, but without pageantry or ostentatious display, by Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, in the presence of the Princesses Mary and Elizabeth, the Duchess of Suffolk, the Countesses of Hertford and Pembroke, the Earl of Hertford, Lord John Russell, Henry Howard, Sir Anthony Brown, Anthony Denny, William Herbert, and many other nobles, knights, and ladies. What were Katherine's feelings, when before God she vowed to love and obey the man who had sent two of his wives to the scaffold, killed one by careless neglect, and divorced the two others, we have no means of ascertaining; but as she neither lacked discernment nor forethought, it appears probable that nothing short of the uncontrollable promptings of aspiring ambition could have induced her to assume a position so fraught with difficulties and deadly dangers; a position, albeit, which her sound judgment and consummate skill enabled her to maintain to the last with honour and dignity, despite the petulance and waywardness of her bloated, diseased lord, and the desperate opposition of the Catholics, who, as she had become a staunch Protestant just previous to her marriage, very naturally believed that either she or they must fall. The particulars of Katherine's conversion

to the reformed religion are nowhere on record; all that is known on the subject being that she was educated a Catholic, and so remained till after the death of her second husband, Lord Latimer, and that, previous to her marriage to Henry the Eighth, she embraced the new doctrine, to which she firmly adhered to the day of her death. But a few days after her marriage to Henry, the Catholics, with Gardiner at their head, resolved to measure their power against hers. There was a society at Windsor, headed by Anthony Person, a priest, Robert Testwood and John Marbeck, singing-men, and Henry Filmer, and, as it was suspected, secretly encouraged by Sir Philip Hobby, and other members of the royal household. The unprincipled Dr. London, a man formerly employed in the suppression of the monasteries, but who, since Cromwell's fall, had changed sides, and been made by Gardiner a prebendary of Windsor, gathered a book of information, denouncing every person in Windsor who favoured the new learning (one of the names by which the Reformation was known). This book was placed in the hands of Gardiner, who moved the King in council that a commission should be granted for searching all the houses at Windsor, for books written against the six articles. Henry consented to the measure, but exempted the Castle from the search, as he believed, or perhaps knew, that more of the denounced books would be found in the closets and chambers of the Queen and her household, than in all the town together. Some notes on the Bible, and a partly-finished concordance in English, being found in Marbeck's house,* and written by himself, served as a pretext for the arrest and condemnation of him and his friends. Great but vain efforts were made, to induce them to implicate the suspected members of the royal household. Marbeck's talents and industry won for him the good will of several of the bishops. Some one, probably by

* The crafty examination of Marbeck took place in *Our Lady's Chapel*, at the east end of St. Saviour's church, and which, in a restored and beautified state, now adorns the western scene of London Bridge.

the instigation of the Queen, showed the concordance to the King, who, on examining it exclaimed, "Poor Marbeck! well would it have been for his persecutors, had they have employed their time no worse." Marbeck was reprieved, but Persons, Testwood, and Filmer were, despite Katherine's desire to save them, burnt on the 26th of July. The success of this measure induced Dr. London and Symons, a lawyer, to charge Dr. Haines, a prebendary of Windsor, Sir Philip Hobby, and Sir Thomas Carden, together with their ladies, and several other members of the royal household, with favouring the new learning. But the only information that could be obtained against them was some false notes, which Dr. London had prevailed upon Oakham, the clerk of the court, to enter into the minutes of the late trial. The Queen, being informed of these iniquitous proceedings, dispatched one of her trusty servants to court, to expose the matter. Upon this information, Oakham was seized, all his papers were examined, and the plot was detected. London and Symons were sent for, and examined on oath; when, not being aware that their letters were intercepted, they committed perjury, and were sentenced to be carried on horseback, with their faces to the horses' tails, and papers on their foreheads, denouncing them as perjured persons, and then to be set in the pillory in Windsor, in Reading, and in Newbury, where the King and Queen were. This sentence, the only vengeance Katherine desired, was fully executed, and so mortified Dr. London, that he died shortly afterwards. Thus ended the first of a series of contests between the Queen and the Catholics; contests which were too often carried on in a spirit of vengeful hatred, and which, at least in one instance, as will hereafter be detailed, nearly cost the Queen her life.

The elevation of Katherine to the crown matrimonial, was followed by the advancement of the fortunes of her kindred and friends. On Lord Parr, her uncle, was bestowed the office of Lord Chamberlain. Her brother was created Earl of Essex, on the twenty-first of December, and so esteemed by the King,

that he named him his "Integrity;" her sister, Lady Herbert, was made one of her ladies of the bedchamber; and her step-daughter, Margaret, only daughter of her late husband, Lord Latimer, one of her maids of honour; whilst her cousins; Thomas, George, and Clement Throgmorton, respectively became sewer, and halbert-bearer to the King, and cup-bearer to the Queen.

Fortunately for Henry and his hitherto neglected offsprings, the sound sense, the learning, and the engaging manners of Katherine Parr, fully qualified her to undertake the difficult and highly responsible office of step-mother. Indeed, had Henry have so desired, which is by no means probable, considering how careless a father he was, it would perhaps have been impossible for him to have chosen a lady more willing and able to conduce to the happiness and the future well-being, and to reconcile the opposing interests of the offsprings of his former marriages. Immediately on obtaining sufficient influence over the mind of the wayward monarch, Katherine prevailed upon him to restore the Princesses Mary and Elizabeth to royal favour. Urged by her promptings, Henry caused the obliging parliament, which met in January, 1544, to pass an act of his own dictation, with regard to the succession of the crown. After declaring Prince Edward the King's immediate heir, and, in the event of his death, settling the crown on any of the children Henry might have by Katherine Parr, or by any succeeding wife, the parliament restored the two Princesses, Mary and Elizabeth, to their right of succession. But though Henry had thus far done justice to the interests of his two daughters, he would not allow the act to be repealed, which had pronounced them illegitimate; he made the parliament confer on him a power of still excluding them, if they refused to submit to any conditions which he should be pleased to impose, and he caused it to be enacted that, in default of his own issue, he might dispose of the crown as he pleased, either by letters patent or by will. In fact, in this act the King neither removed the brand of illegitimacy from his daughters,

nor permitted the right of his heirs to depend upon anything more stable than his own despotic will.

Katherine Parr and the Princess Mary were both about the same in age, their accomplishments and pursuits were similar, and although in religion the one was a Reformer, the other a Papist, an ardent friendship ever subsisted between them, and they frequently sent each other presents. According to the privy purse expenses of the Princess Mary, Katherine, on one occasion, made Mary a present of an elegant night-gown, another time she sent her a cheese, and when Mary was taken ill on her journey to Woodstock, the Queen sent her own litter, and had her conveyed in it to Ampthill, where she herself and the King were then abiding. Amongst other acts of friendly kindness, Mary embroidered a beautiful cushion, which she presented to the Queen; and Katherine, shortly after her marriage, and at the request of the Princess, received Mrs. Barbara, one of Mary's pensioners, into her household. The similarity between the writing of Katherine Parr and Prince Edward, has led to the conjecture that, previous to her marriage with the King, Katherine superintended the education of that Prince; but, however this may be, she, on becoming Queen, took a laudable pleasure in directing the studies of her royal step-children. King Edward the Sixth, Queen Elizabeth, and their cousins, Jane and Katherine Grey, imbibed from her their taste for literature and art, and their attachment to the reformation. And what is remarkable, besides prevailing upon the Protestant Elizabeth to translate passages of the Scripture into English, and otherwise further the cause of the true religion, she also succeeded in engaging that sincere Papist, Queen Mary, in the same laudable task, as will be more fully shewn in the two subsequent memoirs.

When the Spanish Duke de Najera visited England on his return from the Emperor's army, the Queen, assisted by the Princess Mary, held a grand court for his reception at the palace, at Westminster, in February, 1544. Najera, being the accredited minister of Charles

the Fifth, was entertained with royal magnificence, and permitted to kiss the Queen's hand. At this period England was at war with France and Scotland; and as Henry resolved to head an expedition in person against the former power, about the seventh of July, he caused Katherine to be invested with full sovereign powers, and solemnly constituted regent of the realm in his absence, by the style and title of *Queen Regent of England and Ireland*, and as her assistants he named—Lord Chancellor Wriothesley, the Earl of Hertford, Sir William Petre, Secretary of State, Katherine's uncle Lord Parr, of Horton, Archbishop Cranmer, and the Bishop of Westminster.

On the fourteenth of July, Henry passed over to Calais with great pomp, the sails of his ship being of cloth of gold, and a few days afterwards saw himself at the head of thirty thousand men, and fifteen thousand Imperialists. Accompanied by the flower of the English nobility, he directed his operations against Boulogne and Montreuil; on the thirteenth of September, Boulogne capitulated, and on the thirtieth of the same month Henry raised the siege of Montreuil, and returned to England.

On Henry's departure for France, Katherine commenced her regency by penning a beautiful prayer, imploring God to protect the King and his kingdom, and "so to turn the hearts of our nation's enemies to the desire of peace, that no christian blood be spilt, or else that with but small effusion of blood and little damage of innocents, victory may be obtained, and the wars soon ended." She then wrote a long letter to the King; but as it contains no matter of interest, we pass it by, to glance at the following fragment of one of Henry's most pleasing letters, addressed to her whilst he lay encamped before the walls of Boulogne:

"The closing up these our letters this ——— the castle before-named with the dike is at our commandment, and not like to be retaken by the Frenchmen again; as we trust, not doubting, with God's grace, but that the

castle and town will shortly follow the same trade : for, as this day which is the eighth day of September, we begin three batteries, and have three *myns* going besides, one which hath done his execution in shaking and tearing off one of their greatest bulwarks. No more to you at this time, sweetheart, both for lack of time and great occupation of business, saveing, we pray you to give in our name our hearty blessing to all our children, and recommendations to our cousin Margrette (probably, the Lady Margaret Douglas), and the rest of the ladies and gentlewomen, and to our council also. Written with the hand of your loving husband,

"HENRY R.

"Before Boulogne, Sept. 8th, 1544."

When Katherine received this letter she was residing with her royal stepchildren at Oking, and as the plague was then raging in London and other places, she caused a proclamation to be issued, strictly forbidding every one who had been in any houses, or with any person infected, or supposed to be infected with the contagion, from going to court, and at the same time she charged those at court on no account to commune with persons, nor enter houses supposed to be so infected. The thoughtful Queen had a double reason for taking this especial care of the infant hopes of England, for had evil befallen Prince Edward in the King's absence, in all probability nothing short of her disgrace

and decapitation would have satisfied the vengeful wrath of her unreasonable husband.

In the French campaign Katherine's cousin, George Throgmorton, had the misfortune to be taken prisoner; his captor demanded one thousand pounds for his ransom, a sum which, after he had suffered a year's imprisonment, Henry caused to be paid for his redemption. It has been conjectured that Holbein's beautiful picture—now in the royal collection at Hampton Court—of Henry the Eighth, Prince Edward, and the Princesses Elizabeth and Mary, with the posthumous portrait of Jane Seymour in a family group, was painted in the early part of the year 1445. The likenesses are considered to be excellent, the costumes, although gorgeous, accurate. The hair of the three ladies in this painting being all of an auburn tint, might be deemed remarkable, were it not known that the colour was not necessarily natural, but produced by a powder then in fashion, a fact which accounts for the hair of the gentler sex being of the golden hue in all Holbein's portraits of this period. Whether Katherine Parr objected to the dead Queen taking her place in the royal tableau, is not known. The proposal to thus supersede her, was, on the part of Henry, unreasonable and cruel; and if she did not resent the insult, she certainly must have possessed more than an ordinary share of prudence and generosity.

straight, it should have been a great doubt whether the child born should have been accounted the late King's or the admiral's"—an awkward predicament, as Henry the Eighth willed that her issue by him, whether male or female, should be presumptive heir to his crown. Leti states that Katherine and Seymour were betrothed thirty-four days after King Henry's death, and married several months later; and King Edward the Sixth, in his journal, names May as their bridal month. Presuming this to be correct, their furtive intercourse was only of a few weeks' duration. Finding it would be impossible to keep the secret much longer, Seymour broke the matter, not as a marriage already consummated, but one to which he aspired, to his brother, (who, with the council, was highly offended at his presumption), and to the King and the Princess Mary. Mary's reply does her honour; she says:

"MY LORD,

"After my hearty commendations, these shall be to declare to you that according to your accustomed gentleness I have received six warrants from you by your servant, this bearer, for the which I do give you my hearty thanks; by whom also I have received your letter wherein (as me thinketh) I perceive strange news concerning a suit you have in hand to the Queen for marriage; for the sooner obtaining whereof you seem to think that my letter might do you pleasure. My lord, in this case, I trust your wisdom doth consider, that if it were for my nearest kinsman and dearest friend in life of all other creatures in the world, it standeth less with my poor honour to be a medler in this matter, considering whose wife her grace was of late; and besides, that if she be minded to grant your suit, my letters shall do you but small pleasure; on the other side, if the remembrance of the King's majesty, my father (whose soul God pardon) will not suffer her to grant your suit, I am nothing able to persuade her to forget the loss of him who is as yet very ripe in my own remembrance. Wherefore, I shall most earnestly require you (the premises considered) to

think no unkindness in me though I refused to be a medler in any ways in this matter. Assuring you that (wooing matters set apart, wherein I being a maid am nothing cunning), if otherwise it shall lay in my little power to do you pleasure, I shall be as glad to do it as you to require it, both for his blood sake that you be of, and also for the gentleness which I have always found in you. As knoweth Almighty God, to whose tuition I commit you.

"From Wansted, this Saturday, at night, being the fourth of June.

"Your assured friend

"to my power,
"MARY."

The young, unsuspecting King Edward was readily induced to believe that the admiral would make a suitable husband for his beloved step-mother; and in the end wrote a letter to Katherine, heartily thanking her for consenting at his request to do what she had previously done without his knowledge; in conclusion, the simple monarch—he was in his tenth year—says, "I will so provide for you both, that if, hereafter, any grief befall I shall be a sufficient succour in your godly or praiseable enterprises. Fare ye well, with much increase of honour and virtue in Christ. From St. James, the five-and-twentieth day of June.

"EDWARD."

Aware of the value of King Edward's friendship, Seymour lost no opportunity to foster and strengthen it, whilst Somerset, the Protector, did all in his power to cause a breach between his brother and the youthful sovereign, and to prevent their intercourse. This, however, was impossible during the life-time of the Queen-dowager. Through the agency of Bishop Latimer, of John Fowler, a gentleman of Edward's privy chamber, and others, Seymour kept up a correspondence with the young King, secretly supplied him with various sums of money, purchased the esteem and support of his preceptors, and the gentlemen of his chamber, and at length having made Edward believe that the Protector was

keeping him under undue restraint, persuaded the artless young sovereign to write a letter of complaint, which he, Seymour, should lay before Parliament, and arranged, by the aid of his partisans, to procure the guardianship for himself. The letter was indited by Seymour, and Edward was about to copy it, when the plot was detected, and the Admiral summoned before the council. At first he repelled the charge with haughtiness; but when threatened with committal to the Tower, on a charge of high treason, he acknowledged his fault, the two brothers forgave each other, and as a peace offering, an addition of eight hundred pounds a year was made to his already lucrative appointments.

Meanwhile, the Protector and the council, on discovering that Katherine was really married to the Admiral, vented their rage by detaining the jewels presented to her by the late King. These, both she and her husband laid claim to; but, in reply to their indignant remonstrances, the council pronounced them the property of the crown, which had been lent, not given to her, and promptly refused to resign them; whilst, to widen the breach, the Protector shortly afterwards, in the plenitude of his power, forced her against her will, and greatly to her annoyance and ill-convenience, to admit one Master Long as a tenant on her favourite manor of Fausterne. By some it is supposed that Somerset was urged to commit this tyrannical, unjust act, by his Duchess; and this seems highly probable, as the proud, overbearing Anne Stanhope, Duchess of Somerset, for some reason nowhere clearly explained, bore burning malice and bitter ill-will against Katherine, whose train she now refused to bear, alleging it to be beneath her dignity to perform that office to the wife of her husband's younger brother; and for similar reasons, she disputed precedence with her at court; but in the latter instance, it being decided by act of parliament that Henry the Eighth's Queen and daughters should take precedence over every other lady in the realm, she, to her great and unforgetting mortification, was compelled to yield.

Residing under the same roof with Katherine Parr and her husband, Sir Thomas Seymour, were the Princess Elizabeth and Lady Jane Grey; the Princess Elizabeth was under the immediate care and tutelage of her stepmother, but Seymour had purchased the wardship of Lady Jane for five hundred pounds—a not uncommon bargain in those times—for the purpose of uniting her in marriage to his youthful sovereign. Katherine, with whom the idea is said to have originated, spared neither money nor pains to bestow on her an education befitting the consort of a great King. By this measure, Seymour not only hoped to thwart the Protector's design of marrying King Edward to his own daughter, Lady Jane Seymour, and his son to Lady Jane Grey, but also to annihilate the political influence of Somerset, and clutch in his own hands the reins of government; an aspiring project, which in the end brought him to the scaffold.

The presence of the Princess Elizabeth ruined the domestic happiness of Katherine, who, forgetting that a girl of fifteen was no longer a child, blindly encouraged her husband and Elizabeth to toy and romp together in her presence. The evidence of Mrs. Ashby, Elizabeth's governess, before the privy council, affords a startling portraiture of the rude, immoral manners of that period.

"At Chelsea, the moment Sir Thomas Seymour was up, he would hasten to Elizabeth's chamber in his night-gown and bare-legged; if she was still in bed, he would open the curtains, and make as though he would come to her, and she would go farther in the bed, as though he could not come at her. If she were up, he would *ax* how she did, and strike her in the back and then lower down familiarly. He sent James Seymour to recommend him to her, and *ax* her whether her great * * * * were grown any less or no." At Hanley, Katherine held the hands of Elizabeth, whilst Seymour amused himself by cutting her gown to shreds; and on another occasion, the Queen Dowager introduced him into the chamber of Elizabeth, when they both tickled her in bed, and a violent romping scene ensued. Parry, the cof-

ferer of her household, says, "Elizabeth told me that the Admiral loved her but too well; that the Queen was jealous of her and him, and that, suspecting the often access of the Admiral to her, she came suddenly upon them when they were all alone, he having her in his arms." It was reported, not only that she was pregnant, which she declared to be a shameful scandal, but also that she bore him a child. "There was a brute of a child born," states the M.S. life of Jane Dormer, "and miserably destroyed; but could not be discovered whose it was, on the report of the midwife, who was brought from her house blindfold thither, and so returned; saw nothing in the house while she was there but candle-light, only *said* it was the child of a very fair young lady."

These doings at length so excited the conjugal jealousy and the personal fears of Katherine, who well understood that she herself would be blamed by the council and the nation, if her step-daughter was ruined, most especially if that ruin was consummated by Seymour, her husband, that she sharply reproved Elizabeth's governess for not taking better care of her royal pupil, delivered a serious motherly, kind discourse to the Princess, on the probable consequences of such gross dereliction from the path of maidenly rectitude; and to prevent the recurrence of such reprehensible freedoms, immediately separated her own household from that of Elizabeth. At this period, Katherine, greatly to the joy of herself and of her lord, was enceinte; and that no serious breach had taken place between herself and her royal step-daughter, is evident by the subjoined familiar, friendly epistle from

LADY ELIZABETH TO THE QUEEN
DOWAGER.

"Although your Highness's letters be most joyful to me in absence, yet considering what pain it is to you to write, your Grace being so far advanced in pregnancy, and so sickly, your commendation were enough in my lord's letter. I much rejoice at your health, with the well liking of the country, with my humble thanks that your Grace wished me

with you till you were weary of that country. Your highness were likely to be cumbered, if I should not depart till I were weary living with you; although it were in the worst soil in the world, your presence would make it pleasant. I cannot reprove my lord for not doing your commendations in his letter, for he did it; and although he had not, yet I will not complain of him, for that he shall be diligent to give me knowledge from time to time how his busy child doth; and if I were at his birth, no doubt I would see him beaten for the trouble he has put you to. Mr. Denny and my lady, with humble thanks prayeth most entirely for your Grace, praying the Almighty God to send you a most lucky deliverance. And my mistress wisheth no less, giving your highness most humble thanks for her commendations. Writ with very little leisure, this last day of July.

"Your humble daughter,
"ELIZABETH."

When Katherine received this letter, she was at Sudeley, a noble castle and lands in Gloucestershire, which was royal property, but which Henry the Eighth's executors had granted to Seymour, and where she had retired to await her accouchement. The appointments for her lying-in chamber and expected nursery were all the most rich and rare; her princely retinue consisted of upwards of fifty ladies in waiting, maids of honour, and other female attendants, besides one hundred and twenty gentlemen of the household and yeomen of the guard. Parkhurst, Coverdale, Dr. Turner, and other preachers of the new learning, officiated as her chaplains; and, to the annoyance of her husband, who exhibited a marked distaste for protestant prayers and sermons, although he had shared largely in the plunder of the old church, and, to increase his wealth and power, professed to be a Reformer, she caused divine worship, according to the tenets of the new learning, to be performed twice or oftener in the day, under her own roof.

On the ninth of August, 1548, Katherine received from the Princess Mary an

position to the old faith, been driven from her house by her ruthless husband, one Kyme, of Lincolnshire, when she resumed her maiden name, and devoted herself with enthusiastic zeal to the promulgation of the new learning; and such was her piety and earnestness of purpose, that she speedily won the patronage and friendship of Lady Herbert, Lady Jane Grey, the Duchess of Suffolk, and the Queen herself, who, in the presence of others, had received prohibited books from her; a fact which led Wriothesley and his friend to procure her imprisonment, in the hope of obtaining from her evidence, on which to found a charge of treason or heresy against the Queen; but her firmness baffled their design: not even the tortures of the rack; and, according to Fox, the inhuman monsters, Wriothesley and Rich, themselves worked the barbarous instrument, till they almost tore her joints asunder; but not then even would she violate her fidelity to her friends, or confess anything inimical to the Queen or the ladies at court. Foiled in their base purpose, the unworthy ministers of the tyrannical sovereign procured the condemnation of their already half death-racked victim. On the sixteenth of July, 1546, the heroic Anne Askew, and her fellow-sufferers, Adlam, a tailor, Otterden, a priest, and Lascelles, a gentleman at court, who were not party victims, but all three condemned as incorrigible heretics, were chained by her side to the stake, in Smithfield; faggots and tar-barrels were piled around them, when Wriothesley and Russel offered them the royal pardon if they would recant, but they preferred the crown of martyrdom; and the calm courage of Anne strengthened the resolution of the men, who all three perished with her in the consuming flames.

This was a trying period for the Queen. Disease rendered the, at all times haughty, self-willed King, too petulant to be reasoned with, a circumstance which prevented her from endeavouring to avert the fate of Anne Askew and the other reformers; and, what was more alarming, which embol-

dened the council to aim a home-thrust at her and her friends at court. The chancellor and his clique, however, overshot the mark in their first efforts. Sir George Blagge, a courtier, and favourite of the King's, who facetiously called him his "pig," was one of the victims condemned with Anne Askew; but when Henry heard of his imprisonment and conviction, he severely reprimanded Wriothesley, and asked him how he dared to come so near him without his permission, and ordered Blagge to be instantly set at liberty. When released, the royal favourite flew to thank the King, who, on seeing him, exclaimed, "Ah, my pig! are you here safe again?" "Yes, your Grace," he replied; "but, had your majesty been so merciless as your bishops, your pig would have been dead and roasted long ere this." This miscarriage did not shake the resolution of Wriothesley and Gardiner to compass the ruin of the Queen. They had long waited for an opportunity to attempt this daring project, and that opportunity was now at hand. The King and the Queen took delight in discussing together on theological subjects. Henry's illness at this period confining him to his chamber, these discussions were frequently protracted; and Katherine having, for the most part, reason and common sense on her side, and withal, being witty, eloquent, fluent in speech, and more cool in temper than her husband, she frequently had the best of the argument; and the King, being not many stages removed from the grave, she felt, there is no doubt, a willingness to incur a certain amount of royal displeasure, in order to open the eyes of her lord to the enormity of his unrepentant crimes, and prevail upon him to pass the last brief days of his existence in repentance and piety. These good intentions being viewed by the brutal King in a bad light, he evinced marked coolness toward her; and, one day, when she, in the presence of Gardiner, ventured, perhaps imprudently, to call his attention to the impropriety of the late proclamation, prohibiting, what had before been granted, the use of the Bible in English; he

frowned, bit his lips, and exhibited other signs of perturbation. Perceiving his displeasure, she broached a more agreeable subject, and shortly afterwards left the room. Immediately she was gone, Henry's suppressed anger burst forth. "Marvellous it is, indeed!" he exclaimed, addressing Gardiner, with vehemence; "marvellous it is, when women become such learned clerks! and I, the mightiest, the wisest of sovereigns, come to be instructed in my days of age and experience, in theology and the art of government, by my greatly too vain and forward wife."

Gardiner, like a true politician, seized the auspicious moment to inflame the angry monarch against his gentle consort. He imputed to her Majesty acts of which the bare mention would, a few hours previously, have cost him his life, and at the same time commended the King's anxiety to preserve the orthodoxy of his subjects, and represented that the more elevated the person was who was chastised, and the more near to his person—the greater terror would the example strike into the heretics, the more glorious would the sacrifice appear to posterity. Lord Chancellor Wriothesley, and others of the King's privy chamber, seconded Gardiner in these murderous efforts, and ultimately prevailed upon the King to order articles of impeachment to be drawn up against his consort. Wriothesley anxiously prepared the bill of articles against her, and brought it with the order of her arrest to the King to sign; but on returning, the triumphing chancellor unconsciously dropped from his bosom the important papers, with the royal seal and signature affixed to them, in the long gallery at Whitehall; when, fortunately for Katherine, one of her attendants picked them up, and immediately carried them to her. On glancing at them, the unsuspecting Queen was struck dumb with terror. The fate of Anne Boleyn and Katherine Howard she instantly fancied must be hers. True, she had not been guilty of immorality; but as she had been Henry's wife three years, and was still childless, that alone, she felt assured, would, in

his opinion, be a sufficient reason for adding her to his list of conjugal victims;—a thought which so overcame her, that she fell into an agony of hysterics. And as the apartment she occupied was contagious to that of the sick King, her piercing shrieks, sobs and lamentations, which continued for several hours with but little intermission, so incommoded him, or excited his pity, that he sent his physician to console her, and inquire the cause of her trouble. Her physician, Dr. Wandy, informed the messenger, that distress of mind rendered the Queen dangerously ill. "Is it so!" exclaimed the invalid monarch, who already missed the tender care and skill of his gentle wife and nurse, "then I will visit her myself this instant." Carried in a chair by three of his attendants, and with no little personal inconvenience, for every move gave him pain, he was with difficulty placed by her bed-side. The poor Queen, half dead with terror, received him with a flood of tears; and as soon as her bursting heart gave reins to her tongue, thanked him, in the language of fervent gratitude, for his visit, and expressed a fear that, as she had not seen him so much of late, she had unintentionally, but deeply offended him. Henry soothed her with honeyed, and for once, it would appear, not deceitful words. He discovered that she was more, far more to him than had been the briefly-loved Anne Boleyn and Katherine Howard; they had been the idols of his love, and she, besides being this, was his constant, attentive, untiring nurse; indeed, he could not well afford to lose her; and the reaction of his feelings so overcame him, that, in the excitement, he informed her physician of the plot against her life. This gentleman, being wise and discreet, acted as a mediator between the sovereign and his consort, and materially assisted in securing the reconciliation.

The evening following, after supper, she found herself sufficiently recovered to return the King's visit, in his bed-chamber. She was attended only by Lady Herbert, her sister, and Lady Jane Grey—then a child nine years old.

Henry courteously welcomed her; and, contrary to his usual habit, broke off the conversation he was holding with the gentleman of his chamber to attend to her; but, presently afterwards, he endeavoured to beguile her into an argument on the old subject of divinity. Knowing, however, the shoals that lay off that shore, she gently declined the conversation, remarking that such profound speculation were ill-suited to the natural imbecility of her sex. "Women," said she, "by their first creation, were made subject to man. It belonged to the husband to choose principles for his wife; the wife's duty was, in all cases, to adopt implicitly the sentiments of her husband; and as to herself, it was doubly her duty, being blessed with a husband who was qualified, by his judgment and learning, not only to choose principles for his own family, but for the most wise and knowing of every nation." "No, no! by St. Mary!" exclaimed the King, "I know you well; you are become a doctor, Kate, to instruct us, and not to receive instruction." "Indeed," replied the Queen, "if your majesty have so conceived, you have mistaken my meaning. I have ever held it presumptuous for a woman to instruct her lord; and if I have at times presumed to differ with your Grace upon matters of religion, it has been not to maintain my own opinion, but to receive instruction upon points which I understood not, and more especially to amuse your highness, perceiving that in the warmth of argument you seemed to forget the pain of your present infirmity." "And is it so, sweetheart?" said Henry: "then are we perfect friends again." And after tenderly embracing her, and declaring that he felt more joyed than if anyone had given him one hundred thousand pounds, he, about the hour of midnight, assured her of his constant love, and gave her leave to depart.

The next morning, being the time appointed for Katherine's arrest, the King, feeling disposed to take the air, sent for the Queen to accompany him in the garden. Henry was attended by two gentlemen of his bed-chamber; his

consort by the three ladies before named. The King was in one of his best moods, cracking jokes, and laughing heartily. But the mirth was suddenly checked by the appearance of Wriothesley, who, unaware of this sudden change, had, with forty of the pursuivants, entered the garden, fully prepared to arrest the Queen, and convey her to the Tower. The King bade Katherine and his attendants leave him for a while; when, on the approach of Wriothesley, he reprimanded him with a volley of reproaches, addressed him as fool, knave, and beast, and bid him avaunt from his presence. When the Chancellor had departed, the Queen, finding her royal husband so wroth against him, ventured to intercede on his behalf; saying, "His fault, whatever it might be, doubtless proceeded from ignorance, not will." "Ah, poor soul!" replied the King, "thou little knowest, Kate, how evil he deserveth this grace at thy hands. On my word, sweetheart, he has been towards thee a very knave!"

From this time, Katherine carefully avoided offending her husband's theological sensibility; and to her credit be it spoken, she, it appears, took no advantage of the turn matters had taken to ruin the authors of the cruel plot against her life. The King, probably at her intercession, overlooked Wriothesley's offence; but not so with Gardiner; he forbade that prelate his presence, struck his name out of the council books, and of the list of his executors, and never afterwards could be prevailed upon to restore him to royal favour.

The days of Katherine's third widowhood now drew nigh, and the closing act of the eventful, the tragical career of Henry the Eighth was rife with state intrigue and political murder. The Reformers, now the dominant party, were headed by the Seymours and the Queen's kindred, the Earl of Essex and Lord Herbert. A spirit of acrimony had long existed between them and the Howard family. The Duke of Norfolk and his son, the gifted Earl of Surrey, prided themselves on

prised by a warrant for his commitment to the Tower, on the charge of high treason. Instead of submitting himself, as before, to the indulgence of the Protector, he now boldly claimed to be confronted with his enemies; required a copy of the information, and demanded that birthright of Englishmen, a fair and open trial; but this was a boon inexpedient, if not dangerous, to accord. No overt act of treason could be proved against him; the young King himself might be compromised in the affair; and lastly, the conduct of the Princess Elizabeth was implicated in the transaction further than it was thought prudent or delicate to divulge. At length, it was determined to proceed against him by the arbitrary, unconstitutional mode of attainder; several of the nobles on whose support he had relied, rose voluntarily in their places in parliament and revealed the designs which he had confided to them. The depositions before the council of state were declared sufficient for his condemnation, and, despite the opposition of several members of the commons, sentence was pronounced; and on the twentieth of March, 1549, was brought to the scaffold, the too ambitious Sir Thomas Seymour, a noble whose great crime was not treason, for there was no sufficient evidence that he intended injury to the King or the kingdom; but a bold, futile effort to share with Somerset that power which he, the Protector, had arrogated to himself.

Seymour did not die as others brought to the block in this century had done, owning the justness of their execution. He knew he had been condemned lawlessly, if not unjustly; and as he laid his head upon the block, he told the servant of the Lieutenant of the Tower to bid his man speed the thing that he wot of. These words being overheard, Seymour's servant was instantly apprehended, and confessed that the admiral had by some means procured ink in the Tower, had used for a pen an aglet plucked from his hose, and had written a letter to each of the Ladies Mary and Elizabeth, which he sewed within the sole of a velvet shoe. The shoe was

opened and the letters found; their object, as might be supposed, being to excite the jealousy of the King's sisters against the Protector as their greatest enemy. Latimer prostituted his holy office by preaching for Seymour a funeral sermon, abounding with falsehood, malice, and sour unchristian censure. "It is evident," says Latimer, "God hath clean forsaken him (Sir Thomas Seymour). Whether he be saved or no, I leave to God; but surely he was a wicked man, and the realm is well rid of him. He led," says Latimer, in another part of this cruel funeral oration, "a sensual, dissolute, irreligious life, and died in a manner suitable to his life, dangerously, irksomely, horribly." Thus ended this tragedy, which has left a stain on the memory both of Somerset and Latimer, too black and deep for the hand of time to wipe out.

We close this memoir with a sketch of the career of the only child of Katherine Parr. The high-born infant was christened Mary, and on the death of Sir Thomas Seymour, her last surviving parent, was left in the seventh month of her age heiress to an immense fortune, without a friend to protect her interests or assert her rights. After remaining a short time at her uncle Somerset's house at Sion, she, in compliance with the dying desire of her father, was removed with her governess, nurse, and other attendants to the house of the Dowager Duchess of Suffolk, at Grimsthorpe, in Lincolnshire, where she remained till July, 1549, when we find the sordid Duchess, in an urgent letter, making a second request to Cecil to procure her a pension for the maintenance of the orphan babe; and declaring that Katherine Parr's brother, the Marquis of Northampton, was too poor to take the child off her hands. The fact was, the Protector and other relatives of the young Mary Seymour had seized upon her patrimony, withholding from her even the plate and furniture of her nursery; and on that account they were unwilling to give her or her attendants a home; and a dread of offending the Protector prevented others from attempting to do so. Mary Seymour was dis-

inherited by Act of Parliament, but on the twenty-first of January, 1549, another act was passed for her *restitution*. How much of the property to which she was heiress was restored to her cannot at this distant period be ascertained; certain, however, it is that her avaricious uncle, Somerset, continued to retain possession of Sudeley, which he had appropriated on the execution of his brother, the Admiral.

From July, 1560, we have no authentic record of the career of Katherine Parr's only child. Lodge says she died in her thirteenth year, but without giving his authority. By the more probable account she lived to womanhood, married Sir Edward Bushel, and bore him a daughter, who became the wife of Silas Johnson, and from their issue the late Rev. Johnson Lawson, dean of Battle, in Sussex, vicar of Throwley, and rector of Cranbrook, in Kent, believed himself to be the direct descendant. The tradition, although the writings detailing the early part of the pedigree have been destroyed, has all the appear-

ance of certainty; and which, withal, is strengthened by the fact that the heir of the Rev. Johnson Lawson has in his possession, we believe, to this day, the following relics, said to have remained in the family ever since Silas Johnson's marriage with the grand-daughter of Katherine Parr.

"A fine damask napkin, which evidently was made for and brought from Spain by Katherine of Arragon, the first Queen of Henry the Eighth. The beautiful pattern thereon exhibits the spread eagle, with the motto 'Plus Oultre' four times, and on the dress of four men blowing trumpets, in the Spanish garb as matadors, are the letters K I P: and this napkin, in the palace of Henry the Eighth, must have passed through the hands of six Queens down to the daughter of Queen Katherine Parr. The second relic is the royal arms of Henry the Eighth engraved on copper in cameo, which were set in the centre of a large pewter dish; pewter being the material of which the table service was in those times usually made."





Mary, First Queen Regnant.

MARY, FIRST QUEEN REGNANT.

CHAPTER I.

Mary surnamed the Bloody—Parentage—Birth—Christening—Early infancy—Accomplishments—Residence in Wales—Projected marriage to the Emperor—Translates the prayer of St. Thomas Aquinas—Offered in marriage to the King of France—Takes part in the pleasures of the court—Afflicted by the divorce of her mother—Kind letter from her mother.



THOSE short-sighted historians, who believed our rock-founded religion in danger of falling if not bolstered up by the rotten props of sophistry and falsehood, have unscrupulously painted the character and conduct of the subject of the present memoir in colours so base, vile, and horrible, as to obtain for her the revolting surname of "Bloody Queen Mary." How far she deserved this terrible adjective to be subjoined to her soft poetical name, it will be our duty to shew; not, be it observed, by simply retailing the statements and sentiments of other writers—albeit an exposure of late years to the atmosphere of a searching criticism has caused the crumbling lamp-black, with which the image of our first Queen Regnant was so lavishly incrustured, to fall off in flakes—but by a plain, ungarnished detail of facts, gleaned from the records in our national archives and other reliable sources.

Queen Mary, Katherine of Arragon and Henry the Eighth's only child who reached maturity, was born at Greenwich at half-past two in the morning, on the eighteenth of February, 1516.

Three days after her birth she was christened with royal pomp. The sponsors were, Cardinal Wolsey, Katherine Plantagenet, and the Duchess of Norfolk. The Countess of Salisbury carried the royal babe, and on each side of her walked the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk. The procession walked on a carpet laid down for the occasion, from Greenwich Palace to the Grey Friar's Church, where the infant was baptized Mary, after her aunt Mary Tudor, in the same silver fount that the children of Henry the Seventh and Elizabeth of York had been christened, and then confirmed. The ceremony concluded, presents of a gold cup from Wolsey, a gold spoon from the Princess Katherine, a richly illuminated Catholic book of devotion from the Duchess of Norfolk, a gold pomander or scented ball from Mary Tudor, and other articles from her relatives and the attendant nobles and ladies were conferred on the unconscious infant, who, on the return to the palace, did nothing but kick and cry, despite the strenuous efforts of her attendants to soothe and quiet her.

Mary passed the earliest months of her existence at the residence of her affectionate mother, but under the official care of the Countess of Salisbury, with



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Mary, First Queen Regnant

Katherine, wife of Leonard Pole, for her wet nurse. When weaned, separate nursery establishments were consigned to her in Ditton Park and Hanworth; and over these the Countess of Salisbury was made superintendent, one thousand one hundred pounds per year being allowed to defray the expenses of the Princess's household. During the absence of her parents in France, at the Field of the Cloth of Gold, in 1520, Mary kept court with regal magnificence at Richmond Palace, where she was frequently visited by the privy council, by whom her health and behaviour were from time to time reported to her absent parents; and where, according to the privy council papers, she in royal state received the visit of three French nobles, "welcoming and entertaining them with such goodly countenance, proper communication, and pleasant pastime, in playing on the virginals"—a small stringed and keyed instrument resembling the harpsichord, and, in fact, the first rude attempt at a pianoforte—"that they greatly marvelled and rejoiced at the same, her tender age considered."

On the return of the King and Queen to England, Mary went back to her nursery at Ditton, in Buckinghamshire; but she afterwards made frequent and long visits to her royal parents, who were delighted with the beauty and the artless engaging ways of their rosy-checked, brown-eyed infant, and always parted with her with regret. To render her at once the most learned and virtuous princess of her era, was the earnest desire of her mother, the good Queen Katherine of Arragon. The learned physician Dr. Linaere took charge of her health, and by the Queen's desire wrote a Latin grammar for her use, and gave her instructions in Latin till she reached the eighth year of her age, when he died, and, by the express command of Queen Katherine, the pen of the learned Spanish author, Ludovicus Vives, gave rigorous directions for her education, which being complied with to the letter, the brain of the lively child was overtasked, her health declined, and in the end her naturally sprightly temperament became soured and melancholic.

Michele, the Venetian ambassador, who on his return to Venice in 1557 compiled an account of England by order of the senate, says: "She understands five languages, English, Latin, French, Spanish, and Italian, in which last, however, she does not attempt to converse. She is also much skilled in ladies' work, such as producing all sorts of embroidery with the needle. She has an excellent knowledge of music, and plays the virginals and the lute with the taste and skill of a master." A tolerable proof that the studies of her girlhood and youth were severe, especially as she also had a knowledge of Greek, and of the works of the leading religious, moral, and philosophical writers, both ancient and modern—and to her all light tales and writings in the slightest degree immoral were abhorred by the strict order of her careful mother.

In the years of her girlhood Mary received all the honours and distinctions due to the heir-apparent of England. "In 1518," says Burnet, "the King being out of hopes of more children, declared his daughter Princess of Wales, and sent her to Ludlow to hold her court there." According to other authorities, she was never formally created Princess of Wales, but was merely so styled by courtesy; and although she resided for a period at the venerable Castle of Ludlow, she did not go thither till September 1525, when Veysey, Bishop of Exeter, then her tutor, was made president of Wales. Mary lived in great state at Ludlow for a period of about eighteen months, kept court like a petty sovereign, celebrated the Christmas festivities with unrestrained pomp and hospitality, and resided alternately at the Castle, built, says Leland, for Prince Arthur and repaired for her, at the neighbouring mansion of Tickenhill, and at Thornebury Palace, erected by the unfortunate Duke of Buckingham, and lately seized by the King. During this period every attention was paid to her education and health: instructions were issued to her council, to see that she partook of simple and wholesome food and at proper times; that she was trained in virtue and holiness of heart; and that she so passed her time at whole-

some study in English, Latin and other tongues, at music, at dancing, at open air exercise; that she was neither made weary, uncomfortable, nor sickly.

Although it may be doubted whether Mary really went to Ludlow in 1618, it certainly appears probable that Henry in that year permitted her to be styled Heir-apparent and Princess of Wales and Cornwall, that he might have a better chance of procuring a high alliance for her. Before she was weaned he projected her marriage to the Dauphin, heir of Francis the First, which was agreed upon by a treaty, still extant, dated November the ninth, 1618. Neither parties, however, being sincere, it was broken through; and in the summer of 1622, the Emperor Charles the Fifth, then in his twenty-third year, came to England, was honourably received, and royally entertained by Henry; and during his stay, signed at Windsor an agreement to espouse Mary by proxy immediately she had completed her twelfth year. The Emperor sojourned in England about five weeks. He passed much of this time in the company of Mary, and, although she then was a child but six years old, her budding beauty, engaging manners, accomplishments, and precocious genius, so charmed him, that he desired to have her immediately sent to Spain to be educated as his wife. But neither Katherine nor Henry could endure the separation. The promising Princess still remained in England, and in September 1624, vain overtures were made for her marriage with the King of Scots. In 1625, the Emperor repeated his request that Mary should be sent to Spain to be brought up and trained according to the manners and customs of that nation. A request which Henry politely refused; declaring that her mother, who was of the royal house of Spain, and who, out of affection for the Emperor, would bring her up to his satisfaction, was the most meet person to superintend her education. "Besides," proceeds the wily monarch, (who for political purposes, not affection for his daughter, intended still to retain her), "the person of the Princess is yet too young to brave the perils of the ocean—too weak in

constitution to be transported without danger into the dry, hot air of Spain."

When the Emperor was in England, Mary, although a child, was taught to consider herself as his Empress. Her maids persuaded her she was in love with him; and when she first heard, in the spring of 1625, that he was about to forsake her for Isabella of Portugal, she evinced strong jealous emotions, and, through her father's ambassadors, sent him an emerald ring, as a symbol of constancy. Wolsey forwarded this gem to the ambassador in Spain, and in a letter dated April the seventh, 1625, instructs them, on delivering it to the Emperor, to say, "that her Grace hath devised this token for a better knowledge to her hand, whether his Majesty doth keep constant and continent to her, as with God's grace she will to him. You may then add," proceeds the Cardinal, "that her assured love towards his Majesty, hath already raised such a flood of passion in her, that it is confirmed by burning jealousy—a true sign and token of love." The Emperor received the ring with courtesy, placed it on one of his fingers, and said he would wear it in remembrance of the Princess. More than this could scarcely have been expected of him, as Henry the Eighth's meditated divorce from Katherine had reached his ears, and so aroused his indignation, that towards the close of the year, he, by the advice of his cortes and states, broke his engagement with Mary, and on the eleventh of March, 1526, married the Princess of Portugal, at Seville.

It was in 1527, when Mary was but in the eleventh year of her age, that she made an elegant translation of the prayer of St. Thomas Aquinas, from the Latin into her native tongue. This translation, remarkable for simplicity, grace, and perspicuity, and printed in full in Sir F. Madden's "Privy Purse Expenses, thus concludes:—"My Lord God, grant me wit to know thee, diligence to seek thee, wisdom to find thee, conversation to please thee, constancy to look for thee, and finally hope to embrace thee; by thy penance here to be punished, and in our way to use thy be-

nefits by thy grace, and in heaven, through thy glory, to have delight in thy joys and rewards. Amen." Beneath this prayer, the Princess added: "I have read that nobody liveth as he should do, but he that followeth virtue, and I reckon you to be one of them; I pray you to remember me in your devotions, Marye, *child of K*———" It is supposed that in this signature, Mary added child of King Henry and Queen Katherine, his wife; but as in after-years it was treason to pronounce Katherine of Arragon either Queen or wife of Henry the Eighth, the dangerous words were afterwards blotted out.

Henry, to be revenged on the Emperor, and to remove his daughter for life previous to the divorce of her mother, made an effort in 1526-7 to marry her to Francis the First, King of France. Not long previously, the Emperor had made the French monarch prisoner, and by one of the terms of his liberation had bound him to marry his the Emperor's sister, Eleonora of Austria, widow of Emanuel the Great, King of Portugal. This close alliance between France and Spain being viewed by Wolsey as inimical to the interests of England, the match between Francis and Mary was proposed. Francis, however, after much intriguing, excused himself, on the plea that he had promised Eleanor of Austria; and finally expressed a desire to marry his second son, Henry, Duke of Orleans, to the English princess. It was whilst the French ambassadors were in England negotiating this matter, in the spring of 1527, that the legality of the marriage of Henry the Eighth and Katherine of Arragon, and the legitimacy of their daughter, were first darkly questioned.

In 1527, after her return from Ludlow, Mary was introduced to all the luxury, splendour, and vice of the court; a road the very opposite to the rigid, pious path in which she had been trained, but which she passed through without moral injury or blame. She repeatedly danced with her father in private, and on state occasions publicly took part in the ballets and other entertainments then fashionable in high life.

In his details of the entertainments with which the French ambassadors were honoured during their stay at Greenwich, Hall says—"Then the Lady Mary, daughter to the King, issued out of a cave with her seven ladies all apparelled after the Roman fashion, in rich cloth of gold of tissue and crimson tinsel, *bendy* and ears wrapped in cawls of gold, with bonnets of crimson velvet on their heads, set full of pearls and stones; these eight ladies danced with eight lords, and as they danced suddenly entered six personages, apparelled in cloth of silver and black tinsel satin, and hoods on their heads, with tippetts of cloth of gold; their garments were long, after the fashion of Iceland, and these persons had visors with silver beards, so that they were not known; these maskers took ladies, and danced lustily about the hall. The King and others, masked in Venetian costumes, next took part in the ballet, and having mimicked and danced to their heart's content, the Queen plucked off the King's visor, and so did the ladies the visors of the other lords. Then," proceeds Hall, "the King, Queen, and the ambassadors, [with the Princess Mary, and the other royal and noble personages], returned to the banquet chamber, where they found a banquet ready set on the board, and of so many and marvellous dishes that it was wonderful to behold: then the King sat down, and there was joy, mirth, and melody; and after that, the revels terminated, and the King and all the others went to rest, for the night was spent and the day even at the breaking."

During the protracted period that the divorce of her beloved mother was under discussion, we have but little to record of Mary. She remained near her parents, in the enjoyment of all the state and dignity of Henry the Eighth's rightful heir. The King was harassed by her claims on his paternity; offended by her pertinaciously taking part with her mother against him, and alarmed by the cry of the people that they would acknowledge no successor to the crown but Mary or her husband. In 1530, she resided chiefly with her mother, who

about this time expressed a wish to atone for the wrongs inflicted by Henry the Eighth on the unjustly executed Earl of Warwick,* by marrying her to the high-minded Reginald Pole, son of Warwick's sister, the Countess of Salisbury. Reginald expressed great friendship for the Princess, was often in her company, and, according to some accounts, really loved her. If so, his sacrifice to principle and justice must have been great indeed; as in 1532, when Henry, as a bribe, offered him the valuable vacant bishopric of York, he offended his monarch by expressing an opinion against the divorce, and was forced to withdraw from England. He afterwards entered the church, but not till all hope of becoming Mary's husband had vanished.

When the ruthless Henry the Eighth caused his good Queen Katherine to be driven from Windsor Castle never more to enter his presence, a severe sickness confined Mary to her chamber at Greenwich. But, although the Princess was spared the pangs of witnessing this outrage offered to the feelings of her deeply-loved mother, the tidings reached her a week afterwards, and overwhelmed her with sorrow. Her first impulse was to seek her ill-used parent and rush into her arms; and when she learned that by her stern father's orders she and her dejected mother were strictly forbidden to again behold each other, she fell to the ground in a swoon. Her friend the Countess of Salisbury, who, by the kindness, or perhaps indifference, of Henry, was permitted to still remain with her, raised her up, comforted and consoled her, and shortly afterwards did her the pleasure to secretly communicate to her mother by letter. With the contents of these doubtless interesting letters we are unacquainted; not one of them is known to exist, and if they were not immediately destroyed by the parties concerned, it is just possible that some or all of them fell into the King's hands, and materially influenced him in bringing the venerable Countess to the scaffold.†

* See page 425.

† See page 457.

In 1533, misfortunes fell heavily on the cruelly separated Queen and Princess. The King made public his marriage with Anne Boleyn; Katherine's marriage was formally annulled by Cranmer, and Anne Boleyn crowned. Although these adversities induced the repudiated Queen to frequently write to her daughter, for whose welfare she now only lived, her pen was always guided by the hand of prudence and judgment—her counsel wise and holy. As a specimen, we subjoin the following epistle, without date, but probably written about the middle of the year 1533.

“DAUGHTER,

“I heard such tidings this day, that I do perceive, if it be true, the time is near that Almighty God will provide for you;‡ and I am very glad of it, for I trust that he doth handle you with a good love. I beseech you agree to his pleasure with a merry heart, and be you sure that without fail he will not suffer you to perish, if you beware to offend him. I pray God you, good daughter, to offer yourself to him, if any pangs come to you shrieve yourself, first make yourself clean, take heed of his commandments, and keep them as near as he will give you grace to do, for then you are sure armed. And if this lady do come to you as it is spoken, if she do bring you a letter from the King, I am sure in the self-same letter you shall be commanded what you shall do. Answer you with few words, obeying the King, your father, in everything; save only that you will not offend God and lose your soul, and go no further with learning and disputation in the matter, and wheresoever, and in whatsoever company you shall come, obey the King's commandment, speak few words, and meddle nothing. I will send you two books in Latin; one shall be *De Vita Christi* with the declaration of gospels, and the other the Epistles of

‡ Probably the sentence of the Pope made public in the July of this year (1538), annulling the marriage of Henry and Anne Boleyn, and excommunicating them, if they continued to live together as man and wife, and, consequently, legitimatising Mary's birth.

Saint Hierome [Jerome], that he did write always to Paula and Eustochium, and in them trust you shall see good things. And sometimes, for your recreation, use your virginals or lute if you have any; but one thing specially I desire you for the love that you owe to God and unto me, to keep your heart with a chaste mind, and your body from all ill and wanton company. Not thinking nor desiring any husband for Christ's passion, neither determine yourself to any manner of living until this troublesome time be past, for I dare make you sure that you shall see a very good end, and better than you can desire. I would to God, good daughter, that you did know with how good a heart I do write this letter unto you; I never did one with a better, for I perceive very well that God loveth

you. I beseech Him of His goodness to continue it; and if it shall fortune that you shall have nobody to be with you of your acquaintance, I think it best you keep your keys yourself, for whose-ever it is [meaning whosoever kept her keys] so shall be done as shall please them. And now you shall begin, and by likelihood I shall follow; I set not a rush by it, for when they have done the uttermost they can, then I am sure of amendment. I pray you recommend me unto my good lady of Salisbury, and pray her to have a good heart, for we never come to the kingdom of Heaven but by troubles. Daughter, wheresoever you become take no pain to send to me, for if I may I will send to you.

"By your loving mother,

"KATHERINE THE QUEEN."

CHAPTER II.

Mary present at the birth of Elizabeth—She refuses to call her Princess—Offends her father—Is required to relinquish her title and dignity—Vainly remonstrates—Her household dissolved—Illegitimatised—Resides with Elizabeth at Hunsdon—Severe reverses—Life in danger—Refused to visit her dying mother—Decapitation of Anne Boleyn changes her fortune—She corresponds with Cromwell—Through him, writes to the King for mercy—His craft prevails—She owns her illegitimacy—Denies her religion—Is pardoned—Permitted to call Elizabeth sister and not Princess—Household restored—Privy purses expenses.



HERE is every probability that Mary was present at the birth of the Princess Elizabeth. The fact, although not hinted at by the chroniclers of England, is recorded by Pollini, and, doubtless, the law of England then, as now, required that the presumptive heir to the crown should be present at the birth of an heir apparent. At this trying period, when Mary, trained from her birth to be frank and candid, was but seventeen, and as yet unskilled in policy or duplicity, the court gossips, ever ready to promote strife, whispered into her ears such scandalous tales about Anne Boleyn, that in an unguarded moment of excitement she expressed to her pre-

sumed friends, but deadliest foes, a belief that the infant Elizabeth was not her sister. This and other sentiments which her false friends wrung from her by their artifice, were imparted with great exaggeration to the King. Despite the warning of her mother, her intemperate zeal to protect the interests and dignity of that deeply-loved parent had evidently induced her to overstep the bounds of discretion. Her father chided and threatened her, but without effect. She removed towards the end of September to Beaulieu,* and a few days afterwards, her chamberlain, Hussy, delivered a message from the council commanding her to relinquish the title and dignity of Princess, to forbid her servants to address her as such, and to immediately depart to Hatfield, where

* Now Newhall, near Chelmsford.

the nursery of her infant half-sister was about to be established. The blood of Mary boiled on receiving this order, and, as it was not accompanied by a formal letter from the King or the council, she objected to its legality. This objection was imparted by Hussey in a dispatch to the council, who instantly forwarded a formal letter, signed by the comptroller of the King's household, which they commanded him to place in Mary's hands, ordering her to immediately retire from Beaulieu to Hertford castle.* This invasion of Mary's right of succession, produced two letters from her, one to the council, the other to the King. To the council, she, with more boldness and candour than policy, says: "My conscience will in nowise suffer me to take any other† than myself for Princess, or for the King's daughter born in lawful matrimony If I should do otherwise, I should slander the deed of our mother the holy church, and the Pope, who is the judge in this matter and none other, and should also dishonour the King my father and the Queen my mother, and falsely confess myself a bastard, which God defend I should do, since the Pope has not so declared it by his sentence definitive, to whose final judgment I submit myself." A proof that the ill-used Princess, at this time, considered Elizabeth as bastard born. To the King, she, in a more cautious strain, writes:—

"This morning a letter was brought to my chamberlain, ordering me to remove to the Castle of Hertford, wherein I was mentioned not as the Princess, but only as the Lady Mary, the King's daughter; which when I heard I greatly marvelled, trusting verily that your grace was not privy to the same letter as concerning the leaving out of the name of Princess; forasmuch as I doubt not that your grace doth take me for your lawful daughter born in true matrimony, wherefore, if I were to

* The King and his council were as yet undecided as to where the infant establishment of the Princess Elizabeth should be fixed; but they had fully resolved to disinherit Mary, break up her establishment, and allow her no home but the nursery palace of her half-sister.

† Meaning Elizabeth.

say anything to the contrary I should in my conscience run into the displeasure of God, which I hope assuredly that your grace would not that I should so do. In all other things, I will ever be to your grace an humble and obedient daughter and handmaid. From your manor of Beaulieu, October the second.

"By your Highness's most

"Humble daughter,

"MARY, 'Princess.'"

By these letters Mary only further provoked the King's anger against her. Her princely establishment at Beaulieu was precipitately dissolved. James the Fifth of Scotland, who at this period solicited her hand in marriage, was promptly refused; and in the spring of 1534 the parliament completed her degradation by illegitimizing her, and settled the crown on Henry's children by Anne Boleyn. Deprived of all her valued attendants and associates, even to the venerable Countess of Salisbury, and located more like a condemned prisoner than an innocent Princess at Hunsdon, the nursery palace of that infant sister whom she believed had been born out of wedlock, and on whom was lavished all the rank and magnificence of which she had just been so unjustly deprived, Mary endured a trial, great indeed, but which her then innocent, pure-purposed heart bravely withstood. Instead of hating or injuring her rival half-sister, she beguiled her sorrows by dandling, kissing, and kindly caressing the innocent babe. And what is further remarkable, at this very time Anne Boleyn heaped all imaginary insults on the unfortunate Mary; and even went so far as to exhort a promise from the King, that he would kill Mary rather than permit her to reign to the exclusion of Anne's progeny—conduct which the ill-fated Anne deeply repented of at the hour of her death.† Fortunately for Mary, the heavy dolorous period she passed at Hunsdon, was somewhat lightened by the presence of her old attendant Margaret Bryant—chosen by Anne Boleyn as governess to the Princess Elizabeth—

† See page 396.

and a few other genial spirits, who both pitied and respected her. As to the King, he muttered against her such terrible threats, that his obsequious council secretly meditated bringing her to the block; and his treasurer, Fitzwilliam, had the revolting boldness to openly declare, that if her obstinacy continued, he hoped to see her head struck from her shoulders, that he might kick it about as a foot-ball; indeed, several historians assure us, that it was only the kindly intercession of Crommer that saved her from so ignoble an end. As it was, her coffers were ransacked, her papers and writings seized and sent to Cromwell, and several of her friends examined and imprisoned, for communicating with her and calling her Princess, after she had been deprived of that title. The death of her mother in 1538, without her being permitted to bid an oral farewell to that best-beloved and tenderest of parents, in itself an agonizing affliction, led to her being treated with such gross indignity, that the Emperor Charles the Fifth loudly complained to the English court of the "*misentreaty* of the Princess Mary;" and all Europe feared for her safety. Edward Harwell, the English ambassador at Venice, in a letter addressed to Thomas Starkey, February, 1538, says: "The news of the old Queen's death hath been here divulged more than ten days past, and taken sorrowfully, not without grievous lamentation, for she was incredibly dear to all men for her good fame, which is in great glory amongst all exterior nations. Her death has occasioned great oblique, and all fear that the royal girl Mary will briefly follow her mother. I assure you men speaketh here *tragic* of these matters, which are not to be touched by letter."

Matters, however, remained in this state but for a brief period. Within four months after the death of Queen Katherine, Anne Boleyn was brought to the block. The last evening of her existence the unfortunate Anne implored Lady Kingston to go in her name to the Princess Mary, and beg of her to forgive the many wrongs which she had done her. Lady Kingston complied with the Queen's dying request, and Mary, heart-

sick at the seclusion and degradation she had so long suffered, took advantage of her visit to write to Cromwell, imploring him to obtain for her the blessing and favour of her father the King's grace. In this letter, dated Hunsdon, May the twenty-sixth, she says: "I perceive that nobody durst speak for me as long as that woman [meaning Anne Boleyn] lived who is now gone; whom I pray our Lord of His great mercy to forgive. Wherefore, now she is gone, I desire you, for the love of God, to be a suitor for me to the King's grace. Moreover, I desire you to accept mine evil writing, for I have not done so much this two year or more; nor could have found the means to do it at this time, but by my Lady Kingston's being here." This letter—an evidence that Mary had for two years been deprived of writing materials, and precisely the instrument the scheming Cromwell desired at this time to receive from the degraded Princess; his wish being to impress her with a belief that her ill-treatment was to be attributed solely to the ill offices of Anne Boleyn—was followed by an intimation that she might write to her royal sire, provided she did so with becoming respect. She accordingly addressed to the King the following epistle, which, allowing for the slavish servility demanded by the Sovereign, so abounds with flattery and supplication, that Mary, to have penned it, must have resolved, now that her mother was dead, to, at almost any sacrifice, win back her father's lost affections. She thus proceeds:—

"Most humbly prostrate before the feet of your most excellent Majesty, your most humble, faithful, and obedient subject, which hath so extremely offended your most Gracious Highness, that mine heavy and fearful heart dare not presume to call you father; nor your Majesty hath any cause by my deserts, saving the benignity of your most blessed nature doth surmount all evils, offences, and trespasses; and is ever merciful and ready to accept the penitent calling for grace in any convenient time. Having received this Thursday, at night, certain

letters from Mr. Secretary, as well advising me to make my humble submission immediately to yourself; which, because I durst not without your gracious licence presume to do before, I lately sent unto him as signifying that your most merciful heart and fatherly pity had granted me your blessing, with condition that I should persevere in that I had commenced and begun; and that I should not oftsoons offend your Majesty by the denial or refusal of any such articles and commandments, as it may please your Highness to address unto me, for the perfect trial of my heart, and inward affection for the perfect declaration of the bottom of my heart and stomach.

"First, I acknowledge myself to have most unkindly and unnaturally offended your most excellent Highness, in that I have not submitted myself to your most just and virtuous laws, and for my offences therein, which I must confess were in me a thousand-fold more grievous than they could be in any other living creature, I put myself wholly and entirely to your gracious mercy, at whose hand I cannot receive that punishment for the same that I have deserved.

"Secondly, to open mine heart to your Grace in these things which I have heretofore refused to condescend unto, and have now written with mine own hand, sending the same to your Highness hitherto; I shall never beseech your Grace to have pity and compassion of me if ever you shall perceive that I shall privily or apertly vary or alter from one piece of that I have written and subscribed; or refuse to confirm, ratify, or declare, the same where your Majesty shall appoint me.

"Thirdly, as I have, and shall, knowing your excellent learning, virtue, wisdom, and knowledge, put my soul into your direction, and by the same hath and will in all things from henceforth direct my conscience; so my body I do wholly commit to your mercy and fatherly pity, desiring no state, no condition, nor no meaner degree of living, but such as your Grace shall appoint me, acknowledging and confessing that my state cannot be so vile, as either the extremity of justice would appoint unto

me, or as mine offences have required or deserved.

"And whatsoever your Grace shall command me to do, touching any of these points, either for things past, present, or to come, I shall as gladly do the same as your Majesty shall command me. Most humbly, therefore, beseeching your mercy, most gracious Sovereign, Lord, and benign Father, to have pity and compassion of your miserable and sorrowful child, and with the abundance of your inestimable goodness so to overcome mine iniquity towards God, your Grace, and your whole realm, as I may feel some sensible token of reconciliation, which, God is my judge, I only desire without other respect, to whom I shall daily pray for the preservation of your Highness, with the Queen's Grace, and that it may please him to send you issue.

"From Hunsdon, this Thursday, at eleven of the clock at night.

"Your Grace's most humble

"and Obedient Daughter

"and Handmaid,

"MARY."

Slavishly humble and servile as this epistle was in tone and spirit, the royal despot did not condescend to reply to it. In fact, it being the policy of Cromwell, whose son's wife was the sister of Jane Seymour, to prevent the chance of the Princesses Mary and Elizabeth becoming rivals in the succession to that Queen's progeny, he resolved, by working upon the despotic disposition of the King, and by only relaxing, not destroying, the rigour of the broken-spirited Mary's restraint, to make that Princess fully acquiesce in her own illegitimization—a difficult game, but one which the crafty secretary worked out with skill and success.

In her next letter, dated the first of June, Mary congratulated the King and Jane Seymour—with Jane she had been for some time previously on terms of acquaintanceship, if not friendship—on their recent marriage and at the same time she wrote to Cromwell, thanking him for obtaining permission for her to write to the King, and imploring him to continue his good offices till his Grace

should forgive her, and permit her to approach him as her father. None of these letters received an answer from the King. Another, addressed in the same imploring strain to her father, and one to Cromwell, produced a visit from Wriothesley and two others of the privy council, who urged her to submit to the King in all things, and obtained from her a verbal confession, but what this confession was is not known. This visit took place on the twenty-fifth of June, and on the following day Mary wrote to her father as follows:—

"Most humbly, obediently, and gladly, lying at the feet of your most excellent Majesty, my most dear and benign father and sovereign lord—I have this day perceived your gracious clemency and merciful pity to have overcome my most unkind unnatural proceedings towards you and your most just and virtuous laws, the great and inestimable joy whereof I cannot express, nor have anything worthy to be again presented to your Majesty, for the same your fatherly pity extended towards me, most ingratly on my part, abandoned as much as in me lie, but my poor heart which I send unto your Highness to remain in your hand, to be for ever used, directed, and framed, while God shall suffer life to remain in it, at your only pleasure, most humbly beseeching your grace to accept and receive the same, being all that I have to offer, which shall never alter, vary, or change, from that confession and submission which I have made unto your Highness in the presence of your council, and others attending upon the same, for whose preservation, with my most gracious mother, the Queen, I shall daily pray to God, whom oftsoons I beseech to send you issue, to his honour and the comfort of your realm.

"From Hunadon, the twenty-sixth
"day of June, your Grace's most
"humble and obedient daughter
"and handmaid,
"MARY."

About this time, Mary sent to her father several letters, which the wily Crom-

well either dictated or corrected for her; she also received a friendly visit from the Spanish ambassador, and as a token of the royal favour, the Queen's brother, Edward Seymour, waited upon her, presented her with a beautiful docile palfrey, and as the time was drawing near when etiquette demanded that she should lay aside the deep mourning she had assumed on the death of her beloved mother, assured her that the King would willingly supply her with whatever apparel she was pleased to order. Despite these symptoms of royal clemency, Henry had not deigned to address a single line to his anxious daughter. He would not allow her to visit him, but on the seventh of July, it was intimated to her, that she might send her servant to him with letters or messages, a licence which she took advantage of on the subsequent day, by sending her old servant, Randal Dod, with a long submissive letter to her father, composed for her, it is believed, by Cromwell, in which she says: "Most humbly beseeching your Highness, in case I be over-hasty in sending so soon to pardon me, and to think that I would rather be a poor chamberer in your company, than be heiress to your mighty realm."

As both the King and Cromwell thought that by this time the spirit of Mary was sufficiently humbled, she was waited upon by a deputation of the privy council, more numerous and formal than the previous one. But their demands that she would acknowledge the illegality of her mother's marriage, her own illegitimacy, and the King's supremacy over the church so startled her, that bursting into tears, she exclaimed, "Must I then damn my soul to appease the wrath of my father?" and pacing the hall in deep emotion, ejaculated, "Oh! it is horrible! Indeed, I dare not, cannot, comply with these bitter requisitions." The deputation departed as they came, but they had no sooner gone, than she wrote to Cromwell for counsel, and in reply he addressed her a most unfeeling and insolent letter. After soundly rating her for daring to oppose the will of the council, he proceeds, "As God is my witness, I think you a most obedi-

nate and obdurate woman, deserving the reward of malice in the extremity of mischief, I dare not open my lips to mention you, unless I have ground to make it appear that you have repented of your miserable ingratitude and unkindness. Therefore I have sent you a book of articles, whereunto if you set your hand and subscribe your name, you will undoubtedly please God; and upon the receipt thereof again from you with a letter, declaring that you think in heart what you have subscribed with hand, I shall, ere long, venture to speak for your reconciliation. But if you will not leave off your sinister councils, which have brought you to the point of utter undoing, I take my leave of you for ever, as the most ungrateful, unnatural, and obstinate of women, both to God and to your *dear and benign father*, the King. I advise you to nothing but what I know to be your bounden duty, and if you do it not, you will render yourself unfit to live in a Christian congregation, of which I am so convinced that I refuse the mercy of Christ if it is not true."

This extraordinary epistle obtained for Cromwell a triumph he had sought with such consummate finesse, that his real purpose, that of securing the succession to the sister of his own son's wife, was alike hid from the King and his already half-forgiven daughter. Intimidated and confounded, ill in body and harassed in mind, the persecuted Princess again made a desperate effort, and this time succeeded in swallowing the bitter pill. She signed what Cromwell was pleased to name the book of articles, which we here subjoin, as a memento of that minister's craft and selfishness, of Henry the Eighth's paternal tyranny, and of Mary's moral weakness.

"The confession of me, the Lady Mary, made upon certain points and articles under-written, in the which, as I do now plainly and with all mine heart confess and declare mine inward sentence, belief, and judgment, with a due conformity of obedience to the laws of the realm, so minding for ever to persist and continue in this determination, with-

out change, alteration, or variance, I do most humbly beseech the King's Highness, my father, whom I have obstinately and inobediently offended in the denial of the same, heretofore to forgive mine offences therein, and to take me to his most gracious mercy.

"First, I confess and acknowledge the King's Majesty to be my sovereign Lord and King, in the imperial crown of this realm of England, and do submit myself to his Highness, and to all and singular laws and statutes of this realm, as becometh a true and faithful subject, to do which, I shall also obey, keep, observe, advance, and maintain, according to my bounden duty, with all the power, force, and qualities that God hath endued me with during my life,

"MARY."

"Item, I do recognize, accept, take, repute, and acknowledge the King's Highness to be *supreme head in earth under Christ of the Church of England*; and do utterly refuse the Bishop of Rome's pretended authority, power, and jurisdiction, within this realm, heretofore usurped according to the laws and statutes made in that behalf, and of all the King's true subjects, humbly received, admitted, obeyed, kept, and observed; and also do utterly renounce and forsake all manner of remedy, interest, and advantage, which I may by any means claim by the Bishop of Rome's laws, process, jurisdiction, or sentence, at this present time or in any wise hereafter, by any manner of title, colour, mean, or case, that is, shall, or can be devised for that purpose.

"MARY."

"Item, I do freely, frankly, and for the discharge of my duty towards God, the King's Highness, and his laws, without other respect, recognize and acknowledge that the marriage heretofore had between his Majesty and my mother, the late Princess Dowager, was, by God's law and man's law, incestuous and unlawful.

"MARY."

Before heaping a wholesale blame on Mary for signing these degrading arti-

idea, we must remember that the death of Anne Boleyn, and the degradation of the Princess Elizabeth, placed her a step nearer to the throne than she was at the period of her mother's demise; consequently, was the succession the great object of her ambition, policy would not have permitted her to voluntarily relinquish her claims thereto, which, in fact, she did, by deliberately signing the third of these articles. It therefore appears probable that she renounced her rights for no personal motive beyond that of regaining the lost affections of her only surviving parent, doubtless expecting, that that parent would at his death, if not before, acknowledge her as his first-born, and restore her to her rights; a policy more weak than wicked, and if not to be commended, at least not deserving, as some party writers would have us believe, of censure, the bitterest, severest.

On the twenty-first of July, Wriothesly, by Cromwell's orders, waited upon her to ascertain if she had signed the articles, and brought her an assurance, that in the event of her compliance, her household should be established, and she should no longer be compelled to call Elizabeth princess, but only sister. With the much-desired, duly signed articles, she sent the following humble, lowly-spirited epistle:—

The Princess Mary to Cromwell.

"Good Mr. Secretary, how much am I bound unto you, which have not only travelled when I was almost drowned in folly, to recover me before I sunk, and was utterly past recovery, and so to present me to the face of grace and mercy, but also desisteth not *sithence* with your good and wholesome counsels so to arm me from any relapse, that I cannot, unless I were too wilful and obstinate, (whereof now there is no spark in me), fall again into any danger; but leaving the recital of your goodness apart, which I cannot recount, I answer to the particularities of your credence, sent by my friend, Mr. Wriothesly. First, concerning the Princess (so I think I must call her yet, for I would be loth to offend), I offered at her entry to that name and

honour, to call her sister, but it was refused unless I would also add the other title unto it, which I denied, not then more obstinately than I am now sorry for it, for that I did therein offend my most gracious father and his just laws. And now that you think it meet, I shall never call her by other name than sister. Touching the nomination of such women as I would have about me; surely, Mr. Secretary, what men or women soever the King's Highness shall appoint to wait on me, without exception, shall be to me right heartily and without respect welcome; albeit, to express my mind to you, whom I think worthy to be accepted, for their faithful service done to the King's Majesty and to me, sithence they came into my company, I promise you, on my faith, Margaret Baynton and Susanna Clariencieux have in every condition used themselves as faithfully, painfully, and diligently, as ever did women in such a case: as sorry when I was not so conformable as became me, as glad when I inclined anything to my duty as could be demised. One other there is that was some time my maid, whom for her virtue I love, and could be glad to have in my company, that is, Mary Brown; and here be all that I will recommend, and yet my estimation of this shall be measured at the King's Highness, my most merciful father's pleasure and appointment, as reason is.

"For mine opinion touching pilgrimages, purgatory, reliques, and suchlike, I assure you I have none at all,* but such as I shall receive from him that hath mine whole heart in keeping, that is, the King's most gracious Highness, my most benign father, who shall imprint in the same, touching these matters and all others, what his inestimable

* This sentence is a piece of slavish hypocrisy. Mary had an opinion, and a bigoted one, on these vexed subjects of religious ceremonial; and although she respected her father, she surely could not, at least before this letter was penned, July, 1546, have thought him a monarch of inestimable virtue, however learned and wise she might have deemed him. However, Mary lived in an age when hypocrisy and servile flattery were the vogue, and in this respect she has, perhaps, gone scarcely so far as her sister Elizabeth, as will appear farther on.

virtue, high wisdom, and excellent learning shall think convenient, and limit unto me, to whose presence I pray God I may once more come ere I die, for every day is a year, till I may have the fruition of it. [Beseeching you, good Mr.] Secretary, to continue mine humble suit for the same, and for all other things whatsoever they be, to repute my heart so firmly knit to his pleasure, that I can by no means vary from the direction and appointment of the same, and thus most heartily fare you well. From Hunsdon, this Friday, at ten of the clock at night.

"Your assured loving friend,

"During my life,

"MARY."

On the same day that Mary wrote the above epistle, she addressed the following to the King:—

"My bounden duty most humbly remembered to your most excellent Majesty; whereas I am unable and insufficient to render and express to your Highness those most hearty and humble thanks for your gracious mercy and fatherly pity, surmounting mine offences at this time extended towards me, I shall prostrate at your most noble feet, humbly and with the very bottom of my stomach, beseech your Grace to repute that in me, which in my poor heart remaining in your most noble hand, I have conceived and professed towards your Grace, whiles the breath shall remain in my body, that is, that as I am now in such merciful sort recovered, being more than almost lost with mine own folly, that your Majesty may as well accept me, justly your bounden slave, by redemption, as your most humble, faithful, and obedient child and subject, by the course of nature planted in this your most noble realm, so shall I for ever persevere and continue towards your Highness in such uniformity and due obedience, as I doubt not, but, with the help of God, your Grace shall see and perceive a will and intent in me to redouble again that hath been amiss in my behalf, conformably to such words and writings as I have spoken and sent unto

your Highness, from the which I will never vary during my life, trusting that your grace hath conceived that opinion of me, which to remember is mine only comfort; and thus I beseech our Lord to preserve your Grace in health, with my very natural mother, the Queen, and to send you shortly issue, which I shall as gladly and willingly serve with my hands under their feet, as ever did poor subject their most gracious sovereign.

"My sister Elizabeth is in good health, thanks be to our Lord, and such a child towards us as I doubt not but your Highness will have cause to rejoice of, in time coming, as knoweth Almighty God.

"From Hunsdon, the twenty-first day of July.

"Your Grace's most humble and

"obedient daughter and

"faithful subject,

"MARY."

Mary's kind mention of the little Elizabeth in this letter, exhibits a commendable proof of her charitable, affectionate disposition. But two months previously, Anne Boleyn had been beheaded as an adulteress, and Elizabeth, her only surviving child, Henry not only disowned as a Princess of the line, but also treated with neglect and contempt. How noble then, how generous, was it of Mary, to take this early opportunity to reply to Anne Boleyn's dying entreaty for forgiveness, by commending her unoffending little one to the notice of the brutal-minded monarch. Mary having, to use Cromwell's words, voluntarily signed her own degradation, was now permitted to hold a joint household with her sister Elizabeth. Her attendants and servants, selected for the most part by the privy council, were twenty-eight in number. They became sincerely attached to her, and only relinquished her service by the command of death. Being now her own mistress, she led a quiet, sedate, pious life; besides history, theology, and general literature, she studied geography, astronomy, mathematics, and natural philosophy; a portion of each day she devoted to the exercise of religion, and in the evening worked with her

needle, or played on the lute the regals or the virginals. In December, 1536, she was admitted to the so anxiously-desired presence of her royal father at Richmond. No pen has detailed the meeting, but to the long-estranged Princess it must have been an hour of delight, as she immediately regained a large share of the King's former affections. In the diary of her privy purse expenses, which commence from this period, are entries of "presents from the King to the Princess Mary, as tokens of his regard for her." One of these was a bordering for a dress, of rich goldsmith's work, and another was a gold pin with a ruby in it. About the twentieth of December the court removed to Greenwich, where Mary received a new year's gift of fifty pounds from the Queen, one of great value from Cromwell, and others of less account from Lord Morley—one of her most attached literary

friends—Lord and Lady Beauchamp, and the ladies Rochford and Salisbury. "The Privy Purse Expenses of the Princess Mary," a work most ably edited by Sir Frederick Madden, throws great light upon her private character, which our historians have branded as infamous, but whose statements these truthful records, written by Mary and those about her, with only the same view that tradesmen in the present century make entries in their account books, fully disprove. These entries speak of her own delicate health, of affection for her sister Elizabeth, of alms to the poor and other acts of charity and kindness; but of cruelty or malice, or evil traits of character, they, with one exception, bear no record. This exception is a love of betting and gambling, which she doubtless imbibed from her father and his courtiers, who it is well known delighted in and ardently encouraged those vices.

CHAPTER III.

Mary's fondness for standing godmother—Attends the birth of Prince Edward—Stands godmother to him—Is chief mourner at Jane Seymour's funeral—Her trials in 1538-9—Through Cromwell, she receives a present from the King—Vain efforts to marry her—Presents to Edward and Elizabeth—Futile negotiation for her marriage to the Duke of Orleans—She is restored to her place in the succession—Stands bridesmaid to Katherine Parr—Attends the King and Queen in their progress—Assists at the reception of the Duke De Najera—Translates the Paraphrases of St. John—Death of Henry the Eighth—Mary retires to the country—Suffers from ill health—Writes to Elizabeth—Objects to the establishment of the Protestant Church of England—Visits St James's—Denies that she or her household assists the Devonshire rebels.



ARLY in January, 1537, Mary made a short visit to her former residence of Beaulieu. She returned in February to the palace at Westminster, and shortly afterwards stood godmother to the daughter of a poor citizen of London, named Malvel; and what is remarkable, such was her fondness for filling this holy office, that during this same year she stood sponsor to sixteen chil-

dren of every grade, from her half-brother Prince Edward down to the offsprings of humble peasants, many of whom were orphans dependent on her bounty.

Mary was present at the accouchement of Queen Jane; she took the Princess Elizabeth with her, and stood sponsor to Prince Edward;* to whom she presented a gold cup, gave the large sum of thirty pounds to the Queen's midwife and nurse, and forty shillings in alms the day the Prince was born. At the

* See page 408.

funeral of Jane Seymour she appeared as chief mourner, and whilst, with her ladies, performing "lamentable vigils" round the royal corpse, in Hampton Court Chapel, in murky November, she caught a severe cold; and after suffering the torments of a terrible tooth-ache, paid Nicholas Sampson, the King's surgeon, for drawing one of her teeth, three pounds; an enormous fee, and only nine shillings and two-pence less than the sum paid to Master Francis, the physician, for attending Margaret of Anjou during a three months' perilous travail in 1444-5.* When the remains of Queen Jane were conveyed in solemn state from Hampton Court to Windsor, Mary rode behind the car on a steed trapped with black velvet. To the poor, who begged by the way-side, she distributed in alms thirty shillings; at St. George's Chapel, Windsor, she took part in the obsequies as chief mourner, paid for thirteen masses for the repose of the departed Queen's soul, gave to each of her chamberers a sovereign, and made presents to the other officers of her household.

Mary remained with her father at Greenwich till Christmas, when the court removed to Richmond, where she tarried till February, 1538, when she proceeded to Hanworth, giving four shillings and four pence in alms on the way, and paying seven shillings to pioneers to render the road thither passable. In the summer of this year she paid several visits to Prince Edward, whose infancy at this period she watched over with the care and fondness of a mother; and about the same time she took into her service the beautiful Elizabeth Fitzgerald, celebrated in the tender, flowing verse of the gifted but unfortunate Surry, as the fair Geraldine.

Continued domestic tranquillity was not to be the lot of Mary. The dissolution of the monasteries drove the monks from their homes, and led to fearful insurrections, which, as the insurgents always coupled with their other requests a demand that Mary should be restored to her rank in the succession, at length so excited the jealousy of her father and

his council, that her establishment was broken up in the autumn of this year. Whether her own conduct or the zeal of the papists brought this misfortune upon her, is a mystery; all that is known, being that from this period till the close of the year 1539 she lived in a state of severe restraint, bordering on captivity, at Hertford Castle, with her young sister Elizabeth. Meanwhile the Countess of Salisbury, Lord Montague, the Marquis and the Marchioness of Exeter, and other relations and friends of Reginald Pole, now cardinal, were arrested and all beheaded or utterly ruined, for no other crime than friendship to the cardinal, who, by supporting the just claim of Mary's mother, Katherine of Arragon, had deeply offended King Henry. The agony and dejection of Mary at this period, when the scaffold was reeking with the blood of her truest and best-beloved friends, may be more easily conceived than detailed. To her it was another, a severe trial; thanks to her good mother, she from infancy had learned to bear misfortune with resignation, or doubtless her curdled blood would have boiled with indignation, and prompted her to, at all hazards, revenge the wholesale, the cruel execution of her many friends.

This year Mary received forty pounds a quarter from her father; but towards Christmas her finances became so low, that she wrote to Cromwell, and through him received from the King an additional one hundred pounds. From Cromwell she frequently received little presents, and for years, she had obtained her supplies through his hands; she took advice or a scolding from him in good part; and how little she understood his character or intentions towards her, may be gathered from the subjoined epistle, which she evidently addressed to the crafty minister when she was at her father's court in 1538.

"MY LORD,

"After my most hearty commendations, because I cannot conveniently with my mouth render unto you in presence those thanks for the great goodness I find in you daily that the same doth worthily

* See page 274.

deserve, I thought it my part of congruence, at least, by these my rude letters, to advertise you, that of my good will and prayer to do your stead or pleasure, you shall be ever during my life assured, which I trust your gentleness will yet accept in worth, considering it is all that I have wherewith to repay any part of that charge and perfect friendship that I have and do find in you : heartily requiring your continuance, which, besides the purchasing of my tedious suits wherewith I do ever molest you, shall be my great comfort, and thus I beseech God to send you as well to fare, as I would wish myself.

" At Richmond, this Thursday night,

" Your assured loving Friend

" during my life,

" MARY."

It was one of the King's hobbies to negotiate marriages for the Princess Mary. With this view, a treaty was entered into in 1537 with the Prince of Portugal ; Henry declaring, that as he had illegitimized his daughter by act of parliament, he by the same means could restore her to her rank in the succession when he so pleased. The suit failed, and in the following year Cromwell's efforts to unite Mary to the young Duke of Cleves ended in the unfortunate marriage of Anne of Cleves to Henry the Eighth. These failures so little discouraged the King, that when Duke Phillip of Bavaria, who was a supporter of the Protestant religion, visited England to assist at the wedding of Anne of Cleves, he resolved to marry the Princess to that Duke. The Duke acquiesced, and Wriothesley, who was appointed to broach the subject to Mary, thus reports the proceedings to Cromwell :—" When I waited on my Lady Mary's grace, and opened the cause of my coming, she answered me that the King's Majesty not offended, she would wish and desire never to enter that *kind of religion* [meaning the wedded state], but to continue still a maid ; yet, remembering how she was bound to be in all things obedient to the King, and how she had obliged herself to the same, she committed herself to his Majesty,

as her merciful father and sovereign lord, trusting and knowing that his goodness and wisdom would so provide for her, as should redound to his Grace's honour, and to her own quiet." Despite the refusal contained in this letter, the Protestant Duke was introduced to the Catholic Mary, conversed with her, kissed her, and gave her a rich diamond cross. Meanwhile, Henry invested Duke Phillip with the Order of the Garter, called him son-in-law, and settled Mary's portion at seven thousand pounds ; indeed, matters went so far, that the wedding day was about to be fixed, when the harshness of Henry's conduct to Anne of Cleves excited the ire of the German Duke, and Henry, offended by his bold reproof, caused the diamond cross to be returned to him, as a token that the match was broken off. However, six years afterwards, Duke Phillip, who sincerely loved Mary, renewed his suit, and, being promptly refused, died a bachelor.

At the commencement of 1540, Mary presented to Prince Edward, as a new year's gift, a coat of crimson satin, embroidered with gold, ornamented with pansies of pearls, and with sleeves of tinsel and four aglets of gold ; she also made presents to her sister Elizabeth and others, but a want of space prevents us from inserting these and many other interesting items of Mary's expenditure, for which we refer the curious reader to Sir Frederick Madden's ably edited work. In the summer of this year we find Mary at the residence of Prince Edward at Tittenhanger, where she became so seriously ill, that the King's surgeon was sent from London to bleed her. How long she tarried at Tittenhanger is uncertain, but it is highly probable that the council, were it only to secure her person, dismissed her household, and placed her under some sort of restraint during the terrible and bloody struggle of the theological parties in 1540-1, a period when she herself was in great personal danger—when her late state governess, the venerable Countess of Salisbury, was butchered on the block—when her old schoolmaster, Dr. Featherstone, her mother's chaplain, Able,

and other staunch papists, were burnt as heretics; and when it was death to openly differ with the King in matters of religion, or deny his theological supremacy.

The decapitation of Katherine Howard increased the probability that Mary would remain second in the succession, and induced Francis the First to once more demand her hand for the Duke of Orleans. The negotiation was opened at Chabliz, in April, 1542, by the High Admiral of France, and Privy Councillor Paget. In a quaint despatch detailing the particulars of the conference, Paget says:—"When I entered the presence of the Admiral, he rose from his seat and made a great and humble reverence; and after that he had taken thanks unto your Majesty, and with two or three great oaths declared his affection towards you, I entered the accomplishment of your Majesty's command." Francis the First required that Mary should be dowered with a million crowns. Paget, who was commissioned to offer but two hundred thousand, thus continues:—"Whilst I was declaring from point to point all your Majesty and your Majesty's council had directed, he (the Admiral) gave twenty sighs, casting up his eyes and crossing himself as many times, for I marked him when he was not aware of it. He then heaved one great sigh, and said, 'I am an English Frenchman, and next after my master I esteem the King your master's finger more than I do any other prince's lady in all the world; but, alas! what is two hundred thousand crowns to give in marriage with so great a King's daughter to Monsieur D'Orleans? Four or five hundred thousand is nothing to him. Monsieur D'Orleans is a Prince of great courage; Monsieur D'Orleans doth aspire to great things, and such is his fortune, or else I am wonderfully deceived.'

"I answered," proceeds the droll Paget, "'Monsieur D'Orleans is a great King's son; Monsieur D'Orleans aspires to great things, but it is not reason that my master's wealth should maintain his courage. My master has a son of his own, whom I trust will grow up a man of courage; and as for his daugh-

ter, he doth consider her as reason requireth. Had King Louis the Twelfth any more with one of my master's sisters than three hundred thousand crowns? and the King of Scots with another more than one hundred thousand? Assuredly not; and if, as you say, our friendship be advisable to you, seek it by reasonable means.'

"'It is not one or two hundred thousand crowns that can enrich my master or impoverish yours,' said the Admiral in reply; 'therefore, for the love of God, let us go roundly together. We ask your daughter,' quoth he. 'For her you shall have our son, a *gentys* prince, and set him out to sale. We ask you a dote [dower] with her, and after the sum you will give, she shall have an assignment after the custom of the country here.'

"'Well,' quoth I, 'you will have two hundred thousand crowns with her.'

"'By my troth,' quoth he, 'the dote you have offered is nothing, and if I were as King Louis and the King of Scots were, I would rather take your master's daughter in her kirtle, and more honour were it to me, than, being Monsieur D'Orleans, to take her with a paltry two hundred thousand crowns.'

As may be supposed, the negotiation failed in its purpose, but it benefited Mary, by increasing the force of the current that ultimately drove the King to restore her to her natural place in the succession. The act of parliament which did her this but partial justice, was passed on the seventh of February, 1544; and, to the eternal disgrace of her father, who himself dictated the act, it neither removed from her the brand of illegitimacy, nor permitted her rights to the succession to depend upon anything more stable than his own arbitrary will.* At the nuptials of her royal father with Katherine Parr, July the twelfth, 1543, Mary stood bridesmaid, and was presented by her new step-mother with a pair of elegant gold bracelets set with rubies, and twenty-five pounds in money. The pecuniary gift was most acceptable, as an unhealthy season had laid many of her servants and dependants on a

* See page 443.

sick bed, and her limited income scarcely sufficed to supply their medical and other necessary wants; a source of great grief to Mary, who took peculiar pleasure in alleviating the misery of the unfortunate and distressed. The entries in her privy purse journal, which closes with the year 1544, not only bear witness to this fact, but they also render it apparent that her income was precarious and limited—her numerous benefactions attended with no small amount of self-sacrifice, one of the surest proofs of a philanthropic disposition.

This summer Mary attended the King and Queen in their progress through the midland counties; but being attacked with her old chronic sickness between Grafton and Woodstock, she was removed in the Queen's litter first to Ampt-hill, and afterwards to Ashbridge, where she spent the autumn with her half-brother and sister, who were then residing there. In February, 1544, she assisted at the court held by her step-mother at Westminster, for the reception of the Spanish Duke de Najera. The Spanish grandee kissed her lips in token that he was her relation, and danced with her at the court ball given on the occasion.

Several circumstances tend to shew that at this period the religious prejudices of Mary were not so great as has been supposed. Her only expenditure on the ceremonials of the popish church, was an insignificant offering at Candlemas. With this exception, the latter entries in her privy purse journal afford no indication of her adherence to the Catholic church, whilst the translation into English of the paraphrase of St. John by Erasmus, which she so ably accomplished in 1544, at the request of the good Queen Katherine Parr, would almost induce a belief that she had embraced the Protestant faith.

In the spring of 1546, Mary was again laid up with an attack of her chronic illness; early in May she recovered and went to court, where she tarried several months. Whether she witnessed the death of her father is problematical, but Pollino assures us that Henry the Eighth, when on his death-

bed, called her to his side, and made her solemnly promise not to aspire to her brother's crown, but to be as a mother to him during his minority, and always to love him. A promise which she probably made, as, despite the tempting inducements, the entreaties of her friends, and the persecution she herself suffered in defence of her domestic altar and worship, she, to the last, firmly discouraged rebellion against those who held the regal reins for her youthful brother, and abstained from connecting herself with any faction. By the conditions of Henry the Eighth's will, Mary was made Prince Edward's immediate successor, provided that Prince died without issue; she was also left a marriage portion of ten thousand pounds, if she married with the consent of the council, and three thousand pounds a year during the period that she was single. Part of this annuity was derived from the rents of Kenning Hall, a manor illegally wrested from one of the Howard family, and which on her accession she honourably restored to its rightful heir.

On the accession of Edward the Sixth, Mary retired to the privacy of a country life. In April, 1547, she wrote a friendly letter to Lady Somerset, requesting her to prevail on the Protector to provide for Richard Woodard and George Brickhouse, two of her mother's aged servants; and, as the request was speedily complied with, it is evident that the changes made in religion at this period had not as yet destroyed the good understanding subsisting between her and the Protector. In June, she received a letter from Lord Seymour, requesting her sanction to his marriage with Katherine Parr. Her very sensible answer, which we have already given in the memoirs of Henry the Eighth's last Queen,* is dated from Wanstead. Her health was delicate, and to improve it, she passed the summer at her various country residences. In the autumn, she resided at Kenninghall, in Norfolk, where her old chronic affection again laid her on a bed of sickness. Jane, her chamber-woman, had

* See page 456.

married one Russell, in the service of her sister, and her attendance, now much wanted, could not be had, as appears in the following letter, which Mary received from Elizabeth :—

“ Good sister, as to hear of your sickness is unpleasant to me, so is it nothing fearful, for that I understand it is your old guest that is wont so oft to visit you, whose coming, though it be oft, yet is it never welcome; but, notwithstanding, it is comfortable for that. *Jacula previsa minus feriunt.* And as I do understand your need of Jane Russell's service, so am I sorry that it is by my man's occasion letted, which, if I had known before, I would have caused his will to give place to need of her service; for as it is her duty to obey his command, so is it his part to attend your pleasure; and as I confess it were meet for him to go to her, since she attends upon you, so, indeed, he required the same; but for that divers of his fellows had business abroad, that made him tarry at home. Good sister, though I have good cause to thank you for your oft sending to me, yet I have more occasion to render you my hearty thanks for your gentle writings, which, how painful it is to you, I may well guess by myself. And you may well see, by writing so oft, how pleasant it is to me. And thus I end to trouble you, desiring God to send you as well to do as you can think and wish, or I desire or pray. From Ashbridge, scribbled this twenty-seventh of October.

“ Your loving sister,

“ ELIZABETH.”

“ To my well-beloved sister, Mary.”

Henry the Eighth was doomed to the usual fate of despotic monarchs. By his will, he ordered masses to be said for his soul, and enjoined his executors to bring up his son in the Catholic faith, doubtless meaning his own tyrannic church of the Six Articles. But the men who, in his latter days, had served him with slavish obsequiousness, were the first, after his death, to overturn his darling projects. Somerset, to make his private fortune, and Cranmer, as a matter of conscience, in the first months of Ed-

ward's reign, took measures for the immediate establishment of the Protestant Church,* so sweeping and decisive, that Gardiner was imprisoned in the Fleet; and Mary sent several letters of remonstrance to the Protector. These letters are said to have been lost or destroyed; but the following, copied from the Lansdowne MSS., and written by Mary, was evidently addressed to Somerset at this crisis :—

“ It is no small grief to me to perceive that they whom the King's Majesty, my father (whose soul God pardon), made in this world of nothing, in respect of that they become to now, and at his last end put in trust to see his will performed, whereunto they were all sworn upon a book: it grieveth me, I say, for the love I bear to them, to see both how they brake his will, and what usurped power they take upon them in making (as they call it) laws both clean contrary to his proceeding and will, and also against the custom of all Christendom, and, in my conscience, against the law of God and his church, which passeth all the rest; but though you, among you, have forgotten the King, my father, yet, both God's commandments and nature will not suffer me to do so; wherefore, with God's help, I will remain an obedient child to his laws as he left them, till such time as the King's Majesty, my brother, shall have perfect years of discretion to order the power that God hath sent him, and to be a judge in these matters himself, and, I doubt not, but he shall then accept my so doing better than theirs, which have taken a piece of his power upon them in his minority.

“ I do not a little marvel that you can find fault with me for observing of that law which was allowed by him that was a king, not only of power, but also of

* It is worthy of remark, that the phrases of Erasmus, including that of St. John, translated by Mary, was, at this period, reprinted by the Government, and a copy provided for every clergyman and for every parish throughout the realm. Thus, at the very time Mary was opposing the establishment of the Protestant Church of England, that church adopted the work of her own pen as one of its beacon lights.

knowledge how to order his power, to which law all of you consented, and seemed at that time, to the outward appearance, very well to like the same; and that you could find no fault, all this while, with some among yourselves, for running half a year before that which you now call a law, ye, and before the bishops came together, wherein, me thinketh, you do me very much wrong, if I should not have as much pre-eminence to continue in keeping a full authorized law, made without *parcyaute*, as they had both to break the law, which at that time, yourselves must need confess, was of full power and strength, and to use alterations of their own invention, contrary both to that and your new law, as you call it."

In this letter, Mary boldly accuses Somerset, and his colleagues in office, of breaking her father's will. In the lost epistles, she entreats them to educate her brother, the young King, as ordained by that will, in the Catholic faith; accuses them of interfering with religion, as established by her father, and reiterates the declaration contained in the above letter, that whatever laws they made to the contrary, she would remain obedient to her father's laws till Edward the Sixth was of age. We have but one of Somerset's replies, and, in this, neither a candid avowal of the inconsistency of Henry the Eighth's will, nor of the Protector's intentions to at once establish the Protestant faith—he, as a matter of political expediency, made assertions regarding himself, and his colleagues, and the religious tenets of Henry the Eighth, wholly at variance with facts. He thus proceeds:—

"Madam, my humble commendations to your Grace premised.—I have received your letters of the second of this present, acknowledging myself thereby much bound unto your grace; nevertheless, I am sorry to perceive that your Grace should have a wrong opinion of me and others, which were by the King, your late father, put in trust as executors of his will; albeit, I trust there shall be no such fault found in us, as in the

same your Grace hath alleged; and, for my part, I know none of us that will willingly neglect the full execution of every jot of his said will, as far as shall and may stand with the King, our master's honour and surety that now is, not doubting but our proceedings therein, and in all things committed to our charge, shall be such as shall be able to answer the whole world, both in honour and discharge of our consciences. And where your Grace writeth that the most part of the realm, through a naughty liberty and presumption, are now brought into such a division, as if we executors go not about to bring them to that stay that our late master left them, they will forsake all obedience unless they have their own will and phantasies; and then it must follow that the King shall not be well served, and that all other realms shall have us in an obloquy and derision, and not without just cause. Madam, as these words, written or spoken by you, soundeth not well, so can I not persuade myself that they have proceeded from the sincere mind of so virtuous and so wise a lady, but rather by the setting on and procurement of some uncharitable and malicious person. Such hath been the King's Majesty's proceedings, our young noble master that now is, that all his faithful subjects have cause to render thanks for the manifold benefits shewed unto his Grace, and to his people, and realm, sithence the first day of his reign, and to think that God is contented and pleased with his ministers, who seek nothing but the true glory of God, and the surety of the King's person, with the quietness and wealth of his subjects. And where your Grace writeth also that there was godly order and quietness left by the King, our late master, your Grace's father, in this realm, at the time of his death, I do something marvel, for, if it may please you to call to your remembrance that his Grace departed from this life before he had fully finished such orders as he minded to have established to his people, no kind of religion was perfected at his death, but left all uncertain, most like to have brought us in parties and division, if God had not only helped

us: and doth your Grace think it convenient it should remain so?—God forbid: what regret and sorrow our late master had the time he saw he must depart, for that he knew the religion was not established, as he purposed to have done, I and others can be witness and testify: and what he would have done further in it, if he had lived, a great many know, and also I can testify: and doth your Grace, who is learned, and should know God's word, esteem true religion and the knowledge of the Scriptures to be new-fangledness and fantasies, for the Lord's sake, turn the leaf, and look the other while upon the other side, I mean with another judgment, which must pass by an humble spirit, through the peace of the living God, who, of his infinite goodness and mercy, grants unto your Grace plenty thereof, to the satisfying of your conscience, and your most noble heart's continual desire."

The Christmas of 1547 Mary passed at court, in the company of her half brother and sister. At the conclusion of the festival she retired to her manor of Kenning-hall, where she remained till the autumn of 1548, when she paid a lengthened visit to the young King, at his London palace of St. James's. Whilst residing at St. James's she invited her friends to a magnificent entertainment. Lord Thomas Seymour—who a few weeks afterwards was hurried to the block without trial or jury, and who died Elizabeth's lover and Mary's friend—was one of the guests; and the Protector suspected that should his brother's scheme of marrying Elizabeth fail, he would offer his hand to Mary; a suspicion not without some little foundation; for, independent of Seymour's personal attentions to Mary, at her St. James's levee, he, in a letter addressed to her, on the seventeenth of the subsequent December, says, "After my humble communications to your grace, with most hearty thanks for the great cheer I had with you at your grace's late being here. It may please you to understand that I have sent your grace this bearer, Walter Earle, to bring to your remembrance

such lessons as I think you have forgotten, because, at my late being at St. James's, I never saw a pair of virginals stirring in the whole house;* wishing I had some other thing that might be more acceptable to your grace, whom, from this present, I commit to the good governance of God."

Although Mary took every possible caution to avoid being in any way implicated in the fearful insurrection of 1548-9, the Protector suspected her loyalty, and upon information, real or feigned, that her servants were encouraging the rebels in Devonshire, addressed to her a lengthy expostulation on the seventeenth of July. Three days afterwards, she, in the subjoined letter, pronounced the charge against her servants unfounded; declared that she would be loth to keep about her any rebellious subjects; and expresses a belief that the changes introduced by the young King's advisers, rather than her own adherence to the Catholic faith, were the real cause of the uprising.

"MY LORD,

"I have received letters from you and others of the King's majesty's council, dated the seventeenth of this present, and delivered unto me the twentieth of the same, whereby I perceive ye be informed that certain of my servants should be the chief stirrers, procurers, and doers in these commotions; which commotions (I assure you) no less offend me than they do you and the rest of the council; and you write also that a priest and chaplain of mine at Sampford Courtenay, in Devonshire, should be a doer there, of which report I do not a little marvel, for, to my knowledge, I have not one chaplain in those parts; and concerning Pooley, my servant, which was sometime a receiver, I am able to answer that he remaineth continually in my house, and was never doer amongst the commons, nor came in their company. It is true that I have another servant of that name dwelling in Suffolk,

* It would appear by this that musical instruments were then banished from the court of Edward the Sixth.

and whether the commons have taken him or no I know not, for he resorteth seldom to my house. But by report they have taken by force many gentlemen in these quarters, and used them very cruelly. And as touching Lionell, my servant, I cannot but marvel of that bruit, specially because he dwelleth within two miles of London, and is not acquainted within the shire of Suffolk or Norfolk, nor at any time cometh into these parts but when he waiteth upon me in my house, and is now at London about my business, being no man apt or meet for such purposes, but given to as much quietness as any in my house.

"My lord, it troubleth me to hear such reports of any of mine, and specially where no cause is given. Trusting that my household shall try themselves true subjects to the King's majesty, and honest, quiet persons, or else I would be loath to keep them. And where you charge me that my proceedings in matters of religion should give no small courage to many of those men to require and do as they do; that thing appeareth most evidently to be untrue, for all the rising about these parts is touching no point of religion: but even as ye ungently and without desert charge me, so I omitting so fully to answer it as the case doth require, do and will pray God that your new alterations and unlawful liberties be not rather the occasion of those assemblies than my doings, who am (God I take to witness) inquired therewith. And as for Devonshire, no indifferent person can lay their doings to my charge, for I have neither land nor acquaintance in that country, as knoweth Almighty God, whom I humbly beseech to send you all as much plenty of His grace as I would wish to myself; so with my hearty commendations I bid you farewell. From my house, at Kenninghall, the twentieth of July.

"Your friend to my power,

"MARY."

In June, 1549, commenced that tire-some religious persecution to which Mary was subjected for more than two years, with little intermission, and which endangered the existence of the amity be-

tween England and the imperial dominions.

Despite the act of uniformity for worship, Mary pertinaciously adhered to the Catholic faith, and continued to have the popish service performed in her private chapel. This offended the Protector and the council, who, by letter, urged her to conform to the laws, and not by obstinacy set an example of disobedience to the nation; and desired her to send her comptroller and Dr. Hopton, her chaplain, to be examined touching her mode of celebrating worship, and by whom she afterwards should be fully advertised of the King and the council's pleasure. In her letter of reply, dated June the twenty-second, 1549, she told Somerset she intended to spend the short time she expected to live in retirement—at this time she was so ill that her life was despaired of—that she would not spare her comptroller, and her chaplain being sick, she could not send him; that if any of her servants—man, woman or chaplain—should move her contrary to her conscience, she would not listen to them, nor suffer the like to be used in her house; and that if he (the Protector) had any thing to declare to her, except matters of religion, she would thank him to send some trusty person with whom she could talk the matter over. The council deemed the tone of this letter haughty; Somerset again wrote to Mary—she again replied; neither party would succumb, the dispute grew to a storm, but ere it burst Somerset was deposed from the protectorship by Warwick, and for a short while Mary was permitted to exercise, without let or hindrance, those religious rituals which, however absurd or wicked, she conscientiously believed to be necessary to the salvation of her soul.

On the deposition of Somerset, Warwick addressed to Mary a lengthy justification of his proceedings, which thus concluded—"We trust your grace in our just and faithful quarrel will stand with us, and thus shall we pray to Almighty God for the preservation of your grace's health." In fact, at this period, Warwick deemed the support of Mary so essential to his plans, that in this jus-

virtue, high wisdom, and excellent learning shall think convenient, and limit unto me, to whose presence I pray God I may once more come ere I die, for every day is a year, till I may have the fruition of it. [Beseeching you, good Mr.] Secretary, to continue mine humble suit for the same, and for all other things whatsoever they be, to repute my heart so firmly knit to his pleasure, that I can by no means vary from the direction and appointment of the same, and thus most heartily fare you well. From Hunsdon, this Friday, at ten of the clock at night.

"Your assured loving friend,

"During my life,

"MARY."

On the same day that Mary wrote the above epistle, she addressed the following to the King:—

"My bounden duty most humbly remembered to your most excellent Majesty; whereas I am unable and insufficient to render and express to your Highness those most hearty and humble thanks for your gracious mercy and fatherly pity, surmounting mine offences at this time extended towards me, I shall prostrate at your most noble feet, humbly and with the very bottom of my stomach, beseech your Grace to repute that in me, which in my poor heart remaining in your most noble hand, I have conceived and professed towards your Grace, whiles the breath shall remain in my body, that is, that as I am now in such merciful sort recovered, being more than almost lost with mine own folly, that your Majesty may as well accept me, justly your bounden slave, by redemption, as your most humble, faithful, and obedient child and subject, by the course of nature planted in this your most noble realm, so shall I for ever persevere and continue towards your Highness in such uniformity and due obedience, as I doubt not, but, with the help of God, your Grace shall see and perceive a will and intent in me to redouble again that hath been amiss in my behalf, conformably to such words and writings as I have spoken and sent unto

your Highness, from the which I will never vary during my life, trusting that your grace hath conceived that opinion of me, which to remember is mine only comfort; and thus I beseech our Lord to preserve your Grace in health, with my very natural mother, the Queen, and to send you shortly issue, which I shall as gladly and willingly serve with my hands under their feet, as ever did poor subject their most gracious sovereign.

"My sister Elizabeth is in good health, thanks be to our Lord, and such a child towards us as I doubt not but your Highness will have cause to rejoice of, in time coming, as knoweth Almighty God.

"From Hunsdon, the twenty-first day of July.

"Your Grace's most humble and

"obedient daughter and

"faithful subject,

"MARY."

Mary's kind mention of the little Elizabeth in this letter, exhibits a commendable proof of her charitable, affectionate disposition. But two months previously, Anne Boleyn had been beheaded as an adulteress, and Elizabeth, her only surviving child, Henry not only disowned as a Princess of the line, but also treated with neglect and contempt. How noble then, how generous, was it of Mary, to take this early opportunity to reply to Anne Boleyn's dying entreaty for forgiveness, by commending her unoffending little one to the notice of the brutal-minded monarch. Mary having, to use Cromwell's words, voluntarily signed her own degradation, was now permitted to hold a joint household with her sister Elizabeth. Her attendants and servants, selected for the most part by the privy council, were twenty-eight in number. They became sincerely attached to her, and only relinquished her service by the command of death. Being now her own mistress, she led a quiet, sedate, pious life; besides history, theology, and general literature, she studied geography, astronomy, mathematics, and natural philosophy; a portion of each day she devoted to the exercise of religion, and in the evening worked with her

needle, or played on the lute the regals or the virginals. In December, 1536, she was admitted to the so anxiously-desired presence of her royal father at Richmond. No pen has detailed the meeting, but to the long-estranged Princess it must have been an hour of delight, as she immediately regained a large share of the King's former affections. In the diary of her privy purse expenses, which commence from this period, are entries of "presents from the King to the Princess Mary, as tokens of his regard for her." One of these was a bordering for a dress, of rich goldsmith's work, and another was a gold pin with a ruby in it. About the twentieth of December the court removed to Greenwich, where Mary received a new year's gift of fifty pounds from the Queen, one of great value from Cromwell, and others of less account from Lord Morley—one of her most attached literary

friends—Lord and Lady Beauchamp, and the ladies Rochford and Salisbury. "The Privy Purse Expenses of the Princess Mary," a work most ably edited by Sir Frederick Madden, throws great light upon her private character, which our historians have branded as infamous, but whose statements these truthful records, written by Mary and those about her, with only the same view that tradesmen in the present century make entries in their account books, fully disprove. These entries speak of her own delicate health, of affection for her sister Elizabeth, of alms to the poor and other acts of charity and kindness; but of cruelty or malice, or evil traits of character, they, with one exception, bear no record. This exception is a love of betting and gambling, which she doubtless imbibed from her father and his courtiers, who it is well known delighted in and ardently encouraged those vices.

CHAPTER III.

Mary's fondness for standing godmother—Attends the birth of Prince Edward—Stands godmother to him—Is chief mourner at Jane Seymour's funeral—Her trials in 1538-9—Through Cromwell, she receives a present from the King—Vain efforts to marry her—Presents to Edward and Elizabeth—Futile negotiation for her marriage to the Duke of Orleans—She is restored to her place in the succession—Stands bridesmaid to Katherine Parr—Attends the King and Queen in their progress—Assists at the reception of the Duke De Najera—Translates the Paraphrases of St. John—Death of Henry the Eighth—Mary retires to the country—Suffers from ill health—Writes to Elizabeth—Objects to the establishment of the Protestant Church of England—Visits St James's—Denies that she or her household assists the Devonshire rebels.



EARLY in January, 1537, Mary made a short visit to her former residence of Beaulieu. She returned in February to the palace at Westminster, and shortly afterwards stood godmother to the daughter of a poor citizen of London, named Malvel; and what is remarkable, such was her fondness for filling this holy office, that during this same year she stood sponsor to sixteen chil-

dren of every grade, from her half-brother Prince Edward down to the offsprings of humble peasants, many of whom were orphans dependent on her bounty.

Mary was present at the accouchement of Queen Jane; she took the Princess Elizabeth with her, and stood sponsor to Prince Edward;* to whom she presented a gold cup, gave the large sum of thirty pounds to the Queen's midwife and nurse, and forty shillings in alms the day the Prince was born. At the

* See page 408.

funeral of Jane Seymour she appeared as chief mourner, and whilst, with her ladies, performing "lamentable vigils" round the royal corpse, in Hampton Court Chapel, in murky November, she caught a severe cold; and after suffering the torments of a terrible tooth-ache, paid Nicholas Sampson, the King's surgeon, for drawing one of her teeth, three pounds; an enormous fee, and only nine shillings and two-pence less than the sum paid to Master Francis, the physician, for attending Margaret of Anjou during a three months' perilous travail in 1444-5.* When the remains of Queen Jane were conveyed in solemn state from Hampton Court to Windsor, Mary rode behind the car on a steed trapped with black velvet. To the poor, who begged by the way-side, she distributed in alms thirty shillings; at St. George's Chapel, Windsor, she took part in the obsequies as chief mourner, paid for thirteen masses for the repose of the departed Queen's soul, gave to each of her chamberers a sovereign, and made presents to the other officers of her household.

Mary remained with her father at Greenwich till Christmas, when the court removed to Richmond, where she tarried till February, 1538, when she proceeded to Hanworth, giving four shillings and four pence in alms on the way, and paying seven shillings to pioneers to render the road thither passable. In the summer of this year she paid several visits to Prince Edward, whose infancy at this period she watched over with the care and fondness of a mother; and about the same time she took into her service the beautiful Elizabeth Fitzgerald, celebrated in the tender, flowing verse of the gifted but unfortunate Surry, as the fair Geraldine.

Continued domestic tranquillity was not to be the lot of Mary. The dissolution of the monasteries drove the monks from their homes, and led to fearful insurrections, which, as the insurgents always coupled with their other requests a demand that Mary should be restored to her rank in the succession, at length so excited the jealousy of her father and

his council, that her establishment was broken up in the autumn of this year. Whether her own conduct or the zeal of the papists brought this misfortune upon her, is a mystery; all that is known, being that from this period till the close of the year 1539 she lived in a state of severe restraint, bordering on captivity, at Hertford Castle, with her young sister Elizabeth. Meanwhile the Countess of Salisbury, Lord Montague, the Marquis and the Marchioness of Exeter, and other relations and friends of Reginald Pole, now cardinal, were arrested and all beheaded or utterly ruined, for no other crime than friendship to the cardinal, who, by supporting the just claim of Mary's mother, Katherine of Arragon, had deeply offended King Henry. The agony and dejection of Mary at this period, when the scaffold was reeking with the blood of her truest and best-beloved friends, may be more easily conceived than detailed. To her it was another, a severe trial; thanks to her good mother, she from infancy had learned to bear misfortune with resignation, or doubtless her curdled blood would have boiled with indignation, and prompted her to, at all hazards, revenge the wholesale, the cruel execution of her many friends.

This year Mary received forty pounds a quarter from her father; but towards Christmas her finances became so low, that she wrote to Cromwell, and through him received from the King an additional one hundred pounds. From Cromwell she frequently received little presents, and for years, she had obtained her supplies through his hands; she took advice or a scolding from him in good part; and how little she understood his character or intentions towards her, may be gathered from the subjoined epistle, which she evidently addressed to the crafty minister when she was at her father's court in 1538.

"MY LORD,

"After my most hearty commendations, because I cannot conveniently with my mouth render unto you in presence those thanks for the great goodness I find in you daily that the same doth worthily

* See page 374.

deserve, I thought it my part of congruence, at least, by these my rude letters, to advertise you, that of my good will and prayer to do your stead or pleasure, you shall be ever during my life assured, which I trust your gentleness will yet accept in worth, considering it is all that I have wherewith to repay any part of that charge and perfect friendship that I have and do find in you : heartily requiring your continuance, which, besides the purchasing of my tedious suits wherewith I do ever molest you, shall be my great comfort, and thus I beseech God to send you as well to fare, as I would wish myself.

" At Richmond, this Thursday night,

" Your assured loving Friend

" during my life,

" MARY."

It was one of the King's hobbies to negotiate marriages for the Princess Mary. With this view, a treaty was entered into in 1537 with the Prince of Portugal; Henry declaring, that as he had illegitimized his daughter by act of parliament, he by the same means could restore her to her rank in the succession when he so pleased. The suit failed, and in the following year Cromwell's efforts to unite Mary to the young Duke of Cleves ended in the unfortunate marriage of Anne of Cleves to Henry the Eighth. These failures so little discouraged the King, that when Duke Phillip of Bavaria, who was a supporter of the Protestant religion, visited England to assist at the wedding of Anne of Cleves, he resolved to marry the Princess to that Duke. The Duke acquiesced, and Wriothesly, who was appointed to broach the subject to Mary, thus reports the proceedings to Cromwell:—" When I waited on my Lady Mary's grace, and opened the cause of my coming, she answered me that the King's Majesty not offended, she would wish and desire never to enter that *kind of religion* [meaning the wedded state], but to continue still a maid; yet, remembering how she was bound to be in all things obedient to the King, and how she had obliged herself to the same, she committed herself to his Majesty,

as her merciful father and sovereign lord, trusting and knowing that his goodness and wisdom would so provide for her, as should redound to his Grace's honour, and to her own quiet." Despite the refusal contained in this letter, the Protestant Duke was introduced to the Catholic Mary, conversed with her, kissed her, and gave her a rich diamond cross. Meanwhile, Henry invested Duke Phillip with the Order of the Garter, called him son-in-law, and settled Mary's portion at seven thousand pounds; indeed, matters went so far, that the wedding day was about to be fixed, when the harshness of Henry's conduct to Anne of Cleves excited the ire of the German Duke, and Henry, offended by his bold reproof, caused the diamond cross to be returned to him, as a token that the match was broken off. However, six years afterwards, Duke Phillip, who sincerely loved Mary, renewed his suit, and, being promptly refused, died a bachelor.

At the commencement of 1540, Mary presented to Prince Edward, as a new year's gift, a coat of crimson satin, embroidered with gold, ornamented with pansies of pearls, and with sleeves of tinsel and four aglets of gold; she also made presents to her sister Elizabeth and others, but a want of space prevents us from inserting these and many other interesting items of Mary's expenditure, for which we refer the curious reader to Sir Frederick Madden's ably edited work. In the summer of this year we find Mary at the residence of Prince Edward at Tittenhanger, where she became so seriously ill, that the King's surgeon was sent from London to bleed her. How long she tarried at Tittenhanger is uncertain, but it is highly probable that the council, were it only to secure her person, dismissed her household, and placed her under some sort of restraint during the terrible and bloody struggle of the theological parties in 1540-1, a period when she herself was in great personal danger—when her late state governess, the venerable Countess of Salisbury, was butchered on the block—when her old schoolmaster, Dr. Featherstone, her mother's chaplain, Able,

and other staunch papists, were burnt as heretics; and when it was death to openly differ with the King in matters of religion, or deny his theological supremacy.

The decapitation of Katherine Howard increased the probability that Mary would remain second in the succession, and induced Francis the First to once more demand her hand for the Duke of Orleans. The negotiation was opened at Chabliz, in April, 1542, by the High Admiral of France, and Privy Councillor Paget. In a quaint despatch detailing the particulars of the conference, Paget says:—"When I entered the presence of the Admiral, he rose from his seat and made a great and humble reverence; and after that he had taken thanks unto your Majesty, and with two or three great oaths declared his affection towards you, I entered the accomplishment of your Majesty's command." Francis the First required that Mary should be dowered with a million crowns. Paget, who was commissioned to offer but two hundred thousand, thus continues:—"Whilst I was declaring from point to point all your Majesty and your Majesty's council had directed, he (the Admiral) gave twenty sighs, casting up his eyes and crossing himself as many times, for I marked him when he was not aware of it. He then heaved one great sigh, and said, 'I am an English Frenchman, and next after my master I esteem the King your master's finger more than I do any other prince's lady in all the world; but, alas! what is two hundred thousand crowns to give in marriage with so great a King's daughter to Monsieur D'Orleans? Four or five hundred thousand is nothing to him. Monsieur D'Orleans is a Prince of great courage; Monsieur D'Orleans doth aspire to great things, and such is his fortune, or else I am wonderfully deceived.'

"I answered," proceeds the droll Paget, "'Monsieur D'Orleans is a great King's son; Monsieur D'Orleans aspirereth to great things, but it is not reason that my master's wealth should maintain his courage. My master has a son of his own, whom I trust will grow up a man of courage; and as for his daugh-

ter, he doth consider her as reason requireth. Had King Louis the Twelfth any more with one of my master's sisters than three hundred thousand crowns? and the King of Scots with another more than one hundred thousand? Assuredly not; and if, as you say, our friendship be advisable to you, seek it by reasonable means.'

"It is not one or two hundred thousand crowns that can enrich my master or impoverish yours," said the Admiral in reply; "therefore, for the love of God, let us go roundly together. We ask your daughter," quoth he. "For her you shall have our son, a *gentle* prince, and set him out to sale. We ask you a dote [dower] with her, and after the sum you will give, she shall have an assignment after the custom of the country here."

"Well," quoth I, "you will have two hundred thousand crowns with her."

"By my troth," quoth he, "the dote you have offered is nothing, and if I were as King Louis and the King of Scots were, I would rather take your master's daughter in her kirtle, and more honour were it to me, than, being Monsieur D'Orleans, to take her with a paltry two hundred thousand crowns."

As may be supposed, the negotiation failed in its purpose, but it benefited Mary, by increasing the force of the current that ultimately drove the King to restore her to her natural place in the succession. The act of parliament which did her this but partial justice, was passed on the seventh of February, 1544; and, to the eternal disgrace of her father, who himself dictated the act, it neither removed from her the brand of illegitimacy, nor permitted her rights to the succession to depend upon anything more stable than his own arbitrary will.* At the nuptials of her royal father with Katherine Parr, July the twelfth, 1543, Mary stood bridesmaid, and was presented by her new step-mother with a pair of elegant gold bracelets set with rubies, and twenty-five pounds in money. The pecuniary gift was most acceptable, as an unhealthy season had laid many of her servants and dependants on a

* See page 448.

sick bed, and her limited income scarcely sufficed to supply their medical and other necessary wants; a source of great grief to Mary, who took peculiar pleasure in alleviating the misery of the unfortunate and distressed. The entries in her privy purse journal, which closes with the year 1544, not only bear witness to this fact, but they also render it apparent that her income was precarious and limited—her numerous benefactions attended with no small amount of self-sacrifice, one of the surest proofs of a philanthropic disposition.

This summer Mary attended the King and Queen in their progress through the midland counties; but being attacked with her old chronic sickness between Grafton and Woodstock, she was removed in the Queen's litter first to Ampt-hill, and afterwards to Ashbridge, where she spent the autumn with her half-brother and sister, who were then residing there. In February, 1544, she assisted at the court held by her step-mother at Westminster, for the reception of the Spanish Duke de Najera. The Spanish grandee kissed her lips in token that he was her relation, and danced with her at the court ball given on the occasion.

Several circumstances tend to shew that at this period the religious prejudices of Mary were not so great as has been supposed. Her only expenditure on the ceremonials of the popish church, was an insignificant offering at Candlemas. With this exception, the latter entries in her privy purse journal afford no indication of her adherence to the Catholic church, whilst the translation into English of the paraphrase of St. John by Erasmus, which she so ably accomplished in 1544, at the request of the good Queen Katherine Parr, would almost induce a belief that she had embraced the Protestant faith.

In the spring of 1546, Mary was again laid up with an attack of her chronic illness; early in May she recovered and went to court, where she tarried several months. Whether she witnessed the death of her father is problematical, but Pollino assures us that Henry the Eighth, when on his death-

bed, called her to his side, and made her solemnly promise not to aspire to her brother's crown, but to be as a mother to him during his minority, and always to love him. A promise which she probably made, as, despite the tempting inducements, the entreaties of her friends, and the persecution she herself suffered in defence of her domestic altar and worship, she, to the last, firmly discouraged rebellion against those who held the regal reins for her youthful brother, and abstained from connecting herself with any faction. By the conditions of Henry the Eighth's will, Mary was made Prince Edward's immediate successor, provided that Prince died without issue; she was also left a marriage portion of ten thousand pounds, if she married with the consent of the council, and three thousand pounds a year during the period that she was single. Part of this annuity was derived from the rents of Kenning Hall, a manor illegally wrested from one of the Howard family, and which on her accession she honourably restored to its rightful heir.

On the accession of Edward the Sixth, Mary retired to the privacy of a country life. In April, 1547, she wrote a friendly letter to Lady Somerset, requesting her to prevail on the Protector to provide for Richard Woodard and George Brickhouse, two of her mother's aged servants; and, as the request was speedily complied with, it is evident that the changes made in religion at this period had not as yet destroyed the good understanding subsisting between her and the Protector. In June, she received a letter from Lord Seymour, requesting her sanction to his marriage with Katherine Parr. Her very sensible answer, which we have already given in the memoirs of Henry the Eighth's last Queen,* is dated from Wanstead. Her health was delicate, and to improve it, she passed the summer at her various country residences. In the autumn, she resided at Kenninghall, in Norfolk, where her old chronic affection again laid her on a bed of sickness. Jane, her chamber-woman, had

* See page 456.

In June, 1532, but five months after the unfortunate Somerset paid the penalty of his ambition on the scaffold, Mary, who then resided at her mansion of St. John's, Clerkenwell, paid a visit to her brother at Greenwich Palace. These visits, in the latter years of the young King's life, were not frequent; nor is this surprizing, for, religious differences set aside, the almost more than eastern ceremonials imposed upon all who approached the boy monarch, must

have been to Mary unpleasant, tedious—perhaps disgusting. No one was permitted to address him without kneeling. "I have seen," says Ubaldini, "the Princess Elizabeth drop on one knee five times before her brother ere she ventured to take her seat; and at dinner, if either of his sisters were permitted to eat with him, she sat on a stool or bench at a distance beyond the limits of the royal dais."

CHAPTER IV.

Edward the Sixth declares Lady Jane Grey his successor, and dies—Northumberland's deceit detected by Mary—She resolves to enforce her right to the crown—Journey to Kenninghall—Writes to the council declaring herself Sovereign—Plants her standard at Framlingham Castle—Proclaimed Queen at Norwich, and at London—Break-up of the Northumberland faction—She is joined by Elizabeth—Enters London in triumph—Releases the state prisoners in the Tower—Assents to Northumberland's execution—Refuses to bring Jane Grey to the block—Restores the Catholic Church of Henry the Eighth—Rewards her friends—Her kindness to Judge Hales, and to Underwood, the hot-gospeller—Elizabeth abjures the reformed worship.



IN the spring of 1552, Edward was considerably reduced by successive attacks of small pox and measles, and in the subsequent summer and winter, he took several violent colds, which ultimately settled on his lungs, and evidenced alarming symptoms of consumption. His declining health urged Northumberland—already the most wealthy and powerful noble in the realm—to execute a project he had for some time meditated, of perpetuating his own influence, by marrying his fourth son, Lord Guildford Dudley, to the Lady Jane Grey,* the grand-daughter of Mary, sister to Henry

the blood of their religious opponents; nor was this barbarous spirit of persecution allayed in England, till the Protestant-consuming fires, lit up in Mary's reign, had been quenched by Catholic blood, during the sway of Elizabeth.

* Jane Grey was the eldest daughter of Henry, Duke of Suffolk, by Frances, daughter to Mary, second sister of Henry the Eighth, which Frances, in Henry the Eighth's will,

the Eighth, and in the event of the King's death, placing him upon the throne. In June, 1553, the force or the persuasion of Northumberland, caused the sick King, by will, to disinherit his sisters Mary and Elizabeth, and bestow the crown on Lady Jane Grey. These illegal doings—the will was not sanctioned by parliament—were kept secret from Mary, who, after paying a visit to the King, at the commencement of the year, retired to her favourite retreat of Beauleau (Newhall), where she remained till June, when she went to Hunsdon. It was also the policy of the Northumberland faction, on the demise of Edward, in July, to keep his death secret from the public as long as possible, that they might secure the

was placed next in succession after the Princess Elizabeth, to the exclusion of the Scottish line, the offspring of his eldest sister. The Lady Jane was married to Dudley in May 1553, and at the same time her sister, Lady Katherine Grey, was united in wedlock to Lord Herbert, the heir of the Earl of Pembroke, and a third union was effected between Northumberland's own daughter, Katherine, and Lord Hastings.

knowledge how to order his power, to which law all of you consented, and seemed at that time, to the outward appearance, very well to like the same; and that you could find no fault, all this while, with some among yourselves, for running half a year before that which you now call a law, ye, and before the bishops came together, wherein, me thinketh, you do me very much wrong, if I should not have as much pre-eminence to continue in keeping a full authorized law, made without *pareyalyte*, as they had both to break the law, which at that time, yourselves must need confess, was of full power and strength, and to use alterations of their own invention, contrary both to that and your new law, as you call it."

In this letter, Mary boldly accuses Somerset, and his colleagues in office, of breaking her father's will. In the lost epistles, she entreats them to educate her brother, the young King, as ordained by that will, in the Catholic faith; accuses them of interfering with religion, as established by her father, and reiterates the declaration contained in the above letter, that whatever laws they made to the contrary, she would remain obedient to her father's laws till Edward the Sixth was of age. We have but one of Somerset's replies, and, in this, neither a candid avowal of the inconsistency of Henry the Eighth's will, nor of the Protector's intentions to at once establish the Protestant faith—he, as a matter of political expediency, made assertions regarding himself, and his colleagues, and the religious tenets of Henry the Eighth, wholly at variance with facts. He thus proceeds:—

"Madam, my humble commendations to your Grace premised.—I have received your letters of the second of this present, acknowledging myself thereby much bound unto your grace; nevertheless, I am sorry to perceive that your Grace should have a wrong opinion of me and others, which were by the King, your late father, put in trust as executors of his will; albeit, I trust there shall be no such fault found in us, as in the

same your Grace hath alleged; and, for my part, I know none of us that will willingly neglect the full execution of every jot of his said will, as far as shall and may stand with the King, our master's honour and surety that now is, not doubting but our proceedings therein, and in all things committed to our charge, shall be such as shall be able to answer the whole world, both in honour and discharge of our consciences. And where your Grace writeth that the most part of the realm, through a naughty liberty and presumption, are now brought into such a division, as if we executors go not about to bring them to that stay that our late master left them, they will forsake all obedience unless they have their own will and phantasies; and then it must follow that the King shall not be well served, and that all other realms shall have us in an obloquy and derision, and not without just cause. Madam, as these words, written or spoken by you, soundeth not well, so can I not persuade myself that they have proceeded from the sincere mind of so virtuous and so wise a lady, but rather by the setting on and procurement of some uncharitable and malicious person. Such hath been the King's Majesty's proceedings, our young noble master that now is, that all his faithful subjects have cause to render thanks for the manifold benefits shewed unto his Grace, and to his people, and realm, sithence the first day of his reign, and to think that God is contented and pleased with his ministers, who seek nothing but the true glory of God, and the surety of the King's person, with the quietness and wealth of his subjects. And where your Grace writeth also that there was godly order and quietness left by the King, our late master, your Grace's father, in this realm, at the time of his death, I do something marvel, for, if it may please you to call to your remembrance that his Grace departed from this life before he had fully finished such orders as he minded to have established to his people, no kind of religion was perfected at his death, but left all uncertain, most like to have brought us in parties and division, if God had not only helped

thrown open, and the prisoners liberated, and on the eighteenth of July she proclaimed Northumberland a rebel. "Assuring all and every of her subjects on the word of a rightful Queen, that whoever taketh and bringeth the said Duke unto her presence, shall, if he be a noble, have one thousand pounds in land; if a knight, five hundred pounds, with the advancement to nobility; if a gentleman, five hundred marks and the degree of a knight; and if a yeoman, one hundred pounds, and the degree of an esquire."

Meanwhile dissension, desertion, and distrust hourly reduced the power and action of Mary's opponents. Northumberland, in a state of doubt and apprehension, at the head of eight thousand infantry and two thousand cavalry, marched from London to oppose Mary on the thirteenth instant; and as he rode through Shoreditch, he remarked to Sir John Gates, "The people crowd to see us, but not one exclaims, God speed ye!" The council in the Tower were in a state of perplexity, and when the news of the hourly increasing strength of their opponents, of the loss of their six ships, and, what was more alarming, of the refusal of their tenantry to serve against Mary reached them, they lost heart, and under a pretext of giving audience to the French ambassador, and then joining the army of Northumberland, who had just written to them for an increase of force, they on the nineteenth left the Tower, and joined by the Lord Mayor, Recorder, and Aldermen, rode in procession through the city, proclaimed Mary Queen at St. Paul's Cross, amidst the deafening acclamations of the populace, attended in the cathedral whilst *Te Deum* was sung, and immediately sent an order to Northumberland to disband his army, and addressed the following letter to Mary, acknowledging her for their sovereign.

"Our bounden duty most humbly remembered to your excellent Majesty, it may like the same to understand, that we your humble, faithful, and obedient subjects, having always (God we take

to witness) remained your Highness' true and humble subjects in our hearts, ever since the death of our late Sovereign Lord and Master, your Highness's brother, whom God pardon; and seeing hitherto no possibility to utter our determination herein without great destruction and bloodshed, both of ourselves and others till this time, have this day proclaimed, in your City of London, your Majesty to be our true, natural Sovereign Liege Lady, and Queen. Most humbly beseeching your Majesty to pardon and remit our former infirmities, and most graciously to accept our meanings, which have been ever to serve your Highness truly, and so shall remain with all our powers and forces to the effusion of our blood, as these bearers, our very good Lords the Earl of Arundel and Lord Paget, can and be ready more particularly to declare, to whom it may please your excellent Majesty to give firm credence; and thus we do and shall daily pray to Almighty God for the preservation of your most royal person long to reign over us. From your Majesty's City of London, this — day of July, the first year of your most prosperous reign."

Before the hostile message from the council of London reached Northumberland, who was then at Cambridge, the desertion of his troops, and the evident hopelessness of his cause, had induced him to proceed to the market-place, where, whilst the tears of grief ran down his cheeks, he proclaimed Queen Mary, and tossed his cap into the air in token of joy. The vigilance of his gentleman pensioners prevented him from making his escape during the night, and on the following morning he was arrested on a charge of high treason by the Earl of Arundel, and with several of his associates sent to the Tower.*

* According to Haynes, the prisoners for trial were twenty-seven; but when the Queen saw the list, she reduced the number to eleven. The subjoined is a copy of the list, with the names Mary struck out in italics:—The Dukes of Northumberland and *Suffolk*, the Marquis of Northampton; the Earls of *Huntingdon* and *Warwick*; the Lords *Robert, Henry, Ambrose, Guildford, and Dudley*; the Lady *Jane Dudley*, the Bishops of *Canterbury*,

and whether the commons have taken him or no I know not, for he resorteth seldom to my house. But by report they have taken by force many gentlemen in these quarters, and used them very cruelly. And as touching Lionell, my servant, I cannot but marvel of that bruit, specially because he dwelleth within two miles of London, and is not acquainted within the shire of Suffolk or Norfolk, nor at any time cometh into these parts but when he waiteth upon me in my house, and is now at London about my business, being no man apt or meet for such purposes, but given to as much quietness as any in my house.

"My lord, it troubleth me to hear such reports of any of mine, and specially where no cause is given. Trusting that my household shall try themselves true subjects to the King's majesty, and honest, quiet persons, or else I would be loath to keep them. And where you charge me that my proceedings in matters of religion should give no small courage to many of those men to require and do as they do; that thing appeareth most evidently to be untrue, for all the rising about these parts is touching no point of religion: but even as ye ungently and without desert charge me, so I omitting so fully to answer it as the case doth require, do and will pray God that your new alterations and unlawful liberties be not rather the occasion of those assemblies than my doings, who am (God I take to witness) inquired therewith. And as for Devonshire, no indifferent person can lay their doings to my charge, for I have neither land nor acquaintance in that country, as knoweth Almighty God, whom I humbly beseech to send you all as much plenty of His grace as I would wish to myself; so with my hearty commendations I bid you farewell. From my house, at Kenninghall, the twentieth of July.

"Your friend to my power,
"MARY."

In June, 1549, commenced that tiresome religious persecution to which Mary was subjected for more than two years, with little intermission, and which endangered the existence of the amity be-

tween England and the imperial dominions.

Despite the act of uniformity for worship, Mary pertinaciously adhered to the Catholic faith, and continued to have the popish service performed in her private chapel. This offended the Protector and the council, who, by letter, urged her to conform to the laws, and not by obstinacy set an example of disobedience to the nation; and desired her to send her comptroller and Dr. Hopton, her chaplain, to be examined touching her mode of celebrating worship, and by whom she afterwards should be fully advertised of the King and the council's pleasure. In her letter of reply, dated June the twenty-second, 1549, she told Somerset she intended to spend the short time she expected to live in retirement—at this time she was so ill that her life was despaired of—that she would not spare her comptroller, and her chaplain being sick, she could not send him; that if any of her servants—man, woman or chaplain—should move her contrary to her conscience, she would not listen to them, nor suffer the like to be used in her house; and that if he (the Protector) had any thing to declare to her, except matters of religion, she would thank him to send some trusty person with whom she could talk the matter over. The council deemed the tone of this letter haughty; Somerset again wrote to Mary—she again replied; neither party would succumb, the dispute grew to a storm, but ere it burst Somerset was deposed from the protectorship by Warwick, and for a short while Mary was permitted to exercise, without let or hindrance, those religious rituals which, however absurd or wicked, she conscientiously believed to be necessary to the salvation of her soul.

On the deposition of Somerset, Warwick addressed to Mary a lengthy justification of his proceedings, which thus concluded—"We trust your grace in our just and faithful quarrel will stand with us, and thus shall we pray to Almighty God for the preservation of your grace's health." In fact, at this period, Warwick deemed the support of Mary so essential to his plans, that in this jus-

virtue, high wisdom, and excellent learning shall think convenient, and limit unto me, to whose presence I pray God I may once more come ere I die, for every day is a year, till I may have the fruition of it. [Beseeching you, good Mr.] Secretary, to continue mine humble suit for the same, and for all other things whatsoever they be, to repute my heart so firmly knit to his pleasure, that I can by no means vary from the direction and appointment of the same, and thus most heartily fare you well. From Hunsdon, this Friday, at ten of the clock at night.

"Your assured loving friend,

"During my life,

"MARY."

On the same day that Mary wrote the above epistle, she addressed the following to the King:—

"My bounden duty most humbly remembered to your most excellent Majesty; whereas I am unable and insufficient to render and express to your Highness those most hearty and humble thanks for your gracious mercy and fatherly pity, surmounting mine offences at this time extended towards me, I shall prostrate at your most noble feet, humbly and with the very bottom of my stomach, beseech your Grace to repute that in me, which in my poor heart remaining in your most noble hand, I have conceived and professed towards your Grace, whiles the breath shall remain in my body, that is, that as I am now in such merciful sort recovered, being more than almost lost with mine own folly, that your Majesty may as well accept me, justly your bounden slave, by redemption, as your most humble, faithful, and obedient child and subject, by the course of nature planted in this your most noble realm, so shall I for ever persevere and continue towards your Highness in such uniformity and due obedience, as I doubt not, but, with the help of God, your Grace shall see and perceive a will and intent in me to redouble again that hath been amiss in my behalf, conformably to such words and writings as I have spoken and sent unto

your Highness, from the which I will never vary during my life, trusting that your grace hath conceived that opinion of me, which to remember is mine only comfort; and thus I beseech our Lord to preserve your Grace in health, with my very natural mother, the Queen, and to send you shortly issue, which I shall as gladly and willingly serve with my hands under their feet, as ever did poor subject their most gracious sovereigns.

"My sister Elizabeth is in good health, thanks be to our Lord, and such a child towards us as I doubt not but your Highness will have cause to rejoice of, in time coming, as knoweth Almighty God.

"From Hunsdon, the twenty-first day of July.

"Your Grace's most humble and

"obedient daughter and

"faithful subject,

"MARY."

Mary's kind mention of the little Elizabeth in this letter, exhibits a commendable proof of her charitable, affectionate disposition. But two months previously, Anne Boleyn had been beheaded as an adulteress, and Elizabeth, her only surviving child, Henry not only disowned as a Princess of the line, but also treated with neglect and contempt. How noble then, how generous, was it of Mary, to take this early opportunity to reply to Anne Boleyn's dying entreaty for forgiveness, by commending her unoffending little one to the notice of the brutal-minded monarch. Mary having, to use Cromwell's words, voluntarily signed her own degradation, was now permitted to hold a joint household with her sister Elizabeth. Her attendants and servants, selected for the most part by the privy council, were twenty-eight in number. They became sincerely attached to her, and only relinquished her service by the command of death. Being now her own mistress, she led a quiet, sedate, pious life; besides history, theology, and general literature, she studied geography, astronomy, mathematics, and natural philosophy; a portion of each day she devoted to the exercise of religion, and in the evening worked with her

needle, or played on the lute the regals or the virginals. In December, 1536, she was admitted to the so anxiously-desired presence of her royal father at Richmond. No pen has detailed the meeting, but to the long-estranged Princess it must have been an hour of delight, as she immediately regained a large share of the King's former affections. In the diary of her privy purse expenses, which commence from this period, are entries of "presents from the King to the Princess Mary, as tokens of his regard for her." One of these was a bordering for a dress, of rich goldsmith's work, and another was a gold pin with a ruby in it. About the twentieth of December the court removed to Greenwich, where Mary received a new year's gift of fifty pounds from the Queen, one of great value from Cromwell, and others of less account from Lord Morley—one of her most attached literary

friends—Lord and Lady Beauchamp, and the ladies Rochford and Salisbury. "The Privy Purse Expenses of the Princess Mary," a work most ably edited by Sir Frederick Madden, throws great light upon her private character, which our historians have branded as infamous, but whose statements these truthful records, written by Mary and those about her, with only the same view that tradesmen in the present century make entries in their account books, fully disprove. These entries speak of her own delicate health, of affection for her sister Elizabeth, of alms to the poor and other acts of charity and kindness; but of cruelty or malice, or evil traits of character, they, with one exception, bear no record. This exception is a love of betting and gambling, which she doubtless imbibed from her father and his courtiers, who it is well known delighted in and ardently encouraged those vices.

CHAPTER III.

Mary's fondness for standing godmother—Attends the birth of Prince Edward—Stands godmother to him—Is chief mourner at Jane Seymour's funeral—Her trials in 1538-9—Through Cromwell, she receives a present from the King—Vain efforts to marry her—Presents to Edward and Elizabeth—Futile negotiation for her marriage to the Duke of Orleans—She is restored to her place in the succession—Stands bridesmaid to Katherine Parr—Attends the King and Queen in their progress—Assists at the reception of the Duke De Najera—Translates the Paraphrases of St. John—Death of Henry the Eighth—Mary retires to the country—Suffers from ill health—Writes to Elizabeth—Objects to the establishment of the Protestant Church of England—Visits St James's—Denies that she or her household assists the Devonshire rebels.



EARLY in January, 1537, Mary made a short visit to her former residence of Beaulieu. She returned in February to the palace at Westminster, and shortly afterwards stood godmother to the daughter of a poor citizen of London, named Malvel; and what is remarkable, such was her fondness for filling this holy office, that during this same year she stood sponsor to sixteen chil-

dren of every grade, from her half-brother Prince Edward down to the offsprings of humble peasants, many of whom were orphans dependent on her bounty.

Mary was present at the accouchement of Queen Jane; she took the Princess Elizabeth with her, and stood sponsor to Prince Edward;* to whom she presented a gold cup, gave the large sum of thirty pounds to the Queen's midwife and nurse, and forty shillings in alms the day the Prince was born. At the

* See page 408.

CHAPTER V.

Mary's coronation—Her first Parliament—Base laws repealed—Her legitimacy and the restoration of Catholic worship confirmed—She resolves to marry—The Emperor recommends his son, Philip of Spain, as her husband—She consents to the match—Gardiner and the nation oppose it—Its opponents appeal to arms—The Wyatt rebellion—Mary's address to the citizens of London—Her danger and courage—Defeat of the rebels—Capture of Wyatt—Decapitation of Lady Jane Grey, and of Wyatt and others—Acquittal of Sir Nicholas Throgmorton—Mary's upright charge to her judges—Elizabeth suspected of countenancing the Wyatt rebellion—Charges against her and Courtney—They are both sent to the Tower—Mary is betrothed to Philip—Refuses to bring Elizabeth and Courtney to the block—The royal marriage ratified by Parliament—Mary greatly influenced by Gardiner—Her first letter to Philip, who is escorted to England by Lord Admiral Howard—Her instructions to the Lord Privy Seal—The royal marriage—Elizabeth restored to royal favour—The supremacy of the Pope formally established—Mary again indisposed—She believes herself enceinte.



HE reformed preachers had banished splendour of attire, music, dancing, and gay amusements from the court of Edward the Sixth, that they might exclude from it the pomps of the devil. But Mary, in imitation of the gorgeous splendour of her father's reign, encouraged music, and appeared publicly in jewels and rich apparel—an example which not only her ladies and courtiers, but even the whole nation, eagerly imitated, and which materially enhanced the splendour of her coronation.

The first of October was appointed for the performance of this ceremony; and as there had not been a sovereign regina since the Norman Conquest, it became a serious question whether Mary was to be inaugurated with spurs, swords, and other masculine appendages, as established by custom; and, after much discussion, it was resolved that she should be crowned "in all particulars like unto the King of England." This difficulty got over, another presented itself—there was not a penny in the royal coffers—and as pomp must be paid for, the loyal citizens lent the Queen twenty thousand pounds, when preparations were immediately made for the performance of the

august ceremony with unwonted splendour.

On the twenty-eighth of September, the Queen, accompanied by her sister Elizabeth and other ladies, and attended by the Lord Mayor and City Companies, took to their barges at Whitehall, and went in procession down the Thames to the Tower, where, on their arrival, was shot a great peal of guns. The day following, she, by the hands of the Earl of Arundel, made Courtney, and the young Earl of Surrey, and thirteen other nobles, Knights of the Bath. About two o'clock the next day, she, in accordance with established custom, proceeded from the Tower in splendid procession through the City to Westminster. The procession began from the Tower with five hundred gentlemen—knights, nobles, ambassadors, prelates, and others. First came gentlemen and knights, then judges, doctors, lords, and the Privy Council in their robes of state, followed by thirteen Knights of the Bath, the French and the Imperial Ambassadors, accompanied by Lords Paget and Cobham, the Lord Chancellor, the Lord High Treasurer, the Earl of Oxford bearing the sword of state, and the Lord Mayor of London carrying the sceptre.

The Queen rode in a splendid chariot, which was drawn by six horses, trapped with rich cloth of silver, and covered

deserve, I thought it my part of congruence, at least, by these my rude letters, to advertise you, that of my good will and prayer to do your stead or pleasure, you shall be ever during my life assured, which I trust your gentleness will yet accept in worth, considering it is all that I have wherewith to repay any part of that charge and perfect friendship that I have and do find in you : heartily requiring your continuance, which, besides the purchasing of my tedious suits wherewith I do ever molest you, shall be my great comfort, and thus I beseech God to send you as well to fare, as I would wish myself.

"At Richmond, this Thursday night,

"Your assured loving Friend

"during my life,

"MARY."

It was one of the King's hobbies to negotiate marriages for the Princess Mary. With this view, a treaty was entered into in 1537 with the Prince of Portugal; Henry declaring, that as he had illegitimized his daughter by act of parliament, he by the same means could restore her to her rank in the succession when he so pleased. The suit failed, and in the following year Cromwell's efforts to unite Mary to the young Duke of Cleves ended in the unfortunate marriage of Anne of Cleves to Henry the Eighth. These failures so little discouraged the King, that when Duke Phillip of Bavaria, who was a supporter of the Protestant religion, visited England to assist at the wedding of Anne of Cleves, he resolved to marry the Princess to that Duke. The Duke acquiesced, and Wriothesley, who was appointed to broach the subject to Mary, thus reports the proceedings to Cromwell:—"When I waited on my Lady Mary's grace, and opened the cause of my coming, she answered me that the King's Majesty not offended, she would wish and desire never to enter that *kind of religion* [meaning the wedded state], but to continue still a maid; yet, remembering how she was bound to be in all things obedient to the King, and how she had obliged herself to the same, she committed herself to his Majesty,

as her merciful father and sovereign lord, trusting and knowing that his goodness and wisdom would so provide for her, as should redound to his Grace's honour, and to her own quiet." Despite the refusal contained in this letter, the Protestant Duke was introduced to the Catholic Mary, conversed with her, kissed her, and gave her a rich diamond cross. Meanwhile, Henry invested Duke Phillip with the Order of the Garter, called him son-in-law, and settled Mary's portion at seven thousand pounds; indeed, matters went so far, that the wedding day was about to be fixed, when the harshness of Henry's conduct to Anne of Cleves excited the ire of the German Duke, and Henry, offended by his bold reproof, caused the diamond cross to be returned to him, as a token that the match was broken off. However, six years afterwards, Duke Phillip, who sincerely loved Mary, renewed his suit, and, being promptly refused, died a bachelor.

At the commencement of 1540, Mary presented to Prince Edward, as a new year's gift, a coat of crimson satin, embroidered with gold, ornamented with pansies of pearls, and with sleeves of tinsel and four aglets of gold; she also made presents to her sister Elizabeth and others, but a want of space prevents us from inserting these and many other interesting items of Mary's expenditure, for which we refer the curious reader to Sir Frederick Madden's ably edited work. In the summer of this year we find Mary at the residence of Prince Edward at Tittenhanger, where she became so seriously ill, that the King's surgeon was sent from London to bleed her. How long she tarried at Tittenhanger is uncertain, but it is highly probable that the council, were it only to secure her person, dismissed her household, and placed her under some sort of restraint during the terrible and bloody struggle of the theological parties in 1540-1, a period when she herself was in great personal danger—when her late state governess, the venerable Countess of Salisbury, was butchered on the block—when her old schoolmaster, Dr. Featherstone, her mother's chaplain, Able,

and other staunch papists, were burnt as heretics; and when it was death to openly differ with the King in matters of religion, or deny his theological supremacy.

The decapitation of Katherine Howard increased the probability that Mary would remain second in the succession, and induced Francis the First to once more demand her hand for the Duke of Orleans. The negotiation was opened at Chabliz, in April, 1542, by the High Admiral of France, and Privy Councillor Paget. In a quaint despatch detailing the particulars of the conference, Paget says:—"When I entered the presence of the Admiral, he rose from his seat and made a great and humble reverence; and after that he had taken thanks unto your Majesty, and with two or three great oaths declared his affection towards you, I entered the accomplishment of your Majesty's command." Francis the First required that Mary should be dowered with a million crowns. Paget, who was commissioned to offer but two hundred thousand, thus continues:—"Whilst I was declaring from point to point all your Majesty and your Majesty's council had directed, he (the Admiral) gave twenty sighs, casting up his eyes and crossing himself as many times, for I marked him when he was not aware of it. He then heaved one great sigh, and said, 'I am an English Frenchman, and next after my master I esteem the King your master's finger more than I do any other prince's lady in all the world; but, alas! what is two hundred thousand crowns to give in marriage with so great a King's daughter to Monsieur D'Orleans? Four or five hundred thousand is nothing to him. Monsieur D'Orleans is a Prince of great courage; Monsieur D'Orleans doth aspire to great things, and such is his fortune, or else I am wonderfully deceived.'

"I answered," proceeds the droll Paget, "'Monsieur D'Orleans is a great King's son; Monsieur D'Orleans aspi-
reth to great things, but it is not reason that my master's wealth should maintain his courage. My master has a son of his own, whom I trust will grow up a man of courage; and as for his daugh-

ter, he doth consider her as reason requireth. Had King Louis the Twelfth any more with one of my master's sisters than three hundred thousand crowns? and the King of Scots with another more than one hundred thousand? Assuredly not; and if, as you say, our friendship be advisable to you, seek it by reasonable means.'

"'It is not one or two hundred thousand crowns that can enrich my master or impoverish yours,' said the Admiral in reply; 'therefore, for the love of God, let us go roundly together. We ask your daughter,' quoth he. 'For her you shall have our son, a *gentle* prince, and set him out to sale. We ask you a dote [dower] with her, and after the sum you will give, she shall have an assignment after the custom of the country here.'

"'Well,' quoth I, 'you will have two hundred thousand crowns with her.'

"'By my troth,' quoth he, 'the dote you have offered is nothing, and if I were as King Louis and the King of Scots were, I would rather take your master's daughter in her kirtle, and more honour were it to me, than, being Monsieur D'Orleans, to take her with a paltry two hundred thousand crowns.'

As may be supposed, the negotiation failed in its purpose, but it benefited Mary, by increasing the force of the current that ultimately drove the King to restore her to her natural place in the succession. The act of parliament which did her this but partial justice, was passed on the seventh of February, 1544; and, to the eternal disgrace of her father, who himself dictated the act, it neither removed from her the brand of illegitimacy, nor permitted her rights to the succession to depend upon anything more stable than his own arbitrary will.* At the nuptials of her royal father with Katherine Parr, July the twelfth, 1543, Mary stood bridesmaid, and was presented by her new step-mother with a pair of elegant gold bracelets set with rubies, and twenty-five pounds in money. The pecuniary gift was most acceptable, as an unhealthy season had laid many of her servants and dependants on a

* See page 443.

sick bed, and her limited income scarcely sufficed to supply their medical and other necessary wants; a source of great grief to Mary, who took peculiar pleasure in alleviating the misery of the unfortunate and distressed. The entries in her privy purse journal, which closes with the year 1544, not only bear witness to this fact, but they also render it apparent that her income was precarious and limited—her numerous benefactions attended with no small amount of self-sacrifice, one of the surest proofs of a philanthropic disposition.

This summer Mary attended the King and Queen in their progress through the midland counties; but being attacked with her old chronic sickness between Grafton and Woodstock, she was removed in the Queen's litter first to Ampt-hill, and afterwards to Ashbridge, where she spent the autumn with her half-brother and sister, who were then residing there. In February, 1544, she assisted at the court held by her step-mother at Westminster, for the reception of the Spanish Duke de Najera. The Spanish grandee kissed her lips in token that he was her relation, and danced with her at the court ball given on the occasion.

Several circumstances tend to shew that at this period the religious prejudices of Mary were not so great as has been supposed. Her only expenditure on the ceremonials of the popish church, was an insignificant offering at Candlemas. With this exception, the latter entries in her privy purse journal afford no indication of her adherence to the Catholic church, whilst the translation into English of the paraphrase of St. John by Erasmus, which she so ably accomplished in 1544, at the request of the good Queen Katherine Parr, would almost induce a belief that she had embraced the Protestant faith.

In the spring of 1546, Mary was again laid up with an attack of her chronic illness; early in May she recovered and went to court, where she tarried several months. Whether she witnessed the death of her father is problematical, but Pollino assures us that Henry the Eighth, when on his death-

bed, called her to his side, and made her solemnly promise not to aspire to her brother's crown, but to be as a mother to him during his minority, and always to love him. A promise which she probably made, as, despite the tempting inducements, the entreaties of her friends, and the persecution she herself suffered in defence of her domestic altar and worship, she, to the last, firmly discouraged rebellion against those who held the regal reins for her youthful brother, and abstained from connecting herself with any faction. By the conditions of Henry the Eighth's will, Mary was made Prince Edward's immediate successor, provided that Prince died without issue; she was also left a marriage portion of ten thousand pounds, if she married with the consent of the council, and three thousand pounds a year during the period that she was single. Part of this annuity was derived from the rents of Kenning Hall, a manor illegally wrested from one of the Howard family, and which on her accession she honourably restored to its rightful heir.

On the accession of Edward the Sixth, Mary retired to the privacy of a country life. In April, 1547, she wrote a friendly letter to Lady Somerset, requesting her to prevail on the Protector to provide for Richard Woodard and George Brickhouse, two of her mother's aged servants; and, as the request was speedily complied with, it is evident that the changes made in religion at this period had not as yet destroyed the good understanding subsisting between her and the Protector. In June, she received a letter from Lord Seymour, requesting her sanction to his marriage with Katherine Parr. Her very sensible answer, which we have already given in the memoirs of Henry the Eighth's last Queen,* is dated from Wanstead. Her health was delicate, and to improve it, she passed the summer at her various country residences. In the autumn, she resided at Kenninghall, in Norfolk, where her old chronic affection again laid her on a bed of sickness. Jane, her chamber-woman, had

* See page 456.

married one Russell, in the service of her sister, and her attendance, now much wanted, could not be had, as appears in the following letter, which Mary received from Elizabeth :—

"Good sister, as to hear of your sickness is unpleasant to me, so is it nothing fearful, for that I understand it is your old guest that is wont so oft to visit you, whose coming, though it be oft, yet is it never welcome; but, notwithstanding, it is comfortable for that. *Jacula preces minus feriunt.* And as I do understand your need of Jane Russell's service, so am I sorry that it is by my man's occasion letted, which, if I had known before, I would have caused his will to give place to need of her service; for as it is her duty to obey his command, so is it his part to attend your pleasure; and as I confess it were meet for him to go to her, since she attends upon you, so, indeed, he required the same; but for that divers of his fellows had business abroad, that made him tarry at home. Good sister, though I have good cause to thank you for your oft sending to me, yet I have more occasion to render you my hearty thanks for your gentle writings, which, how painful it is to you, I may well guess by myself. And you may well see, by writing so oft, how pleasant it is to me. And thus I end to trouble you, desiring God to send you as well to do as you can think and wish, or I desire or pray. From Ashbridge, scribbled this twenty-seventh of October.

"Your loving sister,

"ELIZABETH."

"To my well-beloved sister, Mary."

Henry the Eighth was doomed to the usual fate of despotic monarchs. By his will, he ordered masses to be said for his soul, and enjoined his executors to bring up his son in the Catholic faith, doubtless meaning his own tyrannic church of the Six Articles. But the men who, in his latter days, had served him with slavish obsequiousness, were the first, after his death, to overturn his darling projects. Somerset, to make his private fortune, and Cranmer, as a matter of conscience, in the first months of Ed-

ward's reign, took measures for the immediate establishment of the Protestant Church,* so sweeping and decisive, that Gardiner was imprisoned in the Fleet; and Mary sent several letters of remonstrance to the Protector. These letters are said to have been lost or destroyed; but the following, copied from the Lansdowne MSS., and written by Mary, was evidently addressed to Somerset at this crisis :—

"It is no small grief to me to perceive that they whom the King's Majesty, my father (whose soul God pardon), made in this world of nothing, in respect of that they become to now, and at his last end put in trust to see his will performed, whereunto they were all sworn upon a book: it grieveth me, I say, for the love I bear to them, to see both how they brake his will, and what usurped power they take upon them in making (as they call it) laws both clean contrary to his proceeding and will, and also against the custom of all Christendom, and, in my conscience, against the law of God and his church, which passeth all the rest; but though you, among you, have forgotten the King, my father, yet, both God's commandments and nature will not suffer me to do so; wherefore, with God's help, I will remain an obedient child to his laws as he left them, till such time as the King's Majesty, my brother, shall have perfect years of discretion to order the power that God hath sent him, and to be a judge in these matters himself, and, I doubt not, but he shall then accept my so doing better than theirs, which have taken a piece of his power upon them in his minority.

"I do not a little marvel that you can find fault with me for observing of that law which was allowed by him that was a king, not only of power, but also of

* It is worthy of remark, that the paraphrases of Erasmus, including that of St. John, translated by Mary, was, at this period, reprinted by the Government, and a copy provided for every clergyman and for every parish throughout the realm. Thus, at the very time Mary was opposing the establishment of the Protestant Church of England, that church adopted the work of her own pen as one of its beacon lights.

knowledge how to order his power, to which law all of you consented, and seemed at that time, to the outward appearance, very well to like the same; and that you could find no fault, all this while, with some among yourselves, for running half a year before that which you now call a law, ye, and before the bishops came together, wherein, me thinketh, you do me very much wrong, if I should not have as much pre-eminence to continue in keeping a full authorized law, made without *parley*, as they had both to break the law, which at that time, yourselves must need confess, was of full power and strength, and to use alterations of their own invention, contrary both to that and your new law, as you call it."

In this letter, Mary boldly accuses Somerset, and his colleagues in office, of breaking her father's will. In the lost epistles, she entreats them to educate her brother, the young King, as ordained by that will, in the Catholic faith; accuses them of interfering with religion, as established by her father, and reiterates the declaration contained in the above letter, that whatever laws they made to the contrary, she would remain obedient to her father's laws till Edward the Sixth was of age. We have but one of Somerset's replies, and, in this, neither a candid avowal of the inconsistency of Henry the Eighth's will, nor of the Protector's intentions to at once establish the Protestant faith—he, as a matter of political expediency, made assertions regarding himself, and his colleagues, and the religious tenets of Henry the Eighth, wholly at variance with facts. He thus proceeds:—

"Madam, my humble commendations to your Grace premised.—I have received your letters of the second of this present, acknowledging myself thereby much bound unto your grace; nevertheless, I am sorry to perceive that your Grace should have a wrong opinion of me and others, which were by the King, your late father, put in trust as executors of his will; albeit, I trust there shall be no such fault found in us, as in the

same your Grace hath alleged; and, for my part, I know none of us that will willingly neglect the full execution of every jot of his said will, as far as shall and may stand with the King, our master's honour and surety that now is, not doubting but our proceedings therein, and in all things committed to our charge, shall be such as shall be able to answer the whole world, both in honour and discharge of our consciences. And where your Grace writeth that the most part of the realm, through a naughty liberty and presumption, are now brought into such a division, as if we executors go not about to bring them to that stay that our late master left them, they will forsake all obedience unless they have their own will and phantasies; and then it must follow that the King shall not be well served, and that all other realms shall have us in an obloquy and derision, and not without just cause. Madam, as these words, written or spoken by you, soundeth not well, so can I not persuade myself that they have proceeded from the sincere mind of so virtuous and so wise a lady, but rather by the setting on and procurement of some uncharitable and malicious person. Such hath been the King's Majesty's proceedings, our young noble master that now is, that all his faithful subjects have cause to render thanks for the manifold benefits shewed unto his Grace, and to his people, and realm, sithence the first day of his reign, and to think that God is contented and pleased with his ministers, who seek nothing but the true glory of God, and the surety of the King's person, with the quietness and wealth of his subjects. And where your Grace writeth also that there was godly order and quietness left by the King, our late master, your Grace's father, in this realm, at the time of his death, I do something marvel, for, if it may please you to call to your remembrance that his Grace departed from this life before he had fully finished such orders as he minded to have established to his people, no kind of religion was perfected at his death, but left all uncertain, most like to have brought us in parties and division, if God had not only helped

of the blackest spots on the character of Mary; "for," remarks Lingard, "her youth ought to have pleaded most powerfully in her favour; and if it were feared that she would again be set up by the factions as a competitor with her Sovereign, the danger might certainly have been removed by some expedient less cruel than the infliction of death."

Of the conspirators, Wyatt, the Duke of Suffolk, the Lord Thomas Gray, and William Thorney, were executed; about fifty of the common men who had deserted the Queen's band under Bret, were hanged at different parts of the metropolis, many being citizens, before their own doors; half-a-dozen suffered in Kent, and the remainder, to the number of five hundred, were led to the yard of the palace, with halters round their necks, when the Queen appeared at a balcony above, and pronounced their pardon in person. These executions have induced some writers to charge Mary with unnecessary cruelty, a charge we hesitate to affirm, as the numbers put to death on this occasion were trifling in comparison to the victims of rebellions in the preceding reigns—in that of Elizabeth, and even so near our own times as those of the first and the second Georges.

Sir Nicholas Throgmorton, who, there is little doubt, had, at least, countenanced the malcontent, was tried a few days after Wyatt. He defended himself with courage and energy, and when the partial judge, Bromley, endeavoured to browbeat him, he boldly answered: "My Lord Chief Justice, I did hear when her Majesty was pleased to call you to your honourable office, she said, 'I charge you, sir, to minister the law and justice indifferently, without respect of person; and, notwithstanding the old error amongst you, which will not admit any witness to speak, or other matter to be heard in favour of the adversary, the crown being a party, it is my pleasure that whatever can be brought in favour of the subject may be admitted and heard; you are to sit there not as advocates for me, but as indifferent judges between me and my people.'"

"It was not to me," replied Bromley,

"but to Morgan, Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, that her Majesty delivered this charge."

Sir Nicholas protested that the charge applied to all the judges; and then called Sir Francis Inglesfield, (a privy councillor and officer of the royal household), who said, "It is true, you were at my house at the time of the rebellion, and quite ignorant of the whole matter."

The testimony of this witness induced the wavering jury to pronounce Throgmorton not guilty. The judge was astonished at their boldness, and as they had broken through the long established custom of condemning all prisoners arraigned by the crown, he imprisoned them; the Star Chamber* heavily fined them, and Throgmorton was detained a captive in the Tower. When the Queen heard of these unjust proceedings she liberated Throgmorton, restored him to his titles and estates, and remitted the fines of the jury who had honourably acquitted him.

When Throgmorton was tried, the Queen was severely indisposed; her sickness has been attributed to his acquittal by the jury; indeed, general history asserts that she recommitted him to the Tower; but the part taken by her confidant, Sir Francis Inglesfield, is a proof that she was not averse to his acquittal. In truth, it was those members of her privy council which constituted the infamous Star Chamber, that sent him to

* This inquisitorial court was instituted by Henry the Seventh, for trials by a committee of the privy council. It sat in the Star Chamber, in Westminster Palace, defied the laws, corrupted the judges, inflicted any amount of punishment it chose on those it selected for its victims; and by cajoling and controlling the crown, gave to the present reign a character singularly cruel and tyrannical. Partizan historians have heightened the horrors of its cruel doings during Mary's sovereignty, and laid the whole to the charge on her; an injustice, which it is the duty of her biographer to rectify. Although Mary exercised sovereign sway, she neither possessed the power to dissolve the Court of Star Chamber, nor to prevent it from violating law and justice. It had ruled the realm since the death-sickness of Henry the Eighth; increased in strength during the minority of Edward the Sixth; and now resolutely refused to bow to the will of a Queen Regnant of disputed title.

and whether the commons have taken him or no I know not, for he resorteth seldom to my house. But by report they have taken by force many gentlemen in these quarters, and used them very cruelly. And as touching Lionell, my servant, I cannot but marvel of that bruit, specially because he dwelleth within two miles of London, and is not acquainted within the shire of Suffolk or Norfolk, nor at any time cometh into these parts but when he waiteth upon me in my house, and is now at London about my business, being no man apt or meet for such purposes, but given to as much quietness as any in my house.

"My lord, it troubleth me to hear such reports of any of mine, and specially where no cause is given. Trusting that my household shall try themselves true subjects to the King's majesty, and honest, quiet persons, or else I would be loath to keep them. And where you charge me that my proceedings in matters of religion should give no small courage to many of those men to require and do as they do; that thing appeareth most evidently to be untrue, for all the rising about these parts is touching no point of religion: but even as ye ungently and without desert charge me, so I omitting so fully to answer it as the case doth require, do and will pray God that your new alterations and unlawful liberties be not rather the occasion of those assemblies than my doings, who am (God I take to witness) inquired therewith. And as for Devonshire, no indifferent person can lay their doings to my charge, for I have neither land nor acquaintance in that country, as knoweth Almighty God, whom I humbly beseech to send you all as much plenty of His grace as I would wish to myself; so with my hearty commendations I bid you farewell. From my house, at Kenninghall, the twentieth of July.

"Your friend to my power,

"MARY."

In June, 1549, commenced that tire-some religious persecution to which Mary was subjected for more than two years, with little intermission, and which endangered the existence of the amity be-

tween England and the imperial dominions.

Despite the act of uniformity for worship, Mary pertinaciously adhered to the Catholic faith, and continued to have the popish service performed in her private chapel. This offended the Protector and the council, who, by letter, urged her to conform to the laws, and not by obstinacy set an example of disobedience to the nation; and desired her to send her comptroller and Dr. Hopton, her chaplain, to be examined touching her mode of celebrating worship, and by whom she afterwards should be fully advertised of the King and the council's pleasure. In her letter of reply, dated June the twenty-second, 1549, she told Somerset she intended to spend the short time she expected to live in retirement—at this time she was so ill that her life was despaired of—that she would not spare her comptroller, and her chaplain being sick, she could not send him; that if any of her servants—man, woman or chaplain—should move her contrary to her conscience, she would not listen to them, nor suffer the like to be used in her house; and that if he (the Protector) had any thing to declare to her, except matters of religion, she would thank him to send some trusty person with whom she could talk the matter over. The council deemed the tone of this letter haughty; Somerset again wrote to Mary—she again replied; neither party would succumb, the dispute grew to a storm, but ere it burst Somerset was deposed from the protectorship by Warwick, and for a short while Mary was permitted to exercise, without let or hindrance, those religious rituals which, however absurd or wicked, she conscientiously believed to be necessary to the salvation of her soul.

On the deposition of Somerset, Warwick addressed to Mary a lengthy justification of his proceedings, which thus concluded—"We trust your grace in our just and faithful quarrel will stand with us, and thus shall we pray to Al mighty God for the preservation of your grace's health." In fact, at this period, Warwick deemed the support of Mary so essential to his plans, that in this jus-

and her clemency but encouraged their treachery. Unpopular as her marriage was, she resolved to proceed with it. Early in March, Count Egmont returned from Brussels with the ratification of the treaty on the part of the Emperor, and, on the subsequent Thursday, he was introduced by Lord Admiral Howard and the Earl of Pembroke to Mary and the lords of her council, in her private oratory. The Queen, on her knees before the altar, said she called God to witness that she had resolved to marry purely for the good of her kingdom; she had pledged her faith to her people, nor would she ever permit affection for her husband to seduce her from the performance of this, the first, the most sacred of her duties.

After this address, which was delivered with moving and earnest eloquence, she exchanged the ratification of the treaty with the ambassador, he espoused her in the name of the Prince of Spain, all present united with her in praying that God would make the marriage fortunate and prosperous; and she put on her finger a rich jewelled ring, sent from the Emperor as a present from his son. At his departure, Count Egmont inquired if Mary had any commands for Philip.

"You may bear him our affectionate commendations," said the Queen; "and when he has commenced the correspondence, we shall be pleased to write"—a significant hint that she considered herself neglected by her betrothed.

The four succeeding months, Renaud, the Emperor's resident ambassador, perpetually urged Mary to bring Courtney and the Princess Elizabeth to the block, assuring her that Philip could not venture to come to England till vengeance had been taken on the rebels who had opposed the marriage. She, however, turned a deaf ear to the murderous proposal, and so greatly annoyed Renaud by, on Good Friday, and in compliance with established custom, releasing several state prisoners—one of these being Northampton, the brother-in-law of Katherine Parr—that he assured her, if she continued her impolitic clemency, his Prince would never come to England.

Gardiner was even more urgent than Renaud for the destruction of Elizabeth. "Heywood," says he, "sent a warrant, under seal, for her execution; but the lieutenant of the Tower, suspecting false play, shewed the instrument to the Queen, who denied all knowledge of it, called Gardiner and others whom she suspected before her, severely rated them for their inhuman usage of her sister, and, for her better security, placed her under the charge and protection of Sir Henry Bedingfield, a gentleman devoted to Mary's interests, but who religiously protected Elizabeth from the murderous attacks of Gardiner and the council."

On the second of April, the Queen's third Parliament, although summoned to meet at Oxford, was, apparently at the request of the citizens, called together at Westminster. Mary attended with the Lords and the Commons at the mass of the Holy Ghost, in Westminster Abbey; but Gardiner opened the session, and in a set speech introduced the articles of the Queen's marriage. Although the Parliament ratified these articles, they, to effectually cut off any hopes that Philip or his friends might entertain of his possessing the royal authority in England, refused to make it treason to imagine or attempt the death of the Queen's husband whilst she was alive; and passed a law in which they declared "that her Majesty, as their only Queen, should solely, and as a sole queen, enjoy the crown and sovereignty of her realms, with all the pre-eminence, dignities, and rights there to belonging, in as large and ample a manner as before, without any title or claim accruing to the Prince of Spain, either as tenant by courtesy of the realm, or by any other means."

Whilst this measure was passing, Mr. Skinner, a patriotic member of the Commons, alarmed the House by declaring, that as the Queen derived her title from the common or oral law, perhaps she would defy all written laws, in which kings only were mentioned as the heads of the nation, and rule despotic Queen of England. Absurd as this alarm appeared, it was not altogether

(now being no hope which I perceived by her letters), except I saw some short amendment, I could not bear it. She said that her soul was God's, and that she would neither change her faith, nor dissemble her opinion. It was said, I constrained not her faith, but willed her not as a King to rule, but as a subject to obey, and that her example might lead to much inconvenience."

This conference took place on the eighteenth of March, 1551, and, on the following day, the imperial ambassador, in the Emperor's name, threatened England with war, if Edward violated his promise not to interfere with Mary's domestic altar and worship. This unexpected menace alarmed the council. An immense quantity of English merchandize, stores, and ammunition were then in Flanders. To gain time for the removal of this wealth, the ambassador was told that the King would send an answer by a messenger of his own; and, on the twenty-second of March, Dr. Wotton was dispatched, observes the King, in his journal, "to deny the whole matter, and persuade the Emperor in it; the privy council thinking, by his going, to win some time for a preparation of a mart, convenience of powder, harness, &c., and for the security of the realm."

Meanwhile the council and the bishops told the King that, to avert the evils of war, he must, for the present, overlook his sister's heterodoxy; to convince him, the Bishops of Canterbury, of London, and of Rochester maintained that, "though to give licence to sin was sin, yet to suffer and wink at it for a time might be borne, so all haste possible were used"—a questionable doctrine, and to which the youthful King submitted with reluctance—"lamenting with tears the blind infatuation of his sister, whose obstinacy he could not convince by argument, nor was suffered to restrain by due course of law."

Neither the King nor the council being inclined to wink at the obnoxious non-conformity an instant beyond the period enforced by necessity, in May, Francis Mallet, Mary's head chaplain, and a dis-

vine esteemed by Katherine Parr for his erudition, sincerity, and quiet, retiring disposition, was seized, and sent to severe confinement in the Tower. Mary wrote several letters, demanding his liberation, but the council answered by directing her to conform to the law. She, however, persisted in having the Catholic service performed in her chapel, which so excited the privy council against her, that, on the fourteenth of August, they sent for Robert Rochester, her comptroller, Mr. Walgrave, and Sir Francis Englefield, her two principal officers, and, with many alarming threats, commanded them to return to their mistress, who then resided at Copt Hall, near Waltham Abbey, in Essex, and inform her that they were ordered and empowered, by royal authority, to prevent the performance of Catholic worship in her house, and afterwards to call her remaining chaplains before them, forbid them from saying mass, and order them to prevent any one of the household from presuming to hear mass, or any other forbidden rites. They went so directed; but such was their regard, such their respect for their mistress, that rather than incur her severe displeasure, they neglected to execute the chief part of their commission, and returned to the council, bringing with them the following letter from Mary to the King:—

"My duty most humbly remembered unto your Majesty.

"It may please the same to be advertised that I have, by my servants, received your most honourable letter, the contents whereof do not a little trouble me; and so much the more, for that any of my servants should move or attempt me in matters touching my soul, which I think the meanest subject within your realm could evil bear at their servants' hand, having, for my part, utterly refused heretofore to talk with them in such matters, and of all other persons least regarded them, therein to whom I have declared what I think, as she which trusted that your Majesty would have suffered me, your poor humble sister and beadswoman, to have used the accustomed mass, which the King, your fa-

myself the pleasure of writing to inform you that our alliance has been negotiated.

"So in shewing myself so much obliged by the sincere and true affection, brought and confirmed to me, as well by the effects as by the letters to the said ambassador, and by the negotiations that the Sire D'Egmont and others, and the ambassador of my Lord above-mentioned have opened; I cannot help testifying to you the desire and duty that I have to correspond to your wishes at all times. And very humbly thanking you for all your good offices, I advertise you at the same time that the Parliament which represents the estates of my kingdom has approved the articles of our marriage without any dissent—finding the conditions honourable, advantageous, and very reasonable—which gives me entire confidence that your coming here will be secure and agreeable.

"And hoping soon to confer verbally with you, at present I make an end; praying the Creator that he would grant you, Monseigneur, my good and constant ally, a safe and prosperous voyage here: recommending myself very affectionately and humbly to your Highness,

"Your entirely

"Firm and very obliged ally,

"MARY."

"London, the twentieth of April."

Shortly after the dispatch of this letter, Lord Admiral Howard sailed from Portsmouth to join the fleet of Spain and the Netherlands, for the purpose of escorting Philip to England with naval splendour; a measure fraught with no little danger, for Lord Howard, although granted a pension for his trouble, on nearing the Spanish fleet compared their ships to mussel shells, encouraged his men to quarrel with the Spanish sailors, whom they hated and despised, and in the Channel forced all their vessels, even to the one in which Philip himself voyaged, to do maritime homage to the English fleet by striking their top sails.

Meanwhile, Mary having caused Elizabeth to be transferred from the Tower

to a less rigorous restraint at Woodstock, and sent Courtney to Fotheringay Castle, where his confinement was less severe, she and her council retired to Richmond, to decide on the reception it would be proper to give Philip on his arrival, the station he should fill, and the power he should be permitted to wield as husband of the Queen Regnant. Mary declared it would be her duty as a married woman to yield implicit obedience to her spouse. By the advice of Renard, she, in opposition to the council, resolved to place Philip's name before her own in the regal titles; she then desired that he might be crowned as King, or with the diadem of the Queen Consorts of England; but this proposition being firmly negatived by the whole of the council, she was compelled to relinquish the idea of bestowing a coronation on her betrothed.

Philip sailed from Ccrunna on the nineteenth of July. On his approach being announced, Mary dispatched Russell, Lord Privy Seal, to receive him at Southampton. When Russell was about to depart, she gave him the following instructions, a proof that if she could not procure Philip's coronation she was resolved to resign all sovereign power into his hands; this was a great error of judgment, and to it, and not to any intentional wickedness, may be attributed much of the infamy that has been cast upon her character.

"Instructions for my Lord Privy Seal.

"First, to tell the King the whole state of this realm, with all things appertaining to the same, as much as you know to be true.

"Secondly, to obey his commandment in all things.

"Thirdly, in all things he shall ask your advice, to declare your opinion as becometh a faithful counsellor to do.

"MARY, THE QUEEN."

The moment Mary learned that Philip had landed at Southampton, she set out with her train of ladies from Windsor to Winchester, where it was resolved her marriage should be solemnized, and where she arrived, and took up her re-

privy council, at Windsor, on the twenty-ninth day of August, anno 1551.

"First, having received commandment and instructions from the King's Majesty, we repaired to the said Lady Mary's house, at Copped Hall, in Essex, on Friday last, being the twenty-eighth of this instant, in the morning, where, shortly after our coming, I, the Lord Chancellor, delivered his Majesty's letters to her, which she received upon her knees, saying, that for the honour of the King's Majesty's hand, where-with the said letters were signed, she would kiss the letter; and not for the matter contained in them; for the matter, said she, I take to proceed not from his Majesty, but from you, his council.

"In the reading of the letter which she did read secretly to herself, she said these words in our hearing; 'Ah! good Mr. Cecil took much pains here.'

"When she had read the letter, we began to open the matter of our instructions to her; and as I, the Lord Chancellor, began, she prayed me to be short; for, said she, I am not well at ease, and I will make you a short answer, notwithstanding that I have already declared and written my mind to his Majesty plainly with my own hand.

"After this, we told her at length how the King's Majesty having used all gentle means and exhortations that he might to have reduced her to the rites of religion and order of divine service set forth by the laws of the realm, and finding her nothing conformable, but still remaining in her former error, had resolved by the whole estate of his Majesty's privy council, and with the consent of divers others of the nobility, that she should no longer use the private mass nor any other divine service that is set forth by the laws of the realm; and here we offered to show her the names of all those which were present at this consultation and resolution; but, she said, she cared not for any rehearsal of their names, for, said she, I know you be all of one sort therein.

"We told her further, that the King's Majesty's pleasure was, we should also give strait charge to her chaplains, that none of them should presume to say

any mass or other divine service than is set forth by the laws of the realm, and like charge to all her servants, that none of them should presume to hear any mass or other divine service than is aforesaid. Hereunto her answer was thus: first, she protested that to the King's Majesty she was, is, and ever will be, his Majesty's most humble and most obedient subject, and poor sister; and would most willingly obey all his commandments in any thing (her conscience saved), yea, and would willingly and gladly suffer death to do his Majesty good; but rather than she will agree to use any other service than was used at the death of the late King, her father, she would lay her head on the block and suffer death; but, said she, I am unworthy to suffer death in so good a quarrel. When the King's Majesty, said she, shall come to such years that he may be able to judge these things himself, his Majesty shall find me ready to obey his orders in religion; but now in these years, although he, good, sweet King, have more knowledge than any other of his years, yet it is not possible that he can be a judge of these things; for, if ships were to be sent to the sea, or any other thing to be done touching the policy and government of the realms, I am sure you would not think his highness yet able to consider what were to be done, and much less, said she, can he, in these years, discern what is fit in matters of divinity. And if my chaplains do say no mass I can hear none, no more can my poor servants; but as for my servants, I know it shall be against their wills, as it shall be against mine, for if they could come where it were said they would hear it with good will; and as for my priests, they know what they have to do, the pain of your laws is but imprisonment for a short time, and if they will refuse to say mass for fear of that imprisonment, they may do therein as they will; but none of your new service, said she, shall be used in my house, and if any be said in it I will not tarry in the house.

"And after this we declared unto her grace, according to our instructions, for what cause the Lords of the King's

myself the pleasure of writing to inform you that our alliance has been negotiated.

"So in shewing myself so much obliged by the sincere and true affection, brought and confirmed to me, as well by the effects as by the letters to the said ambassador, and by the negotiations that the Sire D'Egmont and others, and the ambassador of my Lord above-mentioned have opened; I cannot help testifying to you the desire and duty that I have to correspond to your wishes at all times. And very humbly thanking you for all your good offices, I advertise you at the same time that the Parliament which represents the estates of my kingdom has approved the articles of our marriage without any dissent—finding the conditions honourable, advantageous, and very reasonable—which gives me entire confidence that your coming here will be secure and agreeable.

"And hoping soon to confer verbally with you, at present I make an end; praying the Creator that he would grant you, Monseigneur, my good and constant ally, a safe and prosperous voyage here: recommending myself very affectionately and humbly to your Highness,

"Your entirely

"Firm and very obliged ally,

"MARY."

"London, the twentieth of April."

Shortly after the dispatch of this letter, Lord Admiral Howard sailed from Portsmouth to join the fleet of Spain and the Netherlands, for the purpose of escorting Philip to England with naval splendour; a measure fraught with no little danger, for Lord Howard, although granted a pension for his trouble, on nearing the Spanish fleet compared their ships to mussel shells, encouraged his men to quarrel with the Spanish sailors, whom they hated and despised, and in the Channel forced all their vessels, even to the one in which Philip himself voyaged, to do maritime homage to the English fleet by striking their top sails.

Meanwhile, Mary having caused Elizabeth to be transferred from the Tower

to a less rigorous restraint at Woodstock, and sent Courtney to Fotheringay Castle, where his confinement was less severe, she and her council retired to Richmond, to decide on the reception it would be proper to give Philip on his arrival, the station he should fill, and the power he should be permitted to wield as husband of the Queen Regnant. Mary declared it would be her duty as a married woman to yield implicit obedience to her spouse. By the advice of Renand, she, in opposition to the council, resolved to place Philip's name before her own in the regal titles; she then desired that he might be crowned as King, or with the diadem of the Queen Consorts of England; but this proposition being firmly negatived by the whole of the council, she was compelled to relinquish the idea of bestowing a coronation on her betrothed.

Philip sailed from Ccrunna on the nineteenth of July. On his approach being announced, Mary dispatched Russell, Lord Privy Seal, to receive him at Southampton. When Russell was about to depart, she gave him the following instructions, a proof that if she could not procure Philip's coronation she was resolved to resign all sovereign power into his hands; this was a great error of judgment, and to it, and not to any intentional wickedness, may be attributed much of the infamy that has been cast upon her character.

"Instructions for my Lord Privy Seal.

"First, to tell the King the whole state of this realm, with all things appertaining to the same, as much as you know to be true.

"Secondly, to obey his commandment in all things.

"Thirdly, in all things he shall ask your advice, to declare your opinion as becometh a faithful counsellor to do.

"MARY, THE QUEEN."

The moment Mary learned that Philip had landed at Southampton, she set out with her train of ladies from Windsor to Winchester, where it was resolved her marriage should be solemnized, and where she arrived, and took up her re-

sick bed, and her limited income scarcely sufficed to supply their medical and other necessary wants; a source of great grief to Mary, who took peculiar pleasure in alleviating the misery of the unfortunate and distressed. The entries in her privy purse journal, which closes with the year 1544, not only bear witness to this fact, but they also render it apparent that her income was precarious and limited—her numerous benefactions attended with no small amount of self-sacrifice, one of the surest proofs of a philanthropic disposition.

This summer Mary attended the King and Queen in their progress through the midland counties; but being attacked with her old chronic sickness between Grafton and Woodstock, she was removed in the Queen's litter first to Ampt-hill, and afterwards to Ashbridge, where she spent the autumn with her half-brother and sister, who were then residing there. In February, 1544, she assisted at the court held by her step-mother at Westminster, for the reception of the Spanish Duke de Najera. The Spanish grandees kissed her lips in token that he was her relation, and danced with her at the court ball given on the occasion.

Several circumstances tend to shew that at this period the religious prejudices of Mary were not so great as has been supposed. Her only expenditure on the ceremonies of the popish church, was an insignificant offering at Candlemas. With this exception, the latter entries in her privy purse journal afford no indication of her adherence to the Catholic church, whilst the translation into English of the paraphrase of St. John by Erasmus, which she so ably accomplished in 1544, at the request of the good Queen Katherine Parr, would almost induce a belief that she had embraced the Protestant faith.

In the spring of 1546, Mary was again laid up with an attack of her chronic illness; early in May she recovered and went to court, where she tarried several months. Whether she witnessed the death of her father is problematical, but Pollino assures us that Henry the Eighth, when on his death-

bed, called her to his side, and made her solemnly promise not to aspire to her brother's crown, but to be as a mother to him during his minority, and always to love him. A promise which she probably made, as, despite the tempting inducements, the entreaties of her friends, and the persecution she herself suffered in defence of her domestic altar and worship, she, to the last, firmly discouraged rebellion against those who held the regal reins for her youthful brother, and abstained from connecting herself with any faction. By the conditions of Henry the Eighth's will, Mary was made Prince Edward's immediate successor, provided that Prince died without issue; she was also left a marriage portion of ten thousand pounds, if she married with the consent of the council, and three thousand pounds a year during the period that she was single. Part of this annuity was derived from the rents of Kenning Hall, a manor illegally wrested from one of the Howard family, and which on her accession she honourably restored to its rightful heir.

On the accession of Edward the Sixth, Mary retired to the privacy of a country life. In April, 1547, she wrote a friendly letter to Lady Somerset, requesting her to prevail on the Protector to provide for Richard Woodard and George Brickhouse, two of her mother's aged servants; and, as the request was speedily complied with, it is evident that the changes made in religion at this period had not as yet destroyed the good understanding subsisting between her and the Protector. In June, she received a letter from Lord Seymour, requesting her sanction to his marriage with Katherine Parr. Her very sensible answer, which we have already given in the memoirs of Henry the Eighth's last Queen,* is dated from Wanstead. Her health was delicate, and to improve it, she passed the summer at her various country residences. In the autumn, she resided at Kenninghall, in Norfolk, where her old chronic affection again laid her on a bed of sickness. Jane, her chamber-woman, had

* See page 456.

married one Russell, in the service of her sister, and her attendance, now much wanted, could not be had, as appears in the following letter, which Mary received from Elizabeth :—

"Good sister, as to hear of your sickness is unpleasant to me, so is it nothing fearful, for that I understand it is your old guest that is wont so oft to visit you, whose coming, though it be oft, yet is it never welcome; but, notwithstanding, it is comfortable for that. *Jacula pro-vius minus feriunt.* And as I do understand your need of Jane Russell's service, so am I sorry that it is by my man's occasion letted, which, if I had known before, I would have caused his will to give place to need of her service; for as it is her duty to obey his command, so is it his part to attend your pleasure; and as I confess it were meet for him to go to her, since she attends upon you, so, indeed, he required the same; but for that divers of his fellows had business abroad, that made him tarry at home. Good sister, though I have good cause to thank you for your oft sending to me, yet I have more occasion to render you my hearty thanks for your gentle writings, which, how painful it is to you, I may well guess by myself. And you may well see, by writing so oft, how pleasant it is to me. And thus I end to trouble you, desiring God to send you as well to do as you can think and wish, or I desire or pray. From Ashbridge, scribbled this twenty-seventh of October.

"Your loving sister,

"ELIZABETH."

"To my well-beloved sister, Mary."

Henry the Eighth was doomed to the usual fate of despotic monarchs. By his will, he ordered masses to be said for his soul, and enjoined his executors to bring up his son in the Catholic faith, doubtless meaning his own tyrannic church of the Six Articles. But the men who, in his latter days, had served him with slavish obsequiousness, were the first, after his death, to overturn his darling projects. Somerset, to make his private fortune, and Cranmer, as a matter of conscience, in the first months of Ed-

ward's reign, took measures for the immediate establishment of the Protestant Church,* so sweeping and decisive, that Gardiner was imprisoned in the Fleet; and Mary sent several letters of remonstrance to the Protector. These letters are said to have been lost or destroyed; but the following, copied from the Lansdowne MSS., and written by Mary, was evidently addressed to Somerset at this crisis :—

"It is no small grief to me to perceive that they whom the King's Majesty, my father (whose soul God pardon), made in this world of nothing, in respect of that they become to now, and at his last end put in trust to see his will performed, whereunto they were all sworn upon a book: it grieveth me, I say, for the love I bear to them, to see both how they brake his will, and what usurped power they take upon them in making (as they call it) laws both clean contrary to his proceeding and will, and also against the custom of all Christendom, and, in my conscience, against the law of God and his church, which passeth all the rest; but though you, among you, have forgotten the King, my father, yet, both God's commandments and nature will not suffer me to do so; wherefore, with God's help, I will remain an obedient child to his laws as he left them, till such time as the King's Majesty, my brother, shall have perfect years of discretion to order the power that God hath sent him, and to be a judge in these matters himself, and, I doubt not, but he shall then accept my so doing better than theirs, which have taken a piece of his power upon them in his minority.

"I do not a little marvel that you can find fault with me for observing of that law which was allowed by him that was a king, not only of power, but also of

* It is worthy of remark, that the paraphrases of Erasmus, including that of St. John, translated by Mary, was, at this period, reprinted by the Government, and a copy provided for every clergyman and for every parish throughout the realm. Thus, at the very time Mary was opposing the establishment of the Protestant Church of England, that church adopted the work of her own pen as one of its beacon lights.

knowledge how to order his power, to which law all of you consented, and seemed at that time, to the outward appearance, very well to like the same; and that you could find no fault, all this while, with some among yourselves, for running half a year before that which you now call a law, ye, and before the bishope came together, wherein, me thinketh, you do me very much wrong, if I should not have as much pre-eminence to continue in keeping a full authorized law, made without *parley*, as they had both to break the law, which at that time, yourselves must need confess, was of full power and strength, and to use alterations of their own invention, contrary both to that and your new law, as you call it."

In this letter, Mary boldly accuses Somerset, and his colleagues in office, of breaking her father's will. In the lost epistles, she entreats them to educate her brother, the young King, as ordained by that will, in the Catholic faith; accuses them of interfering with religion, as established by her father, and reiterates the declaration contained in the above letter, that whatever laws they made to the contrary, she would remain obedient to her father's laws till Edward the Sixth was of age. We have but one of Somerset's replies, and, in this, neither a candid avowal of the inconsistency of Henry the Eighth's will, nor of the Protector's intentions to at once establish the Protestant faith—he, as a matter of political expediency, made assertions regarding himself, and his colleagues, and the religious tenets of Henry the Eighth, wholly at variance with facts. He thus proceeds:—

"Madam, my humble commendations to your Grace premised.—I have received your letters of the second of this present, acknowledging myself thereby much bound unto your grace; nevertheless, I am sorry to perceive that your Grace should have a wrong opinion of me and others, which were by the King, your late father, put in trust as executors of his will; albeit, I trust there shall be no such fault found in us, as in the

same your Grace hath alleged; and, for my part, I know none of us that will willingly neglect the full execution of every jot of his said will, as far as shall and may stand with the King, our master's honour and surety that now is, not doubting but our proceedings therein, and in all things committed to our charge, shall be such as shall be able to answer the whole world, both in honour and discharge of our consciences. And where your Grace writeth that the most part of the realm, through a naughty liberty and presumption, are now brought into such a division, as if we executors go not about to bring them to that stay that our late master left them, they will forsake all obedience unless they have their own will and phantasies; and then it must follow that the King shall not be well served, and that all other realms shall have us in an obloquy and derision, and not without just cause. Madam, as these words, written or spoken by you, soundeth not well, so can I not persuade myself that they have proceeded from the sincere mind of so virtuous and so wise a lady, but rather by the setting on and procurement of some uncharitable and malicious person. Such hath been the King's Majesty's proceedings, our young noble master that now is, that all his faithful subjects have cause to render thanks for the manifold benefits shewed unto his Grace, and to his people, and realm, sithence the first day of his reign, and to think that God is contented and pleased with his ministers, who seek nothing but the true glory of God, and the surety of the King's person, with the quietness and wealth of his subjects. And where your Grace writeth also that there was godly order and quietness left by the King, our late master, your Grace's father, in this realm, at the time of his death, I do something marvel, for, if it may please you to call to your remembrance that his Grace departed from this life before he had fully finished such orders as he minded to have established to his people, no kind of religion was perfected at his death, but left all uncertain, most like to have brought us in parties and division, if God had not only helped

at her left hand, under the royal canopy, and Gardiner was placed outside the canopy, at her right. After a few words from Gardiner, Pole, in a long and eloquent harangue, formally invited the English nation to reconcile itself to the Holy See, from which he deplored it had been so long and so unhappily separated, and at the same time hinted that he had power from the Pope to absolve the nation without a previous restitution of the lands and property alienated from the church by Henry the Eighth, or his successor.

The next day, the Lords and Commons voted, almost by acclamation, a petition for the reunion. The preamble stated, "That whereas they had been guilty of a most horrible defection and schism from the Apostolic See, they did now sincerely repent of it; and in sign of their repentance, were ready to repeal all the laws made in prejudice of that See; therefore, since the King and Queen had been in no way defiled by their schism, they pray them to be intercessors with the legate to grant them absolution, and to receive them again into the bosom of the church." The day following, this petition being presented to the Queen and King in due form, the legate solemnly absolved all those present; and the ceremony ended by *Te Deum* being chaunted in the presence of the Queen, her spouse, and the whole assembly.

The solemnity of this ceremony deeply

affected the Queen, and increased her indisposition, which she attributed to her being, as she supposed, encointe; but she recovered sufficiently to keep the Christmas festival with more than ordinary pomp and splendour. On Christmas eve, the great hall of the palace was lit up with one thousand lamps, where Mary and her husband entertained a brilliant assemblage of English and foreign nobles. The Princess Elizabeth was permitted to take her place next to the Queen, as heir apparent; and Courtney, who had been liberated, took part in the gay scene as the Earl of Devonshire, and, at the termination of the festival, received a permission, tantamount to a command, to travel abroad that he might improve his mind. This splendour was scarcely terminated when the Queen's health again declined.

On the sixteenth of January, she was carried to the throne to dissolve the Parliament, and had scarcely the strength to go through the ceremony of accepting the seven persecuting acts which this, her third Parliament, had passed in favour of the Roman Catholic church. One of the acts passed this session made it treason to publicly pray for the Queen's death; and another threw great power into the hands of Philip, by naming him, in the event of the Queen's death, Regent during the minority of their issue, should they have any, and making it high treason to imagine or compass his death.

and whether the commons have taken him or no I know not, for he resorteth seldom to my house. But by report they have taken by force many gentlemen in these quarters, and used them very cruelly. And as touching Lionell, my servant, I cannot but marvel of that bruit, specially because he dwelleth within two miles of London, and is not acquainted within the shire of Suffolk or Norfolk, nor at any time cometh into these parts but when he waiteth upon me in my house, and is now at London about my business, being no man apt or meet for such purposes, but given to as much quietness as any in my house.

"My lord, it troubleth me to hear such reports of any of mine, and specially where no cause is given. Trusting that my household shall try themselves true subjects to the King's majesty, and honest, quiet persons, or else I would be loath to keep them. And where you charge me that my proceedings in matters of religion should give no small courage to many of those men to require and do as they do; that thing appeareth most evidently to be untrue, for all the rising about these parts is touching no point of religion: but even as ye ungently and without desert charge me, so I omitting so fully to answer it as the case doth require, do and will pray God that your new alterations and unlawful liberties be not rather the occasion of those assemblies than my doings, who am (God I take to witness) inquired therewith. And as for Devonshire, no indifferent person can lay their doings to my charge, for I have neither land nor acquaintance in that country, as knoweth Almighty God, whom I humbly beseech to send you all as much plenty of His grace as I would wish to myself; so with my hearty commendations I bid you farewell. From my house, at Kenninghall, the twentieth of July.

"Your friend to my power,

"MARY."

In June, 1549, commenced that tiresome religious persecution to which Mary was subjected for more than two years, with little intermission, and which endangered the existence of the amity be-

tween England and the imperial dominions.

Despite the act of uniformity for worship, Mary pertinaciously adhered to the Catholic faith, and continued to have the popish service performed in her private chapel. This offended the Protector and the council, who, by letter, urged her to conform to the laws, and not by obstinacy set an example of disobedience to the nation; and desired her to send her comptroller and Dr. Hopton, her chaplain, to be examined touching her mode of celebrating worship, and by whom she afterwards should be fully advertised of the King and the council's pleasure. In her letter of reply, dated June the twenty-second, 1549, she told Somerset she intended to spend the short time she expected to live in retirement—at this time she was so ill that her life was despaired of—that she would not spare her comptroller, and her chaplain being sick, she could not send him; that if any of her servants—man, woman or chaplain—should move her contrary to her conscience, she would not listen to them, nor suffer the like to be used in her house; and that if he (the Protector) had any thing to declare to her, except matters of religion, she would thank him to send some trusty person with whom she could talk the matter over. The council deemed the tone of this letter haughty; Somerset again wrote to Mary—she again replied; neither party would succumb, the dispute grew to a storm, but ere it burst Somerset was deposed from the protectorship by Warwick, and for a short while Mary was permitted to exercise, without let or hindrance, those religious rituals which, however absurd or wicked, she conscientiously believed to be necessary to the salvation of her soul.

On the deposition of Somerset, Warwick addressed to Mary a lengthy justification of his proceedings, which thus concluded—"We trust your grace in our just and faithful quarrel will stand with us, and thus shall we pray to Al mighty God for the preservation of your grace's health." In fact, at this period, Warwick deemed the support of Mary so essential to his plans, that in this jus-

who, in September, was hanged as a traitor.

In the spring of 1557, Elizabeth, during her abode at Somerset House, paid Mary frequent friendly visits, which the Queen returned by a progress to the Princess at Hatfield, and by inviting her to a splendid banquet and pageant at Richmond. About this time, Philip endeavoured to force the Princess to espouse, first, his friend the Prince of Saxony, and afterwards Eric, heir of the great Gustavus Vasa, King of Sweden. But when Mary found she conscientiously objected to the matches, she made common cause with her against Philip, and for once had the resolution to oppose the will of her husband, by refusing to compel Elizabeth to marry against her will.

In March, Philip re-visited Mary, for the purpose of forcing England into a war with France. She left the decision to her council, who, as the French monarch had played the false friend to her, and incited plots to dethrone her, willingly gratified his wish. The Queen borrowed money to equip her army at the very high interest of twelve per cent.; and she pardoned most of the rebels in the late insurrection, on condition that they joined this army. Philip left England in July. In August, the Prince of Savoy won for him the victory of St. Quintin; but this dearly-purchased acquisition was followed by the loss of Calais, in the subsequent January; and a war with Scotland, which was then united with France under one royal family. The Scots having burst over the border, Mary resolved to head an expedition against them in person. She had the will but not the strength for such an effort. The loss of Calais overwhelmed her with woe, and increased her bodily weakness. "If my breast is opened after death," she said, "the word Calais will be found engraven on my heart."

In August, 1558, she experienced a febrile indisposition at Hampton Court, and, as she grew worse, removed to St. James's. Here it became evident that her disease was the same fever which, during the wet, ungenial seasons that marked her reign, had proved fatal to

thousands of her subjects. The tidings of the death of the Emperor, in September, 1558, filled her with sorrow, and produced a violent relapse of the fever. On the ninth of November, Conde de Feria arrived with a letter and a ring from Philip to his dying wife, and with secret orders to secure for him the goodwill of the heir to the crown. Mary, who had already named her sister as her successor, cordially welcomed him; and a few days afterwards, sent Jane Dormer, afterwards Duchess of Feria, to deliver her jewels* to Elizabeth, and to request her to be good to her servants, pay the debts she had contracted on the privy seal, and support the Popish church. "Elizabeth," says the Duchess, "swore to comply with these requests; and she prayed God that the earth might open and swallow her up alive, if she was not a true Roman Catholic."

Whilst the hand of death was on the Queen, the council pushed forward the religious persecution with murderous zeal. Even Underhill, the Hot Gospeller, although one of Mary's household, was threatened; but the bold Protestant declared, that if any one dared to serve him with a warrant not duly signed by five of the council, he would cut his head off his shoulders—a remark which induces a belief that many of the enormities committed in Mary's reign were not even legally sanctioned by the executive. As Burnet says, "during the persecution, seldom more than three of the council sat in consultation, and these councils were never attended by the Queen nor by Cardinal Pole."

When it became evident that the hand of death was on Mary, the court deserted her to pay adulation to Elizabeth, their future sovereign. Her real friends, however, remained by her bedside to lighten her dying moments. On the sixteenth of November, her dissolution commenced: she remained composed, cheerful, and conscious to the last moment. About four in the morning, on the seventeenth,

* To claim the merit to himself of sending these jewels, Philip caused a present of his own to be added—a valuable casket that he had left at St. James's, and which he knew Elizabeth greatly admired.

(now being no hope which I perceived by her letters), except I saw some short amendment, I could not bear it. She said that her soul was God's, and that she would neither change her faith, nor dissemble her opinion. It was said, I constrained not her faith, but willed her not as a King to rule, but as a subject to obey, and that her example might lead to much inconvenience."

This conference took place on the eighteenth of March, 1551, and, on the following day, the imperial ambassador, in the Emperor's name, threatened England with war, if Edward violated his promise not to interfere with Mary's domestic altar and worship. This unexpected menace alarmed the council. An immense quantity of English merchandize, stores, and ammunition were then in Flanders. To gain time for the removal of this wealth, the ambassador was told that the King would send an answer by a messenger of his own; and, on the twenty-second of March, Dr. Wotton was dispatched, observes the King, in his journal, "to deny the whole matter, and persuade the Emperor in it; the privy council thinking, by his going, to win some time for a preparation of a mart, convenience of powder, harness, &c., and for the security of the realm."

Meanwhile the council and the bishops told the King that, to avert the evils of war, he must, for the present, overlook his sister's heterodoxy; to convince him, the Bishops of Canterbury, of London, and of Rochester maintained that, "though to give licence to sin was sin, yet to suffer and wink at it for a time might be borne, so all haste possible were used"—a questionable doctrine, and to which the youthful King submitted with reluctance—"lamenting with tears the blind infatuation of his sister, whose obstinacy he could not convince by argument, nor was suffered to restrain by due course of law."

Neither the King nor the council being inclined to wink at the obnoxious non-conformity an instant beyond the period enforced by necessity, in May, Francis Mallet, Mary's head chaplain, and a di-

vine esteemed by Katherine Parr for his erudition, sincerity, and quiet, retiring disposition, was seized, and sent to severe confinement in the Tower. Mary wrote several letters, demanding his liberation, but the council answered by directing her to conform to the law. She, however, persisted in having the Catholic service performed in her chapel, which so excited the privy council against her, that, on the fourteenth of August, they sent for Robert Rochester, her comptroller, Mr. Walgrave, and Sir Francis Englefield, her two principal officers, and, with many alarming threats, commanded them to return to their mistress, who then resided at Copt Hall, near Waltham Abbey, in Essex, and inform her that they were ordered and empowered, by royal authority, to prevent the performance of Catholic worship in her house, and afterwards to call her remaining chaplains before them, forbid them from saying mass, and order them to prevent any one of the household from presuming to hear mass, or any other forbidden rites. They went so directed; but such was their regard, such their respect for their mistress, that rather than incur her severe displeasure, they neglected to execute the chief part of their commission, and returned to the council, bringing with them the following letter from Mary to the King:—

"My duty most humbly remembered unto your Majesty.

"It may please the same to be advertised that I have, by my servants, received your most honourable letter, the contents whereof do not a little trouble me; and so much the more, for that any of my servants should move or attempt me in matters touching my soul, which I think the meanest subject within your realm could evil bear at their servants' hand, having, for my part, utterly refused heretofore to talk with them in such matters, and of all other persons least regarded them, therein to whom I have declared what I think, as she which trusted that your Majesty would have suffered me, your poor humble sister and beadswoman, to have used the accustomed mass, which the King, your se-

who, in September, was hanged as a traitor.

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In March, Philip re-visited Mary, for the purpose of forcing England into a war with France. She left the decision to her council, who, as the French monarch had played the false friend to her, and incited plots to dethrone her, willingly gratified his wish. The Queen borrowed money to equip her army at the very high interest of twelve per cent.; and she pardoned most of the rebels in the late insurrection, on condition that they joined this army. Philip left England in July. In August, the Prince of Savoy won for him the victory of St. Quintin; but this dearly-purchased acquisition was followed by the loss of Calais, in the subsequent January; and a war with Scotland, which was then united with France under one royal family. The Scots having burst over the border, Mary resolved to head an expedition against them in person. She had the will but not the strength for such an effort. The loss of Calais overwhelmed her with woe, and increased her bodily weakness. "If my breast is opened after death," she said, "the word Calais will be found engraven on my heart."

In August, 1558, she experienced a febrile indisposition at Hampton Court, and, as she grew worse, removed to St. James's. Here it became evident that her disease was the same fever which, during the wet, ungenial seasons that marked her reign, had proved fatal to

thousands of her subjects. The tidings of the death of the Emperor, in September, 1558, filled her with sorrow, and produced a violent relapse of the fever. On the ninth of November, Conde de Feria arrived with a letter and a ring from Philip to his dying wife, and with secret orders to secure for him the goodwill of the heir to the crown. Mary, who had already named her sister as her successor, cordially welcomed him; and a few days afterwards, sent Jane Dormer, afterwards Duchess of Feria, to deliver her jewels* to Elizabeth, and to request her to be good to her servants, pay the debts she had contracted on the privy seal, and support the Popish church. "Elizabeth," says the Duchess, "swore to comply with these requests; and she prayed God that the earth might open and swallow her up alive, if she was not a true Roman Catholic."

Whilst the hand of death was on the Queen, the council pushed forward the religious persecution with murderous zeal. Even Underhill, the Hot Gospeller, although one of Mary's household, was threatened; but the bold Protestant declared, that if any one dared to serve him with a warrant not duly signed by five of the council, he would cut his head off his shoulders—a remark which induces a belief that many of the enormities committed in Mary's reign were not even legally sanctioned by the executive. As Burnet says, "during the persecution, seldom more than three of the council sat in consultation, and these councils were never attended by the Queen nor by Cardinal Pole."

When it became evident that the hand of death was on Mary, the court deserted her to pay adulation to Elizabeth, their future sovereign. Her real friends, however, remained by her bedside to lighten her dying moments. On the sixteenth of November, her dissolution commenced: she remained composed, cheerful, and conscious to the last moment. About four in the morning, on the seventeenth,

* To claim the merit to himself of sending these jewels, Philip caused a present of his own to be added—a valuable casket that he had left at St. James's, and which he knew Elizabeth greatly admired.

privy council, at Windsor, on the twenty-ninth day of August, anno 1551.

"First, having received commandment and instructions from the King's Majesty, we repaired to the said Lady Mary's house, at Copped Hall, in Essex, on Friday last, being the twenty-eighth of this instant, in the morning, where, shortly after our coming, I, the Lord Chancellor, delivered his Majesty's letters to her, which she received upon her knees, saying, that for the honour of the King's Majesty's hand, wherewith the said letters were signed, she would kiss the letter; and not for the matter contained in them; for the matter, said she, I take to proceed not from his Majesty, but from you, his council.

"In the reading of the letter which she did read secretly to herself, she said these words in our hearing; 'Ah! good Mr. Cecil took much pains here.'

"When she had read the letter, we began to open the matter of our instructions to her; and as I, the Lord Chancellor, began, she prayed me to be short; for, said she, I am not well at ease, and I will make you a short answer, notwithstanding that I have already declared and written my mind to his Majesty plainly with my own hand.

"After this, we told her at length how the King's Majesty having used all gentle means and exhortations that he might to have reduced her to the rites of religion and order of divine service set forth by the laws of the realm, and finding her nothing conformable, but still remaining in her former error, had resolved by the whole estate of his Majesty's privy council, and with the consent of divers others of the nobility, that she should no longer use the private mass nor any other divine service that is set forth by the laws of the realm; and here we offered to show her the names of all those which were present at this consultation and resolution; but, she said, she cared not for any rehearsal of their names, for, said she, I know you be all of one sort therein.

"We told her further, that the King's Majesty's pleasure was, we should also give strait charge to her chaplains, that none of them should presume to say

any mass or other divine service than is set forth by the laws of the realm, and like charge to all her servants, that none of them should presume to hear any mass or other divine service than is aforesaid. Hereunto her answer was thus: first, she protested that to the King's Majesty she was, is, and ever will be, his Majesty's most humble and most obedient subject, and poor sister; and would most willingly obey all his commandments in any thing (her conscience saved), yea, and would willingly and gladly suffer death to do his Majesty good; but rather than she will agree to use any other service than was used at the death of the late King, her father, she would lay her head on the block and suffer death; but, said she, I am unworthy to suffer death in so good a quarrel. When the King's Majesty, said she, shall come to such years that he may be able to judge these things himself, his Majesty shall find me ready to obey his orders in religion; but now in these years, although he, good, sweet King, have more knowledge than any other of his years, yet it is not possible that he can be a judge of these things; for, if ships were to be sent to the sea, or any other thing to be done touching the policy and government of the realms, I am sure you would not think his highness yet able to consider what were to be done, and much less, said she, can he, in these years, discern what is fit in matters of divinity. And if my chaplains do say no mass I can hear none, no more can my poor servants; but as for my servants, I know it shall be against their wills, as it shall be against mine, for if they could come where it were said they would hear it with good will; and as for my priests, they know what they have to do, the pain of your laws is but imprisonment for a short time, and if they will refuse to say mass for fear of that imprisonment, they may do therein as they will; but none of your new service, said she, shall be used in my house, and if any be said in it I will not tarry in the house.

"And after this we declared unto her grace, according to our instructions, for what cause the Lords of the King's

and other staunch papists, were burnt as heretics; and when it was death to openly differ with the King in matters of religion, or deny his theological supremacy.

The decapitation of Katherine Howard increased the probability that Mary would remain second in the succession, and induced Francis the First to once more demand her hand for the Duke of Orleans. The negotiation was opened at Chabliz, in April, 1542, by the High Admiral of France, and Privy Councillor Paget. In a quaint despatch detailing the particulars of the conference, Paget says:—"When I entered the presence of the Admiral, he rose from his seat and made a great and humble reverence; and after that he had taken thanks unto your Majesty, and with two or three great oaths declared his affection towards you, I entered the accomplishment of your Majesty's command." Francis the First required that Mary should be dowered with a million crowns. Paget, who was commissioned to offer but two hundred thousand, thus continues:—"Whilst I was declaring from point to point all your Majesty and your Majesty's council had directed, he (the Admiral) gave twenty sighs, casting up his eyes and crossing himself as many times, for I marked him when he was not aware of it. He then heaved one great sigh, and said, 'I am an English Frenchman, and next after my master I esteem the King your master's finger more than I do any other prince's lady in all the world; but, alas! what is two hundred thousand crowns to give in marriage with so great a King's daughter to Monsieur D'Orleans? Four or five hundred thousand is nothing to him. Monsieur D'Orleans is a Prince of great courage; Monsieur D'Orleans doth aspire to great things, and such is his fortune, or else I am wonderfully deceived.'

"I answered," proceeds the droll Paget, "'Monsieur D'Orleans is a great King's son; Monsieur D'Orleans aspires to great things, but it is not reason that my master's wealth should maintain his courage. My master has a son of his own, whom I trust will grow up a man of courage; and as for his daugh-

ter, he doth consider her as reason requireth. Had King Louis the Twelfth any more with one of my master's sisters than three hundred thousand crowns? and the King of Scots with another more than one hundred thousand? Assuredly not; and if, as you say, our friendship be advisable to you, seek it by reasonable means.'

"'It is not one or two hundred thousand crowns that can enrich my master or impoverish yours,' said the Admiral in reply; 'therefore, for the love of God, let us go roundly together. We ask your daughter,' quoth he. 'For her you shall have our son, a *gentle* prince, and set him out to sale. We ask you a dote [dower] with her, and after the sum you will give, she shall have an assignment after the custom of the country here.'

"'Well,' quoth I, 'you will have two hundred thousand crowns with her.'

"'By my troth,' quoth he, 'the dote you have offered is nothing, and if I were as King Louis and the King of Scots were, I would rather take your master's daughter in her kirtle, and more honour were it to me, than, being Monsieur D'Orleans, to take her with a paltry two hundred thousand crowns.'

As may be supposed, the negotiation failed in its purpose, but it benefited Mary, by increasing the force of the current that ultimately drove the King to restore her to her natural place in the succession. The act of parliament which did her this but partial justice, was passed on the seventh of February, 1544; and, to the eternal disgrace of her father, who himself dictated the act, it neither removed from her the brand of illegitimacy, nor permitted her rights to the succession to depend upon anything more stable than his own arbitrary will.* At the nuptials of her royal father with Katherine Parr, July the twelfth, 1543, Mary stood bridesmaid, and was presented by her new step-mother with a pair of elegant gold bracelets set with rubies, and twenty-five pounds in money. The pecuniary gift was most acceptable, as an unhealthy season had laid many of her servants and dependants on a

* See page 442.

sick bed, and her limited income scarcely sufficed to supply their medical and other necessary wants; a source of great grief to Mary, who took peculiar pleasure in alleviating the misery of the unfortunate and distressed. The entries in her privy purse journal, which closes with the year 1544, not only bear witness to this fact, but they also render it apparent that her income was precarious and limited—her numerous benefactions attended with no small amount of self-sacrifice, one of the surest proofs of a philanthropic disposition.

This summer Mary attended the King and Queen in their progress through the midland counties; but being attacked with her old chronic sickness between Grafton and Woodstock, she was removed in the Queen's litter first to Ampt-hill, and afterwards to Ashbridge, where she spent the autumn with her half-brother and sister, who were then residing there. In February, 1544, she assisted at the court held by her step-mother at Westminster, for the reception of the Spanish Duke de Najera. The Spanish grandee kissed her lips in token that he was her relation, and danced with her at the court ball given on the occasion.

Several circumstances tend to shew that at this period the religious prejudices of Mary were not so great as has been supposed. Her only expenditure on the ceremonials of the popish church, was an insignificant offering at Candlemas. With this exception, the latter entries in her privy purse journal afford no indication of her adherence to the Catholic church, whilst the translation into English of the paraphrase of St. John by Erasmus, which she so ably accomplished in 1544, at the request of the good Queen Katherine Parr, would almost induce a belief that she had embraced the Protestant faith.

In the spring of 1546, Mary was again laid up with an attack of her chronic illness; early in May she recovered and went to court, where she tarried several months. Whether she witnessed the death of her father is problematical, but Pollino assures us that Henry the Eighth, when on his death-

bed, called her to his side, and made her solemnly promise not to aspire to her brother's crown, but to be as a mother to him during his minority, and always to love him. A promise which she probably made, as, despite the tempting inducements, the entreaties of her friends, and the persecution she herself suffered in defence of her domestic altar and worship, she, to the last, firmly discouraged rebellion against those who held the regal reins for her youthful brother, and abstained from connecting herself with any faction. By the conditions of Henry the Eighth's will, Mary was made Prince Edward's immediate successor, provided that Prince died without issue; she was also left a marriage portion of ten thousand pounds, if she married with the consent of the council, and three thousand pounds a year during the period that she was single. Part of this annuity was derived from the rents of Kenning Hall, a manor illegally wrested from one of the Howard family, and which on her accession she honourably restored to its rightful heir.

On the accession of Edward the Sixth, Mary retired to the privacy of a country life. In April, 1547, she wrote a friendly letter to Lady Somerset, requesting her to prevail on the Protector to provide for Richard Woodard and George Brickhouse, two of her mother's aged servants; and, as the request was speedily complied with, it is evident that the changes made in religion at this period had not as yet destroyed the good understanding subsisting between her and the Protector. In June, she received a letter from Lord Seymour, requesting her sanction to his marriage with Katherine Parr. Her very sensible answer, which we have already given in the memoirs of Henry the Eighth's last Queen,* is dated from Wanstead. Her health was delicate, and to improve it, she passed the summer at her various country residences. In the autumn, she resided at Kenninghall, in Norfolk, where her old chronic affection again laid her on a bed of sickness. Jane, her chamber-woman, had

* See page 466.

married one Russell, in the service of her sister, and her attendance, now much wanted, could not be had, as appears in the following letter, which Mary received from Elizabeth :—

“ Good sister, as to hear of your sickness is unpleasant to me, so is it nothing fearful, for that I understand it is your old guest that is wont so oft to visit you, whose coming, though it be oft, yet is it never welcome; but, notwithstanding, it is comfortable for that. *Jacula prævia minus feriunt.* And as I do understand your need of Jane Russell’s service, so am I sorry that it is by my man’s occasion letted, which, if I had known before, I would have caused his will to give place to need of her service; for as it is her duty to obey his command, so is it his part to attend your pleasure; and as I confess it were meet for him to go to her, since she attends upon you, so, indeed, he required the same; but for that divers of his fellows had business abroad, that made him tarry at home. Good sister, though I have good cause to thank you for your oft sending to me, yet I have more occasion to render you my hearty thanks for your gentle writings, which, how painful it is to you, I may well guess by myself. And you may well see, by writing so oft, how pleasant it is to me. And thus I end to trouble you, desiring God to send you as well to do as you can think and wish, or I desire or pray. From Ashbridge, scribbled this twenty-seventh of October.

“ Your loving sister,

“ ELIZABETH.”

“ To my well-beloved sister, Mary.”

Henry the Eighth was doomed to the usual fate of despotic monarchs. By his will, he ordered masses to be said for his soul, and enjoined his executors to bring up his son in the Catholic faith, doubtless meaning his own tyrannic church of the Six Articles. But the men who, in his latter days, had served him with slavish obsequiousness, were the first, after his death, to overturn his darling projects. Somerset, to make his private fortune, and Cranmer, as a matter of conscience, in the first months of Ed-

ward’s reign, took measures for the immediate establishment of the Protestant Church,* so sweeping and decisive, that Gardiner was imprisoned in the Fleet; and Mary sent several letters of remonstrance to the Protector. These letters are said to have been lost or destroyed; but the following, copied from the Lansdowne MSS., and written by Mary, was evidently addressed to Somerset at this crisis :—

“ It is no small grief to me to perceive that they whom the King’s Majesty, my father (whose soul God pardon), made in this world of nothing, in respect of that they become to now, and at his last end put in trust to see his will performed, whereunto they were all sworn upon a book: it grieveth me, I say, for the love I bear to them, to see both how they brake his will, and what usurped power they take upon them in making (as they call it) laws both clean contrary to his proceeding and will, and also against the custom of all Christendom, and, in my conscience, against the law of God and his church, which passeth all the rest; but though you, among you, have forgotten the King, my father, yet, both God’s commandments and nature will not suffer me to do so; wherefore, with God’s help, I will remain an obedient child to his laws as he left them, till such time as the King’s Majesty, my brother, shall have perfect years of discretion to order the power that God hath sent him, and to be a judge in these matters himself, and, I doubt not, but he shall then accept my so doing better than theirs, which have taken a piece of his power upon them in his minority.

“ I do not a little marvel that you can find fault with me for observing of that law which was allowed by him that was a king, not only of power, but also of

* It is worthy of remark, that the phrases of Erasmus, including that of St. John, translated by Mary, was, at this period, reprinted by the Government, and a copy provided for every clergyman and for every parish throughout the realm. Thus, at the very time Mary was opposing the establishment of the Protestant Church of England, that church adopted the work of her own pen as one of its beacon lights.

knowledge how to order his power, to which law all of you consented, and seemed at that time, to the outward appearance, very well to like the same; and that you could find no fault, all this while, with some among yourselves, for running half a year before that which you now call a law, ye, and before the bishops came together, wherein, me thinketh, you do me very much wrong, if I should not have as much pre-eminence to continue in keeping a full authorized law, made without *paralyte*, as they had both to break the law, which at that time, yourselves must need confess, was of full power and strength, and to use alterations of their own invention, contrary both to that and your new law, as you call it."

In this letter, Mary boldly accuses Somerset, and his colleagues in office, of breaking her father's will. In the lost epistles, she entreats them to educate her brother, the young King, as ordained by that will, in the Catholic faith; accuses them of interfering with religion, as established by her father, and reiterates the declaration contained in the above letter, that whatever laws they made to the contrary, she would remain obedient to her father's laws till Edward the Sixth was of age. We have but one of Somerset's replies, and, in this, neither a candid avowal of the inconsistency of Henry the Eighth's will, nor of the Protector's intentions to at once establish the Protestant faith—he, as a matter of political expediency, made assertions regarding himself, and his colleagues, and the religious tenets of Henry the Eighth, wholly at variance with facts. He thus proceeds:—

"Madam, my humble commendations to your Grace premised.—I have received your letters of the second of this present, acknowledging myself thereby much bound unto your grace; nevertheless, I am sorry to perceive that your Grace should have a wrong opinion of me and others, which were by the King, your late father, put in trust as executors of his will; albeit, I trust there shall be no such fault found in us, as in the

same your Grace hath alleged; and, for my part, I know none of us that will willingly neglect the full execution of every jot of his said will, as far as shall and may stand with the King, our master's honour and surety that now is, not doubting but our proceedings therein, and in all things committed to our charge, shall be such as shall be able to answer the whole world, both in honour and discharge of our consciences. And where your Grace writeth that the most part of the realm, through a naughty liberty and presumption, are now brought into such a division, as if we executors go not about to bring them to that stay that our late master left them, they will forsake all obedience unless they have their own will and phantasies; and then it must follow that the King shall not be well served, and that all other realms shall have us in an obloquy and derision, and not without just cause. Madam, as these words, written or spoken by you, soundeth not well, so can I not persuade myself that they have proceeded from the sincere mind of so virtuous and so wise a lady, but rather by the setting on and procurement of some uncharitable and malicious person. Such hath been the King's Majesty's proceedings, our young noble master that now is, that all his faithful subjects have cause to render thanks for the manifold benefits shewed unto his Grace, and to his people, and realm, sithence the first day of his reign, and to think that God is contented and pleased with his ministers, who seek nothing but the true glory of God, and the surety of the King's person, with the quietness and wealth of his subjects. And where your Grace writeth also that there was godly order and quietness left by the King, our late master, your Grace's father, in this realm, at the time of his death, I do something marvel, for, if it may please you to call to your remembrance that his Grace departed from this life before he had fully finished such orders as he minded to have established to his people, no kind of religion was perfected at his death, but left all uncertain, most like to have brought us in parties and division, if God had not only helped

us; and doth your Grace think it convenient it should remain so?—God forbid; what regret and sorrow our late master had the time he saw he must depart, for that he knew the religion was not established, as he purposed to have done, I and others can be witness and testify; and what he would have done further in it, if he had lived, a great many know, and also I can testify; and doth your Grace, who is learned, and should know God's word, esteem true religion and the knowledge of the Scriptures to be new-fangledness and fantasies, for the Lord's sake, turn the leaf, and look the other while upon the other side, I mean with another judgment, which must pass by an humble spirit, through the peace of the living God, who, of his infinite goodness and mercy, grants unto your Grace plenty thereof, to the satisfying of your conscience, and your most noble heart's continual desire."

The Christmas of 1547 Mary passed at court, in the company of her half brother and sister. At the conclusion of the festival she retired to her manor of Kenning-hall, where she remained till the autumn of 1548, when she paid a lengthened visit to the young King, at his London palace of St. James's. Whilst residing at St. James's she invited her friends to a magnificent entertainment. Lord Thomas Seymour—who a few weeks afterwards was hurried to the block without trial or jury, and who died Elizabeth's lover and Mary's friend—was one of the guests; and the Protector suspected that should his brother's scheme of marrying Elizabeth fail, he would offer his hand to Mary; a suspicion not without some little foundation; for, independent of Seymour's personal attentions to Mary, at her St. James's levee, he, in a letter addressed to her, on the seventeenth of the subsequent December, says, "After my humble communications to your grace, with most hearty thanks for the great cheer I had with you at your grace's late being here. It may please you to understand that I have sent your grace this bearer, Walter Earle, to bring to your remembrance

such lessons as I think you have forgotten, because, at my late being at St. James's, I never saw a pair of virginals stirring in the whole house;* wishing I had some other thing that might be more acceptable to your grace, whom, from this present, I commit to the good governance of God."

Although Mary took every possible caution to avoid being in any way implicated in the fearful insurrection of 1548-9, the Protector suspected her loyalty, and upon information, real or feigned, that her servants were encouraging the rebels in Devonshire, addressed to her a lengthy expostulation on the seventeenth of July. Three days afterwards, she, in the subjoined letter, pronounced the charge against her servants unfounded; declared that she would be loth to keep about her any rebellious subjects; and expresses a belief that the changes introduced by the young King's advisers, rather than her own adherence to the Catholic faith, were the real cause of the uprising.

"MY LORD,

"I have received letters from you and others of the King's majesty's council, dated the seventeenth of this present, and delivered unto me the twentieth of the same, whereby I perceive ye be informed that certain of my servants should be the chief stirrers, procurers, and doers in these commotions; which commotions (I assure you) no less offend me than they do you and the rest of the council; and you write also that a priest and chaplain of mine at Sampford Courtenay, in Devonshire, should be a doer there, of which report I do not a little marvel, for, to my knowledge, I have not one chaplain in those parts; and concerning Pooley, my servant, which was sometime a receiver, I am able to answer that he remaineth continually in my house, and was never doer amongst the commons, nor came in their company. It is true that I have another servant of that name dwelling in Suffolk,

* It would appear by this that musical instruments were then banished from the court of Edward the Sixth.